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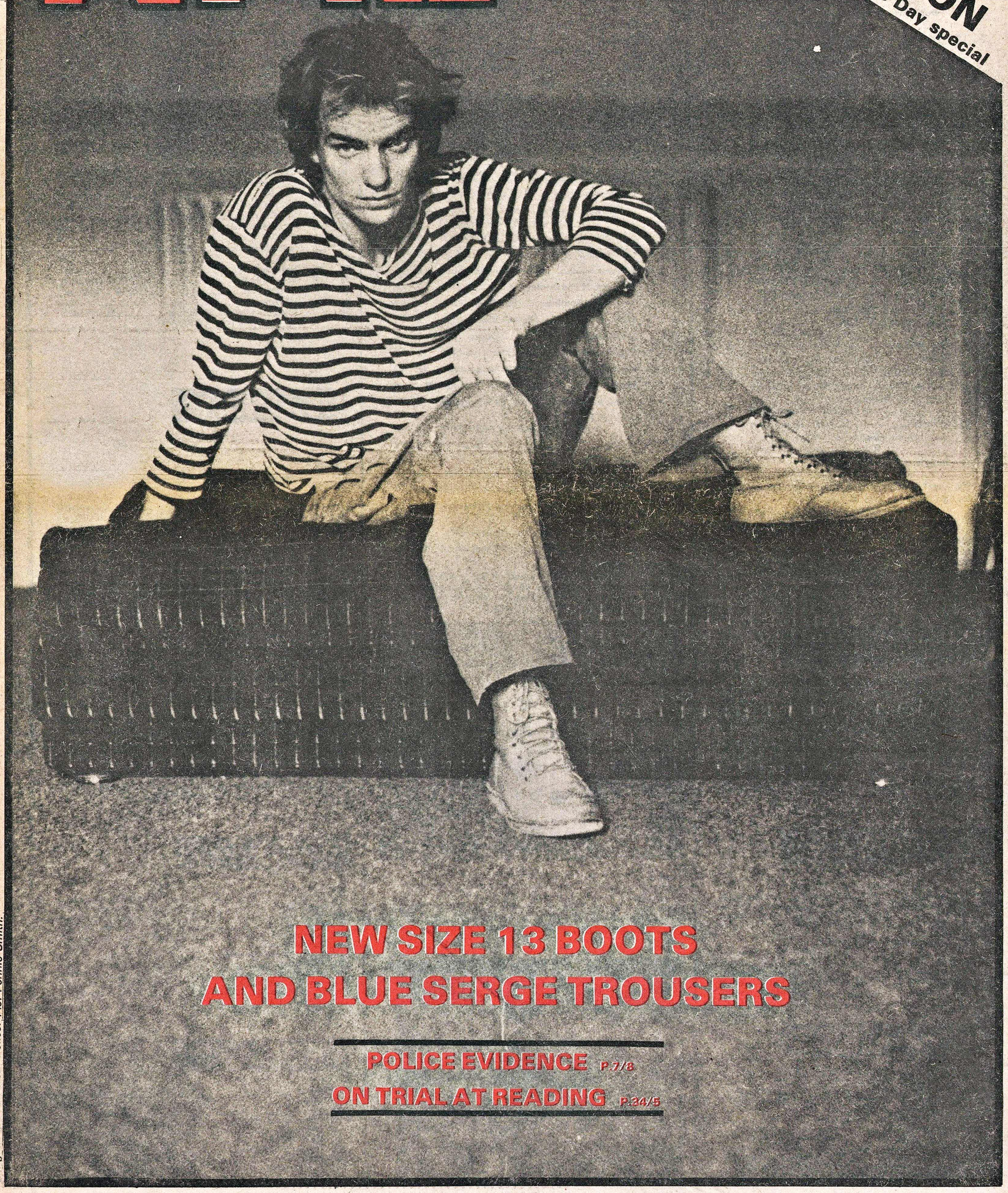

Sting on the run from Police. Pic: Pennie Smith.

NEW SIZE 13 BOOTS AND BLUE SERGE TROUSERS

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ON TRIAL AT READING P.34/5

NME CHARTS

Week ending 25th August, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	**We Don't Talk Anymore**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	1
2	(1)	**I Don't Like Mondays**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	6	1
3	(3)	**Reasons To Be Cheerful**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	4	3
4	(7)	**Bang Bang**	B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	3	4
5	(4)	**After The Love Has Gone**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	4
6	(6)	**Duke Of Earl**	Darts (Magnet)	6	6
7	(9)	**Angel Eyes**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	3	7
8	(8)	**Gangsters**	Specials (2 Tone)	3	8
9	(15)	**Ooh What A Life**	Gibson Bros (Island)	3	9
10	(18)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him**	Joe Jackson (A&M)	3	10
11	(11)	**The Diary Of Horace Wimp**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	5
12	(5)	**Hersham Boys**	Sham 69 (Polydor)	4	5
13	(24)	**Money**	Flying Lizards (Virgin)	2	13
14	(17)	**Sweet Little Rock n Roller**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	4	14
15	(23)	**Street Life**	Crusaders (MCA)	2	15
16	(—)	**When You Are Young**	Jam (Polydor)	1	16
17	(16)	**Morning Dance**	Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	5	12
18	(—)	**Gone Gone Gone**	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	1	18
19	(10)	**Angel Eyes/Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	7	5
20	(13)	**Stay With Me Till Dawn**	Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	5	13
21	(20)	**Gotta Go Home**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	3	20
22	(26)	**Duchess**	Stranglers (United Artists)	2	22
23	(18)	**Beat The Clock**	Sparks (Virgin)	5	6
24	(27)	**Lost In Music**	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	2	24
25	(—)	**Strut Your Funky Stuff**	Frantique (Philadelphia)	1	25
26	(12)	**Wanted**	Dooleys (GTO)	7	4
27	(25)	**Just When I Needed You Most**	Randy Vanwarmer (Island)	4	25
28	(—)	**Reggae For It Now**	Bill Lovelady (Charisma)	1	28
29	(14)	**Can't Stand Losing You**	Police (A&M)	7	2
30	(—)	**If I Said You Had A Beautiful . . .**	Bellamy Brothers (Warner Bros)	1	30

UP AND COMING: In The Brownies — Billy Connolly (Polydor); **Spiral Scratch** — Buzzcocks (New Hormones); **Madness** — Madness (2 Tone); **Cruel To Be Kind** — (Nick Lowe); **Cars** — (Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet); **Get It Right Next Time** — Gerry Rafferty (U.A.).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 27, 1974

1 When Will I See You Again ..... Three Degrees (Philadelphia)
2 I'm Leaving It All Up To You .. Donny & Marie Osmond (MGM)
3 You Make Me Feel Brand New ..... Stylistics (Avco)
4 Love Me For A Reason ..... Osmonds (MGM)
5 What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted ..... Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
6 Summerlove Sensation ..... Bay City Rollers (Bell)
7 Y Viva Espana ..... Sylvia (Sonet)
8 Mr. Soft ..... Cockney Rebel (EMI)
9 Honey Honey ..... Sweet Dreams (Bradley)
10 Just For You ..... Glitter Band (Bell)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 27, 1969

1 In The Year 2525 ..... Zager & Evans (RCA)
2 Honky Tonk Women ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
3 Saved By The Bell ..... Robin Gibb (Polydor)
4 My Cherie Amour ..... Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
5 Make Me An Island ..... Joe Dolan (Pye)
10 Too Busy Thinking about My Baby ..... Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
7 Early In The Morning ..... Vanity Fare (Page One)
8 Viva Bobby Joe ..... Equals (President)
9 Bad Moon Rising ..... Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
10 Curly ..... Move (Regal Zonophone)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 28, 1964

1 Have I The Right ..... Honeycombs (Pye)
2 Do Wah Diddy Diddy ..... Manfred Mann (HMV)
3 You Really Got Me ..... Kinks (Pye)
4 I Won't Forget You ..... Jim Reeves (RCA)
5 A Hard Day's Night ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
6 Tobacco Road ..... Nashville Teens (Decca)
7 Call Up The Groups ..... Barron Knights (Columbia)
8 It's For You ..... Cilla Black (Parlophone)
9 Five By Five (EP) ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
10 It's All Over Now ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(2)	**Best Disco Album In The World**	Various (WEA)	8	1
2	(1)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	13	1
3	(3)	**Replicas**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	11	1
4	(5)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	12	2
5	(4)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	23	2
6	(10)	**Street Life**	Crusaders (MCA)	6	6
7	(19)	**Down To Earth**	Rainbow (Polydor)	2	7
8	(7)	**Some Product**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	5	7
9	(9)	**Morning Dance**	Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	7	9
10	(15)	**Highway To Hell**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	10
11	(6)	**Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	17	1
12	(—)	**In Through The Out Door**	Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)	1	12
13	(13)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	46	1
14	(11)	**Outlandos D'Amour**	Police (A & M)	16	7
15	(16)	**Bridges**	John Williams (Lotus)	9	4
16	(8)	**The Best Of The Dooleys**	(GTO)	7	8
17	(—)	**Slow Train Coming**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	1	17
18	(12)	**Exposed**	Mike Oldfied (Virgin)	3	12
19	(14)	**Live Killers**	Queen (EMI)	8	6
20	(21)	**Communique**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	12	3
21	(17)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	12	10
22	(—)	**Manifesto**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	22	4
23	(—)	**Tubeway Army**	(Beggars Banquet)	1	23
24	(23)	**Do It Yourself**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	15	2
25	(27)	**Risque**	Chic (Atlantic)	2	25
26	(28)	**Welcome To The Cruise**	Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	3	26
27	(18)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	24	2
28	(29)	**Rust Never Sleeps**	Neil Young (Reprise)	7	14
29	(25)	**Teenage Warning**	Angelic Upstarts (Warner Bros)	2	25
30	(26)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	10	16

UP AND COMING:
Drums and Wires — XTC (Virgin); **Nils** — Nils Lofgren (A&M); **Eddie Cochran Singles Album** (U.A.); **Look Sharp** — Joe Jackson (A&M); **Into The Music** — Van Morrison (Mercury); **Take It Home** — B.B. King (MCA).

Before and After. Above: Cliff THEN, just a hung-up, shook-up coffee bar Elvis imitator endangering teenagers' hearing with his battery of amplifiers. (Sorry, his battery amplifier). Below: Cliff NOW, idol of millions, hit recorder of 'Move It', 'Livin' Lovin' Doll', 'We Don't Talk Anymore' and countless others. This week the Chiswick Empire, next week the world!

US SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**My Sharona**	The Knack
2	(2)	**Good Times**	Chic
3	(3)	**The Main Event/Fight**	Barbra Streisand
4	(5)	**The Devil Went Down To Georgia**	Charlie Daniels Band
5	(7)	**After The Love Is Gone**	Earth Wind & Fire
6	(8)	**Lead Me On**	Maxine Nightingale
7	(4)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
8	(11)	**Sad Eyes**	Robert John
9	(6)	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman**	Dr Hook
10	(12)	**Don't Bring Me Down**	Electric Light Orchestra
11	(10)	**Mama Can't Buy You Love**	Elton John
12	(14)	**Lonesome Loser**	Little River Band
13	(16)	**I'll Never Love This Way Again**	Dionne Warwick
14	(15)	**Let's Go**	The Cars
15	(9)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward
16	(13)	**Gold**	John Stewart
17	(18)	**Goodbye Stranger**	Supertramp
18	(25)	**Bad Case Of Loving You**	Robert Palmer
19	(20)	**Suspicions**	Eddie Rabbitt
20	(23)	**Heaven Must Have Sent You**	Bonnie Pointer
21	(17)	**You Can't Change That**	Raydio
22	(19)	**I Was Made For Lovin' You**	Kiss
23	(—)	**Sail On**	Commodores
24	(22)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him**	Joe Jackson
25	(—)	**Pop Muzik**	M
26	(28)	**Hot Summer Nights**	Night
27	(29)	**Born To Be Alive**	Patrick Hernandez
28	(—)	**Driver's Seat**	Sniff 'n' The Tears
29	(30)	**I Do Love You**	GQ
30	(—)	**Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough**	Michael Jackson

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**Get The Knack**	The Knack
2	(2)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
3	(3)	**Candy O**	The Cars
4	(4)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
5	(5)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire
6	(6)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra
7	(7)	**Million Mile Reflections**	Charlie Daniels Band
8	(11)	**Risque**	Chic
9	(9)	**Rust Never Sleeps**	Neil Young
10	(18)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores
11	(15)	**First Under The Wire**	Little River Band
12	(12)	**Reality — What A Concept**	Robin Williams
13	(10)	**Cheap Trick At The Budokan**	Cheap Trick
14	(8)	**Teddy**	Teddy Pendergrass
15	(14)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
16	(13)	**The Kids Are Alright**	The Who
17	(22)	**Low Budget**	The Kinks
18	(16)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings
19	(21)	**The Boss**	Diana Ross
20	(20)	**The Main Event**	Original Soundtrack
21	(19)	**Dynasty**	Kiss
22	(17)	**Bombs Away Dream Babies**	John Stewart
23	(26)	**Secrets**	Robert Palmer
24	(25)	**Street Life**	Crusaders
25	(30)	**What You Gonna Do With My Lovin'**	Stephanie Mills
26	(27)	**Voulez-Vous**	Abba
27	(—)	**Dionne**	Dionne Warwick
28	(29)	**The Cars**	
29	(—)	**A Night At Studio 54**	Various Artsists
30	(28)	**Desolation Angels**	Bad Company

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

***Denotes import**

1 **Switch** ..... Nancy Dee (Scoop)
2 **Street Life** ..... Crusaders (MCA)
(3) **Move On Up** ..... Destination (Butterfly*)
4 **Break** ..... Katmandu (CK*)
(5) Dancing Lady ..... Bill Summers (Prestige*)
(6) Reaching Out ..... Lee Moore (Source*)
(7) **I Don't Want To Be A Freak** ..... Dynesty (Solar*)
(8) **Risin Love** ..... Pleasure Chest (Bazooka*)
(9) Disco Trippin' ..... St. Johns Assembly (RCA*)
(10) **Feel The Real** ..... David Bendeh (Sidewalk)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: Quicksilver Soul Source, 36 Hanway Street, London W1.

REGGAE

(1) **Our Reggae Music** ..... Brown Sugar (Decca)
(2) **Princess** ..... Albions (K&K)
(3) **Border** ..... Greg Issacs (G.G)
(5/6) **Three Meals a Day** ..... Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
(4) **Like You Girl** ..... Al Campbell (JB)
(6) **Rice And Peas** ..... R. Stewart (L. Thompson)
(7) **Goodbye Little Man** ..... Sister Love (Cool Rocker)
(8) **Six Babylon** ..... L. Thompson (Strong Like Sampson)
(9) **Conversation** ..... Al Campbell (Soferno B)
)10) **Blue Moon** ..... Cornell Campbell (JB)

NEWS

Edited by FRED DELLAR

STRANGLERS PLAN PUTSCH

Rats add Rainbow

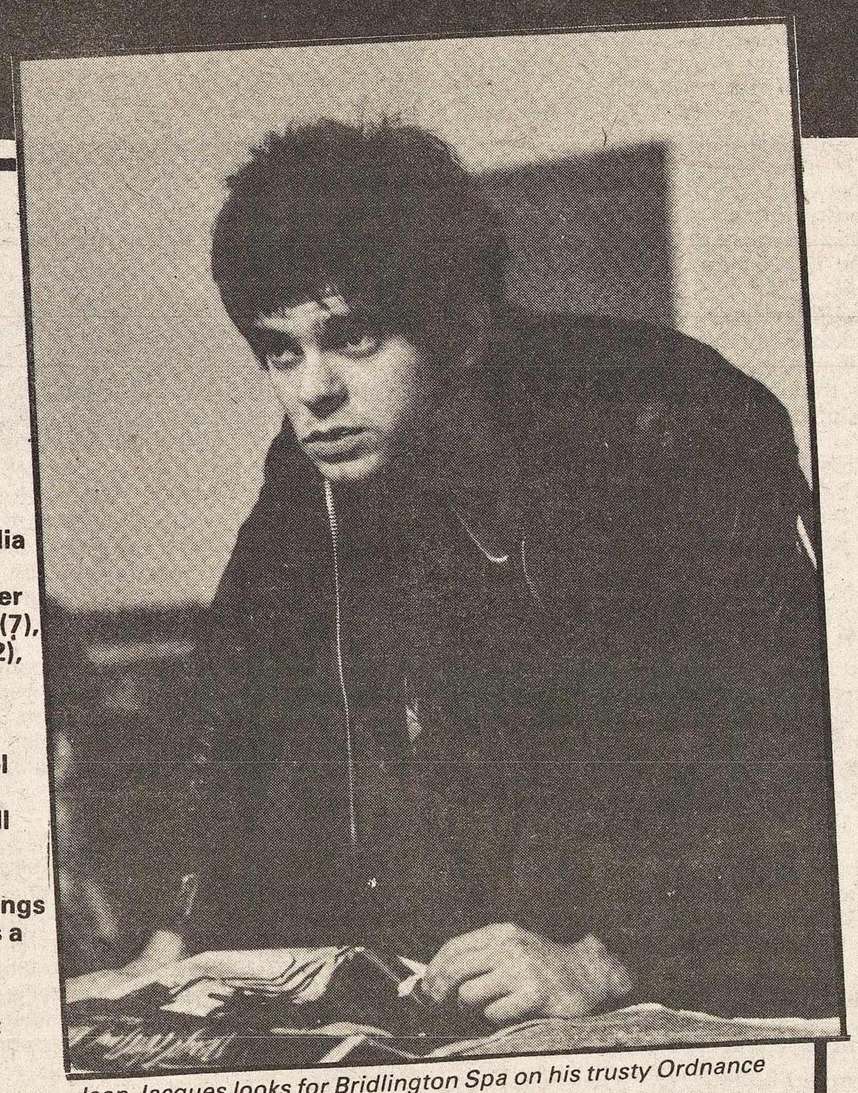
FOLLOWING THEIR appearance with The Who at Wembley, The Stranglers are to embark on a major Autumn tour, commencing with a gig at Cork's Arcadia Ballroom on October 2.

Other dates are: Dublin Chariot Inn (3), Belfast Ulster Hall (4), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (6), Glasgow Apollo (7), Derby Assembly Rooms (11), Lancaster University (12), Leeds University (13), Sheffield Top Rank (14), Birmingham Top Rank (15), London Rainbow (19), Leicester Granby Hall (21), Portsmouth Locarno (23), Manchester Apollo (25), Coventry Theatre (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Oxford New Theatre (29), Brighton Dome (30) and Cardiff Top Rank (31). Ticket price at all venues is £3.00.

The Stranglers new album 'Raven' is released by Liberty United on September 21 and features such songs as 'Genetix', 'Ice' and 'Shah, Shah A Go Go' as well as a 3-D cover on the first 20,000 copies.

●BOOMTOWN RATS, already lined up to play three dates at Hammersmith Odeon in September, have now added two further London dates at the Rainbow on November 4 and 5. Tickets go on sale this Saturday and are priced £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 and £2.00.

The band's 'I Don't Like Mondays' has sold in excess of 900,000 copies in Britain, but what has delighted Geldof and his fellow rodents is the news that the single is currently charting in Belgium, Holland, Germany and Scandinavia, providing the Rats with their first Euro-hit. The Rats are still recording their third album in Holland but should have completed all the tracks by the end of next week.



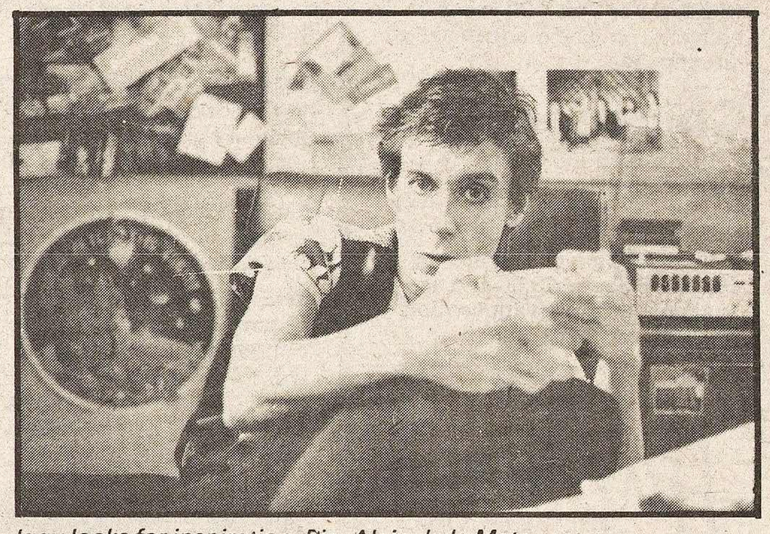
Jean Jacques looks for Bridlington Spa on his trusty Ordnance Survey. Pic: David Corio.

Barry Andrews joins Iggy's Euroband

EX-XTC keyboardsman Barry Andrews has joined Iggy Pop's new band, lining up alongside one-time Rich Kids Glen Matlock and Stevie New, plus Klaus Kreuger, the drummer who worked with Ig's last line-up.

The band is currently rehearsing and next week visits Monmouth's Rockfield Studios to record an album, produced by James Williamson. It's rumoured that keyboardist Ian MacLagan will also be taking part in the Rockfield sessions and will be providing one song on the album, though most of the material is to be penned by the writing partnership of Matlock and Pop or by Iggy himself.

It is hoped that the album will be ready before Christmas, when Iggy will probably fit in some UK dates to coincide with its release, though nothing is planned at present.



Iggy looks for inspiration. Pic: Alain de la Mata.

Squeeze look for the exit (L-R): Glen Tilbrook, Jools Holland, John Bentley, Chris Difford, Gilson Lavis. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

Squeeze slap'n'tickle

SQUEEZE, whose latest A&M single 'Slap And Tickle' is released this Friday (31), are now finalising dates for a tour that is expected to visit most major British towns.

The band recently returned from the States, where they toured with The Tubes, and are currently in the studio recording a new album. A full date-sheet for the tour is expected in the next few days but it's already known that the first gig will be at Bristol Locarno on October 14, followed by one at Sheffield Top Rank (15), eventually winding up at Dunstable Queensway Hall on Saturday, November 10.

SLF liberate Malvern

IN THE WAKE of their free concert at Brixton's Brockwell Park this Sunday (September 2), Stiff Little Fingers are to undertake a 13 date tour commencing at Malvern Winter Gardens on October 5. Other dates are: Plymouth Polytechnic (6), Bristol Locarno (7), Blackburn St George's Hall (9), Portsmouth Locarno (11), Cambridge Corn Exchange (12), Cardiff Top Rank (14), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (15), Manchester Polytechnic (16), Brighton Top Rank (17), Coventry Locarno (18), Kilmarnock Grand Hall (20) and Aberdeen Capitol (21). 'Straw Dogs', the band's first Chysalis single, comes out on September 21, while an album is to be recorded in November featuring material which the band is to preview on the tour.

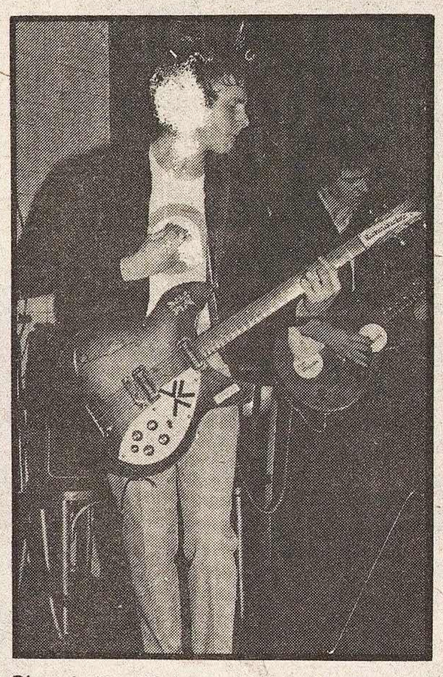
Edinburgh finals

THE 'BIG DAY OUT' concert at Edinburgh's Royal Showground this Saturday (September 1), will commence at noon, when two Scottish bands, The Valves and The Cheetahs, play a warm-up spot. The Chieftains are expected to go on stage at 2 pm, followed in the running order by Steel Pulse, Undertones, Squeeze, Talking Heads, a mystery guest and, at around 10.30 pm, Van Morrison, who will play through till midnight.

A special bus service from Edinburgh to the festival site will be leaving Platform A, St Andrew's Square Bus Station, every nine minutes, with extra buses as required. For motorists, the Showground is situated just off the M8 motorway from Glasgow and is well sign-posted. Parking for 20,000 cars is available.

The concert will take place on a unique, crescent shaped stage, designed by Orbit Structures, while a grandstand holding over 5,000 people will provide some cover in the event of poor weather.

Chords pack Rickenbackers



Chords look for the lost one (L-R): Billy H, Chris Pope. Pic: Kel Edge.

SOUTH-EAST London Mod band The Chords begin their first-ever tour in September to tie-in with the release of their ebut single 'Now It's Gone/'Don't Go Back' on September 14.

Tour dates are: Huddersfield Polytechnic (September 1), Retford Porterhouse (6), Kirk Levington Country Club (7), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (8), London Marquee (10), Sheffield Limit York Pop Club (12), Chesterfield Fusion (13), Manchester Factory (14), Barnsley Civic Hall (15), Westcliff-on-Sea Lindisfarne (18), Liverpool Eric's (21), Halifax Good Mood Club (22), London Marquee (25), Nottingham Sandpipers (28), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (29), City Of London Polytechnic (October 5) and Loughborough University (6).

Boston look for the bus queue (L-R): Fran Sheehan, Sib Hashien, Tom Scholz, Brad Delp, Barry Goudreau.

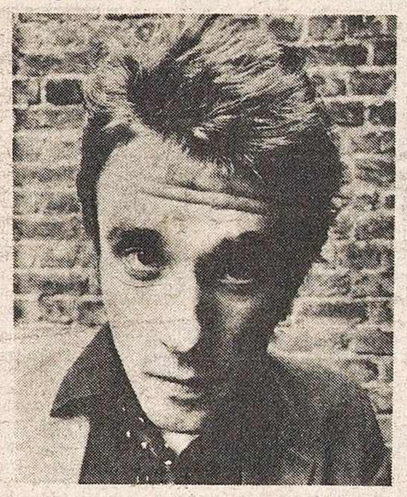
Yet more Boston

WITH BOSTON's dates at the London Rainbow on October 13 and 14 proving sell-outs and with few tickets remaining for October 15, an extra extra concert has been added on October 16. Tickets go on sale this week.

Also added is a concert at a new Scottish venue, The Royal Highland Exhibition Hall, Ingleston, Edinburgh — Boston being the first rock unit to play the hall. Tickets for this gig are priced at £4.50, available from Glasgow The Apollo Centre, Edinburgh Usher Hall Box Office, Carlisle Pink Panther Record Shop, Dundee Cathie McCabe's Record Shop and Aberdeen The Other Record Shop. Postal applications are accepted at all box offices.

September Senders

SOLID SENDERS are now a three-piece, with Wilko Johnson (guitar and vocals), Russel Strutter (bass) and Alex Bines (drums). After Reading they will be recording an album, while a tour begins in late September, dates confirmed so far being: Bournemouth Village Bowl (September 26), Leeds University (27), Huddersfield Polytechnic (29), Manchester University (October 3), Edinburgh Astoria (4), Dundee University (5), Glasgow Queen Mary's (6), Bradford University (10), Sussex University (12), London Music Machine (13), Surrey University (19) and Essex University (20).



Lew Lewis

Lew on Rye

LEW LEWIS Reformer, Carol Grimes, Local Operator, The Photos, The Ten Beats and The Blues Band, an outfit which utilises Darts rhythm section, provide the music at a free show taking place in the centre of Rye this Saturday (September 1) at 4.30 pm. A collection will be made in aid of Greenpeace.

Chic repeat

CHIC have added two dates to their tour — Bournemouth Winter Gradens (October 5) and Brighton Conference Centre (7). Tickets for both shows are £5.00, £4.00 and £3.00 and are available on postal application from September 1.

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NEWS BRIEFS

SELECTOR, impressive at The Specials' Hammersmith Palais gig, will now be appearing at the Brixton Carnival gig on Sunday, September 2. The band are signed to 2-Tone Records and provide the B-side to The Specials' 'Gangsters' hit single.

JOHN COOPER CLARK is to play an 11pm gig at Edinburgh's University Old Chaplaincy Centre, Edinburgh, each night from September 2 to 8 inclusive. He also appears on BBC2's *Something Else* on September 15 at 6.30pm.

THE MEKONS have signed to Virgin Records and have a single, as yet untitled, readied for early October. A second single will follow before Christmas, while an album is planned for January 1980. Meanwhile, the band will continue to play benefits, one-offs and small clubs.

THE FALL are pencilling the final dates on a four week tour that commences October 22. The band appear at the Leeds Sci-Fi Fest on September 9 and the first confirmed date on their tour is at Swindon Brunel Rooms on October 23.

CLIFF RICHARD, currently at No.1 with 'We Don't Talk Anymore', begins a UK tour in November, playing Oxford New Theatre (November 1, 2 and 3), Birmingham Odeon (6, 7 and 8), Liverpool Empire (10), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (14 and 15), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (16 and 17), Glasgow Apollo (21, 22, 23 and 24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (28 and 29), Brighton Centre (30 and December 1), Manchester Apollo (5, 6, 7 and 8), Hammersmith Odeon (13, 14 and 15) and Coventry Theatre (18). A new album 'Rock'n'Roll Juvenile' comes out in September.

IAN GOMM, with his band The New Melo-Notes, leaves for his first U.S. solo tour on September 6. The former Brinsley Schwartz guitarist, who will be supporting Dire Straits on the tour, plays one date at London's Nashville on September 1.

JOHN STEWART, whose 'Bombs Away Dream Babies' recently climbed into the U.S. Top 20 album charts, appears at the London Venue on September 17 and 18. Tickets are £3.50.

THE HEADBOYS are set to embark on their 'Agent-Provoca-Tour' which kicks off at Edinburgh Astoria on September 13, other dates being Kirklevington Country Club (14), Manchester Factory (15), London Rock Garden (17), Sheffield Limit (18), Nottingham Sandpiper (19) and London Dingwall's (21). The band's first album, 'The Headboys', produced by Peter Ker, will be released in early October.

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS have now found a permanent drummer in Vince Ely, formerly of The Photons, and will be playing the London Lyceum with The Only Ones and Toyah on September 2.

THE GANG OF FOUR are to play a 45-date British tour commencing October 13. The Leeds rockers are currently working their way through a 30-date tour of the U.S. and Canada, playing half these gigs in the company of Buzzcocks. This east to West Coast trek ends on September 17, when The Gang Of Four return to Britain in time to see the release of their first album, now scheduled for October 5.

DOLL BY DOLL have parted company with bassist Robin Spreafico, his replacement being Nick Whiffen, formerly of The Pylons. The band go into Sarm Studios during September to record their second album, which bears the working title 'One Cold Vibe Don't Stop Dis, Ya Boogie'. Doll By Doll tour Europe in October.

THE YACHTS will be guests on the forthcoming XTC tour, which commences at Manchester Apollo on September 11. The band have just had a single titled 'Box 202' released on Radar.

LOCAL OPERATOR, special guests on the Penetration tour, play club gigs at London's Nashville (September 13) and Chelmsford City Tavern (16). A new single 'Law And Order', one of the band's most popular stage numbers, is to be released shortly.

THE RASSES have added two more dates to their UK tour — London Dingwall's (September 4) and Edinburgh Tiffany's (24). Support for the tour is King Sounds and The Israelites.

ASWAD, Misty and Bongo Danny with The Enchanters play a one-off concert at Bradford St George's Hall on September 7. The concert, titled 'Unity In Progress' is the first of a series aimed at the unification of reggae musicians in order to forward the music and create more opportunities for younger musicians.

HERMAN BROOD, the Dutch rocker who recently featured in a romantic entanglement with Nina Hagen, appears at the London Lyceum on Sunday, October 14, Tickets price £3.00 are on sale now.

SORE THROAT are to play three nights at New York's CBGB's as an "energy guilder" for the band's forthcoming UK tour, which starts on September 28 and visits 30 venues. Support band on the tour will be The Spiderz, a Dutch rock outfit who recently completed a new album at Rockfield Studios. Sore Throat's debut album 'Sooner Than You Think' and a single, 'Flak Jacket', will be released to coincide with the start of the tour.

WARM JETS are playing at three London venues during the next few days — at Clapham 101 Club (August 31), Music machine (September 4) and Marquee (6).

Radio Simone

ONE-TIME 'High Priestess of Soul' Nina Simone will be giving two concerts at London Festival Hall on September 11 and 12. The shows, presented by John Martin and Capital Radio, follow Nina's first Stateside dates in five years, during which she played a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. Tickets for the shows, which start at 8 pm, are set at £5.50, £5.00, £4.50, £4.00, £3.00 and £2.50. It is expected that a full European tour will be undertaken later in the year.

Nina Simone

Heep sack vocalist shock

URIAH HEEP'S charismatic lead vocalist John Lawton, who has been with the band for three years and nobody around here has ever heard of, has been sacked following a band meeting held last Thursday.

It's understood that the rift between Lawton and the rest of the band has been growing for some time but things have come to a head following the recording of an album, produced by Jimmy Miller. Heep have completed 12 tracks of the recording but now all Lawton's vocals will have to be wiped and replaced by vocals from the band's new front man — whoever he may prove to be. At present, no one has been lined up for the job and Heep are to commence auditions in an effort to find the right singer.

A single featuring the new vocalist will be released before Christmas and the band will return to live work in January, going out on a 10th anniversary world-wide tour.

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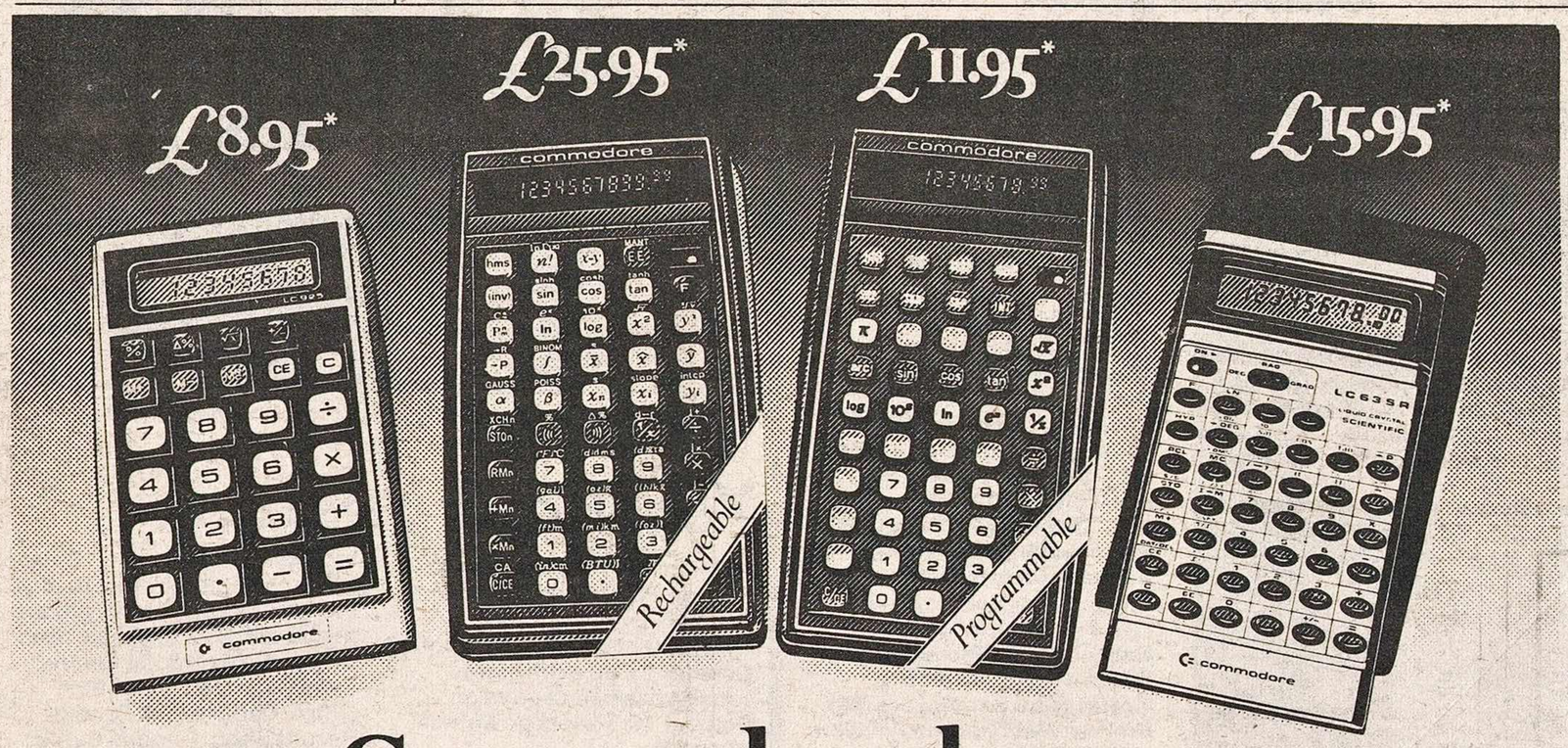

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Revillos (L-R): Robo, Fay, Felix, Eugene, Hi Fi.

Revillos rev up

THE REVILLOS, Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds' new band, go on tour immediately after playing their debut gig at Edinburgh Tiffany's on September 3.

The band, formed by Eugene and Fay (lead singers), Robo Rhythm (percussion), Felix (bass), Hi Fi Harris (lead guitar) and Babs and Cherri (backing vocals), then move on to Leeds F Club (5), London Notre Dame Hall (6), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (15), Manchester Factory (21). Liverpool Eric's (22), Dundee Technical College (28), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (October 5), Nottingham Sandpiper (6), Egham Royal Holloway College (12), Northampton Cricket Ground (13), Sheffield Limit (18) and Retford Porterhouse (19).

The Revillos' first single 'Where's The Boy For Me?' comes out on their own Snatzu Record label on September 7. All pressings will be available in colour sleeves designed by Eugene Reynolds.

'QUADROPHENIA': OLD & NEW WHO

THE WHO'S 'Zoot Suit', recorded when the band were known as The High Numbers, forms part of the 'Quadrophenia' soundtrack album, released by Polydor on September 14.

The original 'Quadrophenia' album tracks used in the movie have been re-recorded and remixed for the new album, which contains three previously unreleased Who tracks in 'Stay Out', 'Four Faces' and 'Joker James' plus various golden oldies by James Brown, The Kingsmen, Booker T and the MGs, The Ronettes, and The Crystals.

Also included is a version of 'High Heel Sneakers' by Cross Section, the Medway area outfit who appear as a Mod band in the movie. Cross Section's keyboards player Jonathan Phillips-Gorse and drummer Dene O'Neill have since quit, but the band's remaining members are confident that they'll be able to continue with replacements, claiming that a new drummer had already been found.

Cross Section bassist Lawrence Merton told *NME:* "The other two seemed to be getting fed up with the band. We haven't seen the film yet. I expect we'll have to wait until it comes round — and then we'll probably have to pay to get in."

Bowl of soul

HI-TENSION, Chairman of The Board, Desmond Dekker And The Aces, Geno Washington and The Ram Jam Band and Jimmy James and The Vagabonds appear at 'Soul In The Bowl', an open-air concert being held at Milton Keynes on Saturday, September 8. Admission is by advance ticket only, available from P.O. Box 195, Soul In The Bowl Concert, Milton Keynes MK9 3HQ or many record shops in Luton, Aylesbury, Birmingham, Northampton, Wellingborough, Reading and other areas. Cheques should be made payable to 'Soul In The Bowl Concert'.

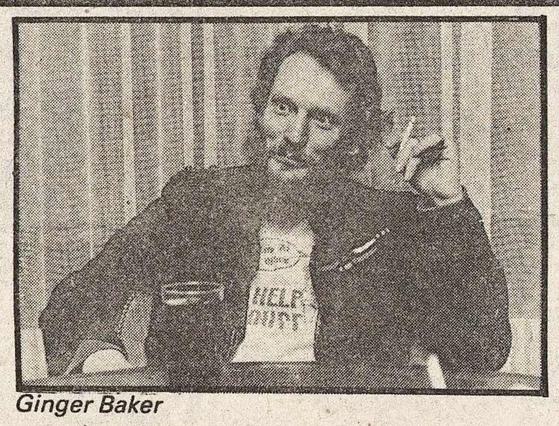
GERIATRICS NOTEBOOK

Ginger Baker, Alex Harvey return . . .

BRITAIN'S oldest living punk Alex Harvey returns to the concert circuit to play a "weekend" tour of the UK during October, November and December.

He and his new band — which includes two 18-year-olds in guitarist Mathew Sang and drummer Simon Chatterton, who line-up alongside Tommy Eyre (keyboards), Don Weller (reeds) and Gordon Sellars (bass) will play two dates each weekend, opening at Eastbourne on October 12 and winding up in Scotland, where Harvey is likely to play some Christmas dates in his hometown of Glasgow.

These are the first official dates by Harvey since the break-up of The Sensational Alex Harvey Band two years ago. He has maintained a low profile during the interim period, awaiting the settlement of various legal and managerial wrangles. But these have now been resolved and Harvey is once more back in the studios completing work on 'The Mafia Stole My Guitar', a new album which RCA will be releasing in October.



Ginger Baker

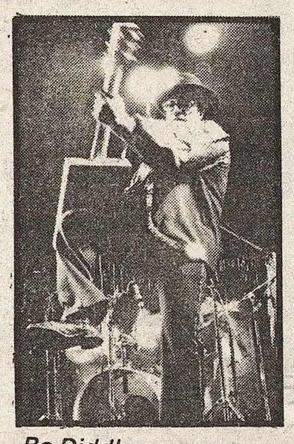
Full dates for the "weekend tour" will be released during September.

● GINGER BAKER, who celebrated his 40th birthday with an impromptu gig at London's Dingwall's recently, will be appearing with his new band NNG at the London Venue on Friday, September 21.

The band comprises John Porter (lead guitar), Mickey Davis (vocals and rhythm guitar), Henry Thomas (bass) and Baker (drums), Thomas being a black musician who studied violin and viola at the Royal College Of Music, described by Ginger as "the find of the decade".

The gig is Baker's first British date in five years and follows a series of unfortunate business deals — including the buying of 40 horses for a prospective polo club which didn't happen — which have caused him to return to music. Tickets for his Venue dates are set at £3.50.

● TWO PREVIOUSLY unreleased tracks by blues supergroup **Muddy Waters, Little Walter** and **Bo Diddley** appear on 'Superharp', an EP released by Red Lightning next week. The label claim that the disc, which also features tracks by Billy Boy Arnold with a band led by Tony McPhee, is the first blues EP to appear since the days of Pye's R&B issues.



Bo Diddley

● GENO WASHINGTON has returned to the UK for his first tour in two years: Sunderland Fusion Disco (30), Hexham Dontino's (31), Bristol Snuffy's (September 1), Watford Bailey's (3 to 8 inclusive), Milton Keynes The Bowl (8 — afternoon show), Brighton Jenkinson's (10 to 15 inclusive), Whitehaven Whitehouse Club (17), Penzance Demelza's (20), Norwich Cromwell's (21) and Matlock The Pavilion (22). Washington's latest album produced by Curt Becher will be available on October 9.

AC/DC asea

OZ-ROCK heavies AC/DC are to play an 11-date British tour commencing on October 25.

Venues are: Newcastle Mayfair Suite (October 25 and 26), Glasgow Apollo (27 and 28), Manchester Apollo (29 and 30), London Hammersmith Odeon (November 1 and 2), Liverpool Empire (5 and 6), plus Stafford Bingley Hall (8). Tickets for Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool and London are set at £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25, while those at Stafford will be £4.00, with Newcastle prices yet to be confirmed.

Darts regroup

HAMMY HOWELL is to rejoin Darts, replacing Mike Deacon who has left for personal reasons. Howell was one of the original Darts but later returned to college to teach music. There are two changes on the group's forthcoming tour: the gig at Lewisham Odeon, originally planned for October 27, has now been switched to November 2, while Darts will be spending October 27 onstage at Nottingham University. A new date has also been added at Margate Guildhall on November 1.

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OUR PRICE TOP 60

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THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	1	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.78	3.53
2	2	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04
3	5	CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44
4	3	SPYRO-GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44
5	7	J.J. CALE — 5	5.00	3.75
6	1	RAINBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81
7	16	AC/DC — HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.0C	3.75
8	4	THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD	5.00	4.20
9	9	POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.78	3.53
10	8	JUDY TZUKE — WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40
11	14	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
12	12	RY COODER — BOP TILL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75
13	22	B.B. KING — TAKE IT HOME	4.69	3.44
14	13	BLONDIE — PARALLELL LINES	4.78	3.53
15	6	CHIC — RISQUE	5.00	3.75
16	10	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPLICAS	5.00	3.75
17	15	DONNA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75
18	17	NEIL YOUNG — RUST NEVER SLEEPS	5.00	3.75
19	20	ABBA — VOULEZ-VOUS	5.29	4.04
20	18	DIRE STRAITS — COMMUNIQUE	5.30	4.05
21	23	COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.44
22	21	JOE JACKSON — LOUK SHARP!	4.78	3.53
23	19	B.52's	5.00	3.75
24	25	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
25	24	HERMAN BROOD — (incs Ltd Ed — Free Live LP)	4.80	3.55
26	26	WHO — THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT	9.04	6.54
27	NEW ENTRY	LED ZEPPELIN — IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	5.00	3.75
28	30	BOB DYLAN — AT BUDOKAN	7.99	5.99
29	28	TUBEWAY ARMY — THE FIRST ALBUM	5.00	3.75
30	29	DAVE EDMUNDS — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75
31	NEW ENTRY	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04
32	31	ROSE ROYCE — RAINBOW CONNECTION	5.00	3.75
33	NEW ENTRY	VAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40
34	NEW ENTRY	ROCKY SHARPE — RAMA LAMA	5.29	4.04
35	33	NILS LOFGREN — NILS	4.78	3.53
36	NEW ENTRY	KINKS — LOW BUDGET	5.00	3.75
37	27	BLUE OYSTER CULT — MIRRORS	5.29	4.04
38	35	ANGELIC UPSTARTS — TEENAGE WARNING	5.00	3.75
39	34	SKY	5.25	4.00
40	32	ROXY MUSIC MANIFESTO	5.31	4.06
41	36	CHARLIE — FIGHT DIRTY	5.06	3.81
42	41	QUEEN — LIVE KILLERS	8.45	6.45
43	43	GARY BROOKER — NO MORE FEAR OF FLYING	4.46	3.21
44	42	ROBERT PALMER — SECRETS	5.00	3.75
45	46	PAT TRAVERS BAND — LIVE!	4.63	3.38
46	40	DAVID BOWIE — LODGER	5.49	4.24
47	37	DIANA ROSS — THE BOSS	5.29	4.04
48	38	JONI MITCHELL — MINGUS	5.00	3.75
49	52	JOHN HIATT — SLUG LINE	4.69	3.44
50	51	THE KNACK — GET THE KNACK	5.29	4.04
51	49	NICK LOWE — LABOUR OF LUST	5.00	3.75
52	55	CHAS AND DAVE — DON'T GIVE A MONKEYS	5.29	4.04
53	53	THIRD WORLD — THE STORYS BEEN TOLD	5.00	3.75
54	47	STEEL PULSE — TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYRS	5.00	3.75
55	44	SQUEEZE — COOL FOR CATS	4.78	3.53
56	39	WINGS — BACK TO THE EGG	5.49	4.24
57	45	GEORGE BENSON — LIVING INSIDE YOUR LOVE	7.50	5.75
58	58	C.C.R. — 20 GREATEST HITS	5.29	4.04
59	54	AMERICA	5.29	4.04
60	59	BUDDY HOLLY — 20 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.04

Forthcoming Attractions

I Jahman, Alan Parsons, Boney M, Yes, Eagles, Talking Heads, Gary Numan, Merton Parkas, Randy Newman, Sad Cafe, Judas Priest, Cheap Trick, After the Fire, Sham 69, UK; Who — Quadrophenia, Joan Armatrading, Bob Marley, Blondie, 10cc, Leo Sayer, Jethro Tull, Southside Johnny, Brand X, Status Quo, Barry Manilow.

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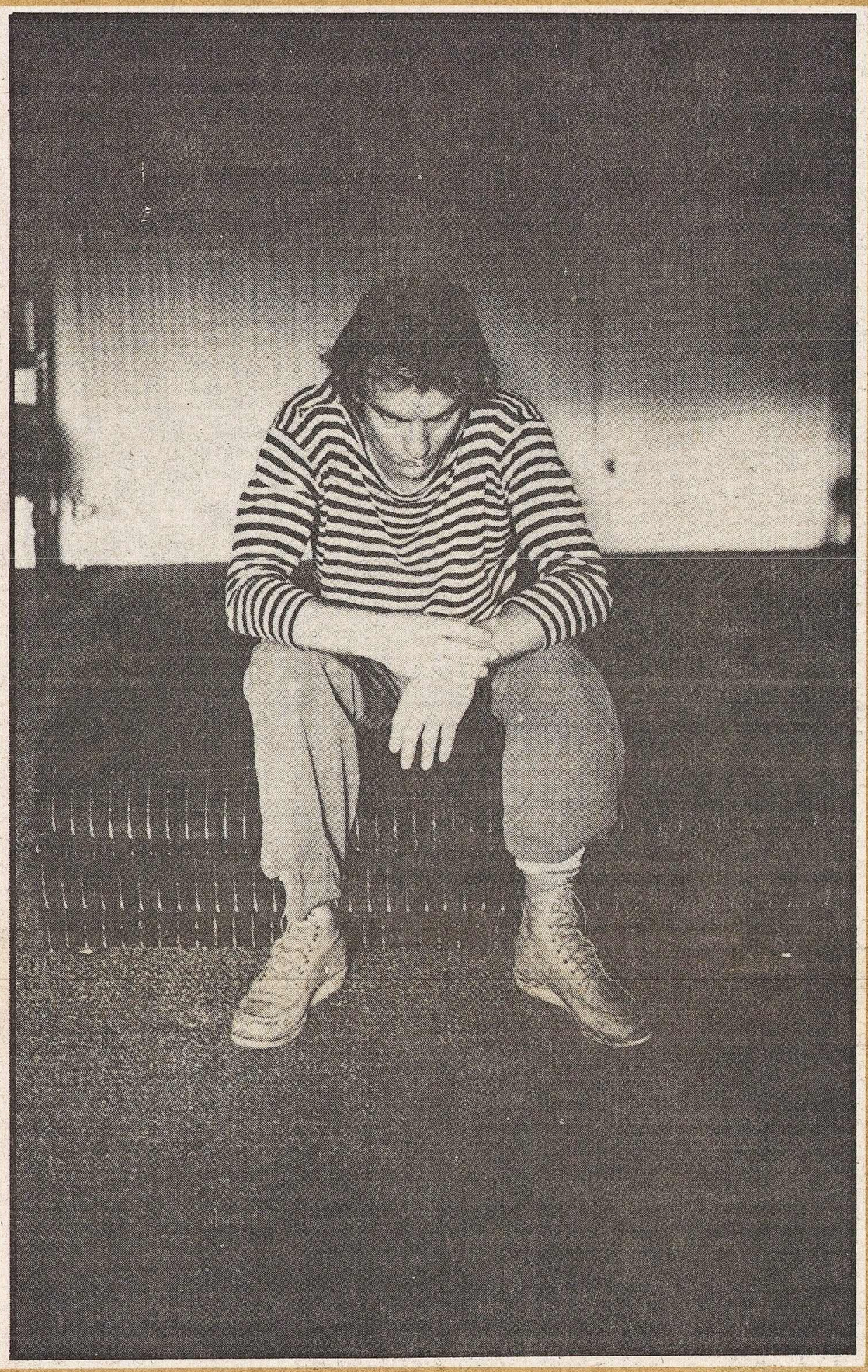


ALONGSIDE THE habitually garish or else just plain boring film posters that currently besmear the walls of London, the advert for *Quadrophenia* stands out like a veritable 18 carat pearl in a hat-box full of Woolworth's trinkets. Beneath the amply-shaped letters of the film's title, in stark black and white stand the enterprise's main participants: Steph, the sallow dream girl next to Jimmy with the sheepish half-smile, while away to their far left impish Toyah Wilcox promiscuously pouts next to 'Ferdie', the hard-nosed, pill-pushing 'rude boy' of the film.

And yet of the nine figures in the line-up, the eye can't help but centre its gaze on the Ace Face, fourth from left, his dress, demeanour and overweaning arrogance instantaneously drawing your attention to his lanky brittle frame. Head bowed ever so slightly, his snake eyes stare sullenly at nothing in particular whilst his dress sense alone — the tight fitting mohair job, three buttons and side vents — places him in a different league altogether.

After all, in a film touted as being the definitive statement on the mid-'60s mod culture, Ace as portrayed by Sting, the purists argue, is the only real mod amidst a proverbial sea of 'scooter boys' — the would-be mods of the time.

This consideration plus the fact that Sting himself carries off his role with chutzpah (in fact although he denies having seen the film, Sting's characterisation of Ace as the ultra-stylish hoodlum well immersed in the acts of violence he perpetrates can't help but recall Pierre Clementi's role in Bunuel's '60s classic *Belle de Jour* — the two even dress the same, wearing full-length leather coats and carrying canes whilst their faces are similarly contorted into looks of continuous ruthless arrogance) has all in all consumated an image that is bound to catapult the Police singer/bassist into the realms of mega-stardom.

Having only ever encountered Sting in the most superficial of circumstances prior to an interview conducted last week, it struck me that the egocentric viciousness of Ace and Sting's own character (he'd always struck me as a mild-mannered sort) were at distinct odds with each other and that the vividness of Ace's character would cause him some personal grief in the long run. However, Sting himself is only too amenable about destroying my doubts.

"Ace is very much part of my own character. I have a very, very strong ego and those scenes — like that in the Brighton dance hall when Jimmy attempts to steal my limelight by dancing on the balcony — well, that look on my face, were that to have been a real situation, would be exactly the same.

"In fact, Ace is very, very much half of my character."

Police drummer Stewart Copeland, himself a man scarcely bereft of ego drive, readily backs up Sting's self-analysis: "Seeing Sting in *Quadrophenia,* every aspect of the character he was playing I could relate to him personally."

"The Ace character is very, very close to the personality I take on when I'm onstage. I will *not* be upstaged and it's become a very strong part of the human chemistry working in the band. Basically it's me vs. Stewart at times — we both have these enormous egos — and Andy (Summers, the Police guitarist) sort of coasts along over and around the two of us. The safety gauge factor is that Stewart, Andy and I are all too aware of the pitfalls of ego excess and have, whether consciously or subconsciously, 'ritualized' the whole process. So, like each time we get together Stewart and I have this heavy argument, say, right and the outset of the session so that we can get all that antipathy out of the way and get down to constructive work."

Constructive work for the Police has been ignoring the grim early days when the band's name (Copeland is responsible for the christening) was 'Persona Non Grata' amongst the hard-crore punk crew and everything was an uphill struggle, ceaseless touring and a bout of recording from which the second album 'Regatta du Blanc' has been laid down, mixed and finished up well in time for its late September release date.

A single listen to the album displays a more evenly constructed and developed set of songs again with Sting taking the lion's share of the song-writing credits although Copeland is responsible for a third of the material. Two songs — 'Does Everybody Stare' and 'Contacts' — are solo compositions from the latter whilst the title track, in a brisk, well-structured instrumental that became an established additional jumping-off point from 'Can't Stand Losin' You' after countless live performances is credited to all three participants, as is the albeit Sting-dominated 'Death Wish', which matches a convoluted Bo Diddley rhythm against a highly effective choir of Stings.

The latter's own songs, whilst striking home on all the most effective bases that made his best numbers on 'Outlandos d'Amour' work so well, tend to be more expansive, be they the straight-ahead ultra-commercial rock thrust of 'Message In A Bottle' (the next single), the roots reggae form of 'Walking On The Moon' which, like 'Roxanne', matches off a strident reggae on-beat against ringing chords instantly locking themselves into one's subconscious, or a number like 'No Time This Time', the archetypal 'road' song with an incredibly busy bass line or another inventive reggae construction with strong lyrics entitled 'The Bed's Too Big Without You'.

As the tape plays the songs, Sting struts about the room, proclaiming, "I think this is far more of a good dance album than the first one. That's one facet I'm really pleased about."

Talking about the Police's music, he proclaims that he sees the band as being purveyors of "hopefully great pop music . . . we are not definitively a 'pop' group. We make pop music."

When asked to define his perspective on the term 'pop', Sting immediately refers to the Beatles.

"I think you've got to use The Beatles as the ultimate yardstick for pop greatness. I certainly do."

Which at least displays an ability on the part of the band's perpetrators to get a salient angle on their own music. The Police, after all, are a group that has been dogged with all manner of what must be pretty disorientating snubs and bouquets. On the one hand, the new wave elite appear to regard them with an all-to-eager contempt, whilst the old guard — everyone from the Stones and The Who to Ted Nugent, for God's sake, tend to use them as the token 'new' band to give the glad-handed 'thumbs up' to. Charlie Murray, when he went on the road with Ron Wood and Keith Richards' New Barbarians, recalls periodically being asked by either the Two Stones or else Ian McLagen (who, it should be stated, has acted as the band's unofficial P.R. man for some time now, turning on a number of prestigious megastars — Richards and Jaggers principally — to the 'Outlandos d'Amour' album) what he thought of The Police as though every mention of their name would cover up any hint of their ridiculously insular listening tastes and general ridiculous inability to latch onto what is really happening among the young groups, particularly the ones rising from their own long-deserted homeland.

Meanwhile the desperate likes of heavy metal icon Nugent inform our own Paul Morley of their unabashed love for the likes of 'Roxanne' and, after virtually every gig the band played on their last three U.S. tours, the likes of Foreigner or crass jazz-funk operators like Stanley Clarke would turn up backstage to offer verbal bouquets.

On the other end of the scale, the band are considered a shallow venture by many of their new wave peers. It's certainly a feeling that the band themselves are more than aware of.

As Stuart Copeland remarks: "That whole thing is such a drag, basically because I actually happen to really dig Siouxsie and The Banshees and when we've encountered each other at *Top Of The Pops,* my first reaction is to go over and say, "Hey I really liked your music." But they always behave so ultra-cool as if to actually confer with us would be tantamount to some grand display of heresy on their part. The same with Johnny Rotten and Public Image."

Copeland, by the same token, finds a lot of the old guard's back-patting anything but complimentary.

"I mean, when it got down to Foreigner and Boston — like we'd always make a point of going on radio in whatever town in the U.S. we happened to be playing in and after getting over the initial shock of confronting a 'punk' band *quote-unquote* who didn't vomit over the record deck or swear three times per sentence, the D.J. would ask us our opinions on the American rock scene and we'd of course, rail off against Boston and Foreigner etc. I mean, those names are so easy to roll off the tip of your tongue they were inevitable bait. So like in every radio interview across the States we'd be putting down those two bands in particular and then, all of a sudden, at some weird gig, like in Poughkeepsie (laughs) there were Foreigner backstage after the gig telling us how good we are. And it was hideous!"

Taking as objective an overview as possible on the band, it appears a fairly obvious

Continues over page

Should we in these troubled times see THE POLICE as our friends? Anything they say is taken down as evidence by NICK KENT. PENNIE SMITH takes the mug shots.

"I actually happen to dig Siouxsie and the Banshees. But they always behave so ultra-cool as if to confer with us would be some grand display of heresy."

THE POLICE. l. to r.: Sting, Andy Summers, Stewart Copeland.

■ *From previous page*

statement of fact that The Police have joined the ranks of Cheap Trick, The Cars, Blondie and The Knack as ambassadors of accessible 'New wave' — basically the music that scarcely deserves to be considered new wave as in 'innovative' or 'original' but instead functions on the level of pairing off a strong, agreeable image with what can only be defined as 'sprightly, well-crafted late '70s pop replete with strong hooklines and a pristine sense of texturing'. The end result, whilst rarely if ever worthy of being described as ingenious, is certainly often very clever and devilishly catchy.

In other words, as Sting will only too readily agree, the Police are in the vanguard of punching out 'new' pop.

All of which is a mite disconcerting only if one bothers to check with Police mainman Sting's past. Born and raised in Newcastle Gordon Sumner got both his nickname and musical christening from playing in local trad. jazz bands.

"The lay-out would be that in certain pubs there'd be a drum-kit, double-bass and piano at least so that anyone who fancied could jump up onto the rostrum and have a bash."

Having learnt the rudiments of first the double-bass and then electric bass, Sumner's juvenile visage would frequently be noted amongst ageing dye-hard semi-pro Newcastle jazzers. His youthful exuberance coupled with the fact that he was prone to wearing a baggy sweater sporting thick black and yellow stripes gave him a definite waspish look that naturally created the nickname.

"First it was the old trad. jazzers and then all of a sudden, it stuck. My friends called me 'Sting', literally everyone. Even my mother."

From casual thrump-ups at the local pub, the by-now locally renowned Sting came to lead a somewhat more youthful but nonetheless considerably more mature-in-age bunch who called themselves Last Exit (moniker gratis Hubert Selby's "Last Exit to Brooklyn").

A jazz-rock outfit they were according to their ex-singer/bassist, "the best band in Newcastle at the time. I mean, that's not a boast so much as a simple straighforward fact. We were the hottest band in Newcastle. Big deal, y'know (shrugs). My ego could scarcely be satisfied with that measley situation."

It was this dissatisfaction with the limitations of his environment that made Sting so readily follow up ex-Curved Air drummer Copeland's offer to come to London and form a band, even though he had a wife and child to support.

THE early days of the Police's incarnation make for depressing reading in retrospect. With French guitarist Henry Padovani making the band a three-piece, the unit were forced, due to financial shortcomings, to back up the godamnful Cherry Vanilla along with her guitarist boyfriend and a long-standing keyboard player compatriot, a move that alienated yours truly for a start.

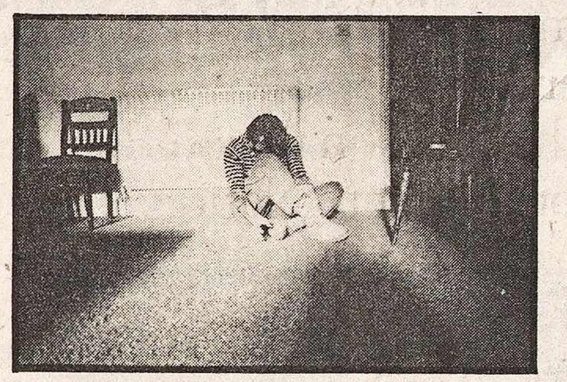
This need to supplement a wretchedly low income also caused the group to dye their hair blonde for a Wrigley's chewing gum advert, not to mention providing Sting with the initial chance to display his photogenic talents, later exploited to the full in "Quadrophenia".

Musically the Police still had a way to go before they found the sound they were after. A recording session with John Cale as producer was little short of farcical.

At this point, the Sting-Copeland-Padovani unit was being added to via the inclusion of Andy Summers, who had encountered the Police rhythm section when the pair had worked, on a purely session-work basis, in a Gong spin-off project referred to as Strontium 90.

Summers kept in contact and, once witnessing the group live at the Marquee, quietly but deteminedly chose to force his abilities into coalition with the other members. The band as a four-piece — both Summers and Padorani on guitars — was short-lived to say the least, lasting precisely one gig plus the hideous John Cale session, where Summers recalls: "Cale being so drunk all the time that he'd leap about, raving about literally the most ludicrous things we were playing. For example, at one stage I was bashing out the 'Whole Lotta Love' riff for a joke and Cale dashed into the studio itself saying: "God, that's great, that's fantastic, we've got to record that."

Upon Padovani's departure (he went on to join Wayne County's Electric Chairs, a band he himself now fronts) the Police sound began to formulate itself. Sting, having first performed trad jazz, had been touched by rock more than immersed in it — but became very brisquely infatuated with the reggae 'on beat' rhythm and the myriad possibilities that reggae production — be it "dub" or whatever — had to offer.



Copeland recalls Sting's conversion to reggae.

"One time we had a party at Sting's and I, kinda working on a hunch that he'd relate immediately to the music, brought along a bunch of Wailers' albums, some Burning Spear, some dub records etc. And sure enough, Sting just latched on immediately to the rhythmic slant of the music, all the possibilities.

Sting himself more than willingly nominates Bob Marley as a hero and appears genuinely touched when I remark how his vocals on "The Bed", a track from the new album, sound unerringly like Marley's. Another hero of the singer's is Kevin Coyne — "He strips it all down, makes himself naked. I have to be drunk to take it, it's so heavy."

In fact, one of Sting's plus Copeland and Summers' to a lesser extent, greatest protestations, is that they haven't been given any credit for actually choosing the support acts they take on tour with them.

"Yeah, *that* angered me somewhat. I mean, it was literally down to us that The Cramps were the support act. We saw them and flipped, so that's how they got over here."

For the next tour, the Police are bringing over a character named Wazmo Nariz from the States, an eccentric figure whom the band place in great esteem. The Police, by the way, have since their success made a point of headlining their gigs. This, drummer Copeland regards as the only feasible way of breaking new ground.

"Like I really believe that the old cliche of second or third-billing to Ted Nugent in the States as a means of gaining positive exposure is a piece of shit. Yeah, I mean what is the fuckin' point of going onstage and being booed off by 60,000 people who don't know who the hell you are and don't care anyway. Some managers say "Yeah, but you got exposure in front of 60,000 people". Bullshit!" The Police mode of wooing the States has been going on for three tours now. At the last count, the band could sell out a 3,000 seat auditorium on average whilst the fourth shot should certainly see them doubling, if not trebling, that quotient.

As far as success and the money that comes with it is concerned, the band make no phoney displays about loot not meaning that much.

Sting himself positively relishes the fact that he and Stewart Copeland will have made a clean quarter of a million apiece by the end of the year. More than anything, Sting, at 27, has struck proverbial oil with his first London-based rock venture and the impetuousness of his character hasn't been tempered by the failures and previous ups-and-down that Copeland and, most certaily Summers, a remarkably well preserved mid-30's session guitar veteran, have had to deal with.

The group are a force to be reckoned with, deserving neither the contempt of new wave elitism nor the sycophatic blessings of many of the old guard, who consider the Police 'acceptable'. The group themselves certainly have few, if any, delusions of grandeur. They simply work out on their own ever-expanding precint and don't force their music down your throat.

"Great pop" is Sting's aim. Roxanne', 'Can't Stand Losin' You', 'Truth Hits Everybody', 'The Bed's Too Big Without You', 'Death Wish', 'Message In A Bottle' are just that. Frustratingly catchy, clever but rarely clever-clever, the Police maintain a musical profile that deserves its healthy modicum of respect. Put simply, they *put* out. Catch it or let it lay are the two options available. They've made their choice, I've made mine.

The ball's in your court now.

"We'd go on radio in the U.S. and rail off against Boston and Foreigner. Then at some weird gig there were Foreigner backstage telling us how good we are. It was hideous."

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THRILLS

Nina Rubs Austrians Up Wrong Way

With These Hands: Nina shows off her flexible little fingers

ROCK STAR in TV orgasm shock horror! Yes, your favourite trendie and mine, Nina Hagen, shocked all sorts of honest, hard-working citizens by appearing on the Austrian late-night discussion show *Club 2* and "propagating homosexuality" and "showing the viewers the best positions for masturbation" (according to the "Kronen Zeitung", Austria's biggest selling newspaper).

So how did it happen? The newspapers advertised that the discussion would be about "Disco instead of Rock culture (sic)?", a harmless sounding subject, and one member of the discussion panel was to be Nina Hagen, the original Comecon-punk, as representative of the "modern rock-culture". She was joined by her guitarist, who was only referred to as "Ferdinand" and who appeared to be there mainly for Nina to snuggle up to.

They were pitted against a "poet" who became more and more drunk as the discussion rolled on (there is always plenty of wine on hand at these discussions, supplied by Austrian Television), the head of a political (liberal) youth group ("All political youth groups are fascist," said precocious Nina.), a 16-year old girl who admitted liking to go to discos sometimes, and who didn't get a word in edgewise during the whole discussion, a German female ex-hippie writer, and a conservative gentleman, who obviously was in for most of the stick, as well as the *Diskussionsleiter* Dieter Seefranz, a well known celebrity in Austrian TV, who is already involved in a scandal for reading the TV news without a tie!

Lovely Nina was shocking enough with her pink hair, green eyes and bondage trousers, and she had obviously come to be noticed! She started off the discussion using such family-approved words as "fuck", "Scheisse" and "clitoris" and calling the "conservative" gentleman a "depperte Sau", which is Austrian dialect for "stupid swine". She shamelessly plugged the movie that she's just finished, and the tour that will bring her and the Slits through Austria soon. She also sang a few songs — "Future is now", which stated "1968 is over, 1977 is over", (although you wouldn't know it by looking at her), "Move Over" by Janis Joplin, and one other ditty, whose title she failed to mention and recited the lyrics to some she had just written. One new one, "Womans woman", was the spark that got her going.

The really shocking part was near the end of the "discussion", where she insisted on talking about the problems women have getting orgasm before they have a houseful of children. She then started to show the viewers (albeit clothed) the various things that women do to achieve orgasm, and it being a live program, there was no way to stop her.

The unusual aspect of the the programme for anyone not so bourgeois as to be shocked by her antics, was the fact that the proposed subject of the discussion was never even touched.

Heads will roll.

ROBERT GERETSCHLAGER

THRILLS

Van's Final Statement

"A name is a product. If the music is good, it's not really all that important who's playing it. Names are secondary."

— Van Morrison/July 1973.

Six years after making that statement to this writer, Van Morrison still hasn't changed his opinion. Furthermore he affirms that his controversial confrontation with our own Tony Stewart, namely, *The Last Interview? (March 10, '79)* was precisely that.

Yet, despite the imagery that has fermented over the years of Van Morrison being just about everything from a pained genius to a pain in the ass, his demeanour, whenever we've met, has never been sullen or truculant. And, when I encountered him over drinks in Stockholm's Alexander Club, following a near-faultless concert he'd given earlier in the evening, he again proved affable, out-going and entertaining.

"Basically," he said when trying to explain his own character, "I'm a very simple person. And, as such, I'm probably far too honest . . . too blunt when interviewed."

Despite certain encounters he'd much sooner forget, Morrison concedes that there have been many occasions when he has been fairly treated by the more perceptive members of the press, going so far as to argue that in some instances, perhaps he was as much to blame for the way a story has been angled as the writer.

"I reckon that anything that anyone wants to know about Van Morrison, they'll find in my records. And, if not doing interviews means that I don't sell as many records as before ..." he pauses"... then, so be it. That's my look out."

A brave, though from my point of view, slightly misguided statement of intent. Though, at a later date, Morrison intends to write his autobiography, at this juncture in his career, it's a question of out of the mystic and, as the title of his new album decrees, *into the music.*

That was obvious earlier that night when Morrison played. Devoid of any inbetweensong frippery, as ever, Morrison's performance stands or falls on whatever interaction is established between performer(s) and audience.

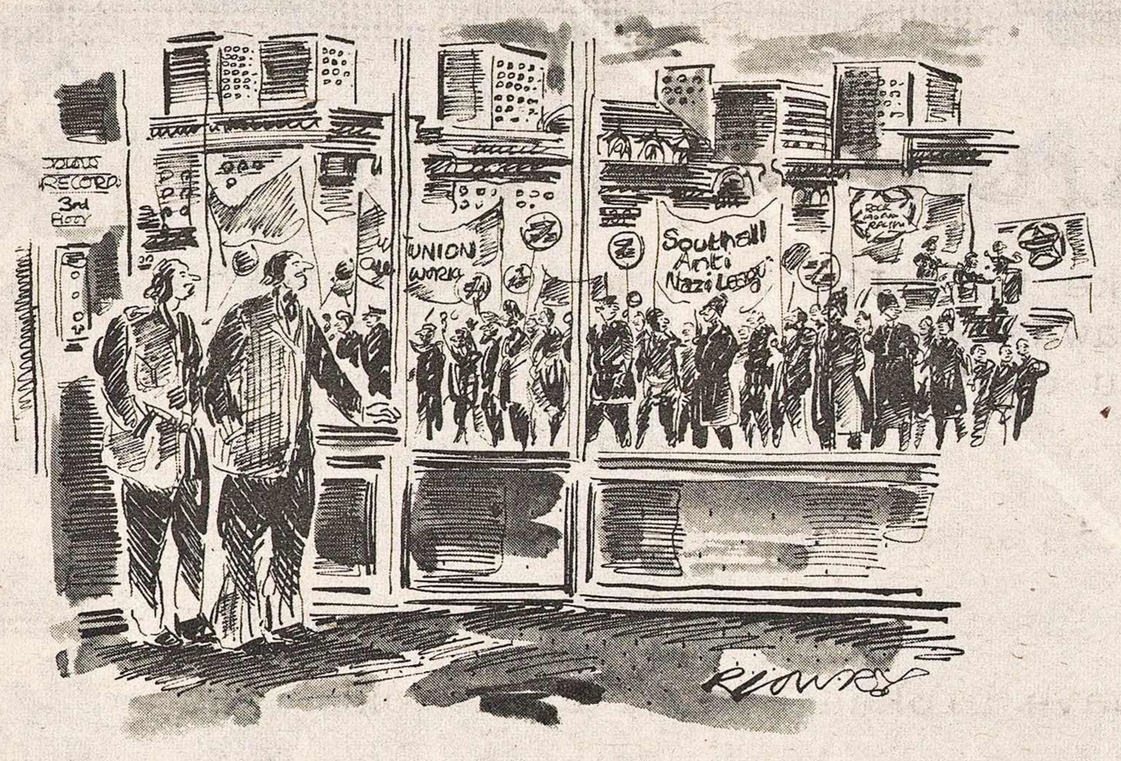
The sheer magic of Morrison's music drifts across the warm night air, the audience (estimated at well over 5,000) suddenly warm to him. Not, because of any showbiz chicanery (they're just isn't any), but for his sheer presence and his ability to communicate on his own terms.

Chalk up another plus for artistic integrity.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

Lowry



"We'll have to keep an eye on this lot — they're putting round the dangerous notion that rebellion against authority is something more than just a commodity to be packaged and sold to teenagers every few years."

Dead Kennedy Won't Lie Down

YES, Johnny Rotten, Joe Strummer, Poly Styrene and that lot may have made a contribution to the socio-political evolution of modern youth, but it took a Yank to actually represent the international pogo party in the election.

On August 7 Jello Biafra, lead singer of San Fransisco-based p-rockers, The Dead Kennedys, announced his candidacy for the office of Mayor of San Fransisco. The Kennedys, who are one of the most "political" bands on the West Coast, are currently riding high on the new wave charts with their debut single, "California Uber Alles." The song, a spoof on the state's ambitious hippie governor, Jerry Brown, attacks the current drift in American politics: *Zen fascists will control you/Hundred percent natural/You will jog for the master race/And always wear the happy face.*

The Kennedy's beer-drenched, pogo-mad live sets have been the main highlights of the Bay Area new wave scene for the better part of a year. And Jello's candidacy has drawn together almost the entire new wave community.

Because of the recent assasination of San Fransisco's left-wing mayor, George Moscone, by an extreme right-wing city councilman (and ex-policeman), the race is up for grabs. Mr Biafra enters into a field completely dominated by neo-fascist puppets of the big real estate and banking interests. He has been using his candidacy to point out the basically anti-people policies being espoused by all the so-called "mainstream" candidates. A couple of lines in "California Uber Alles" sum up the worst fears Biafra is expressing in his campaign: *Now it is 1984/Knock. knock at your front door/It is the suede denim secret police/They have come for your uncool niece.*

JACK BASHER

THRILLS

Cruisin' For Bruisin'

COMPARED to what is going on in New York right now, the recent Gay Pride parade over here looks pretty tame. Not since the Stonewall riots has gay anger been so aroused.

The focus point for the current protests is a movie being shot on the NY streets by William *Exorcist* Friedkin, called *Cruising*.

According to gay spokespeople who have had portions of the script leaked to them, the movie would depict all homosexuals as either crazed sadists or mindless ash trays.

Pacino plays a rookie detective stalking a brutal killer preying on an apparently endless stream of leather-trousered whipping dummies. New York gays obviously are sickened by this stereotype and are regularly descending on the set en masse to jeer and pelt the assembled extras.

And there are those who argue that the eventual release of the movie will lead to a murder outbreak down on the waterfront.

A recent report in the *Village Voice* magazine appears to give this fear some substance. It quotes one of the cops in charge of controlling the scenes as frothing, "I think they all oughta be decapitated. These pansies are trying to act like men."

Also, inevitably, outsiders are turning up in opposition to the gays just for the battle. On the less active side of things, one leading NY gay novelist, John Rechy, is advising the community not to over-react, much as he despises the film content.

The word is out that this is the closest thing to a long, hot summer that New York has seen this year. And the Village is ringing with the rampage of gay people with anything but cruising on their minds . . .

DANNY BAKER

THRILLS

Police Don't Stop The Carnival!

Your friendly neighbourhood bobby. (That's him with the silly hat). Pic: Chris Lurca.

CARNIVAL! The Notting Hill Carnival — it's already become a part of history. A British Tradition and a tradition which causes untold paranoia. But in the heart of the carnival there's no cause for alarm. Stalls of militant Rastafarian literature nestle happily alongside Young Socialist Worker 'Trotsky Centenary' badges. The Black & White Riot Show.

I buy the thirteenth issue of Rastafari Universal Zion monthly *The Voice Of Rasta,* which starts beautifully — miles ahead of Fleet St. — "President Julius Nyerere, in I man's view, is an African problem or enigma; and I will show why," continuing with prose such as befits the carnival and puts *Daily Mirror* Editorial writers to shame:

"At the present moment President Nyrere should be riding very high — but is he? At this time, Nyerere is a socio-cultural quandary, quagmire, cesspool, ceptic pit, swamp, or something very similar."

There's an atmosphere which hits you immediately. Stepping innocently off London Transport, screams and sirens and steel bands assault.

The carnival is warpaint, feathers, brass skank, New Orleans steps, chicken wing humour, corn on the cob, Special Brew madness, dressage in a Babylon.

It all coincides.

Street bands crinkle past your eyes, a twisting decoration of percussion, persuasion, perdition. Middle-aged Black mothers and grandmothers in Aztec fairy godmother costumes jumping along and banging empty spirits bottles to the tune of truckfuls of casual steel band bonhomie: the convoy of a community.

This year, the carnival is marred — as the radio says — by but one small outburst of violence. The youths got round to cashing in some of their empties at the annoying police presence. The bluebottles — all Victorian tucked-in chins and repressed Reichian uniform — responded to the thrown bottles with a typically paranoid riot-shield charge. Fourteen arrests, the radio says.

The carnival does get hot and full of pressure — though exactly what kind of pressure it's hard to say.

There's little trouble and a heavy police presence. You can go helicopter spotting, and compare scenes with those of last year's carnival as featured in Don Letts' *Ranking Movie* (see it). Or go Don Letts spotting, as seen under the Acklam Hall flyover sporting a nice line in leopard skin waistcoat (better believe it).

Or there's food stalls selling ital fish (no blood) and goat curry and dumplings and patties and Carlsberg Special Brew badness, stalls selling pre-release social comment and knee-jiggling twelve inch disco straight from the cottage industry's cardboard box, spinning calypso, 'bluebeat originals', pavement dub.

Rival sound systems are set up along opposite sides of the Portobello Rd. terminus, trying hard and harder to out treble and out bass one another, Slink up into the speakers, corner yourself some territory — no one seemed to mind me doing this, dreadie — and just shade ya eyes against the Sons of Jah as the bass rummages through your alimentary canal, crackles along your central nervous system and burns through obtrusive hits of breakfast.

Eye up the diminishing quantities of vodka and rum. Sidle up to the proper Rastafarian contingent if you can stop them floating. Flirt around the smokey doors and paperback stalls. The Rastas ("West Indian community ranging from a distinct, convincing religiousness through a hip street style to a pithy middle-class takeover." — Idris Walters) just stand back and their looks say something like: If you're interested, you're interested, and perchance you will purchase some pamphlets or a Lord of Lords Ethiopian T-shirt set in combination of canary yellow, sea green and dread red. If not, *soon come.*

An attitude of righteous, benevolent, cooled out expectancy. *Soon come! Rass! Iry ask the lion!*

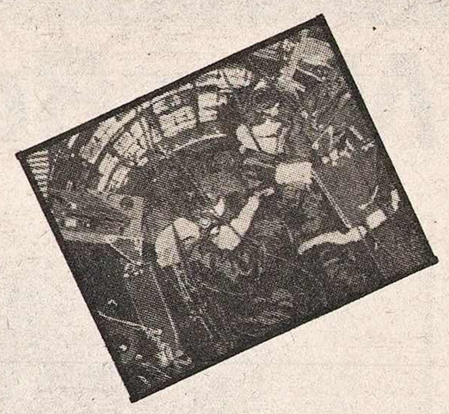
It's not voyeuristic for we white youth to attend all of this. It's an opportunity to come to live terms with things usually talked about: the overhang of good old wan imperialism, the immigrant's arbitrarily imported from the Caribbean in the late '50s and flat out rejected by good old Gross Britannia (I'm alright Jack, ya better not hit *my* road!).

Just have fe check when two cultures clash! The Selassie I posters, the steel band strut, the smells, the tastes, the sights, the slights, the badness *and* goodness.

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

Cody:



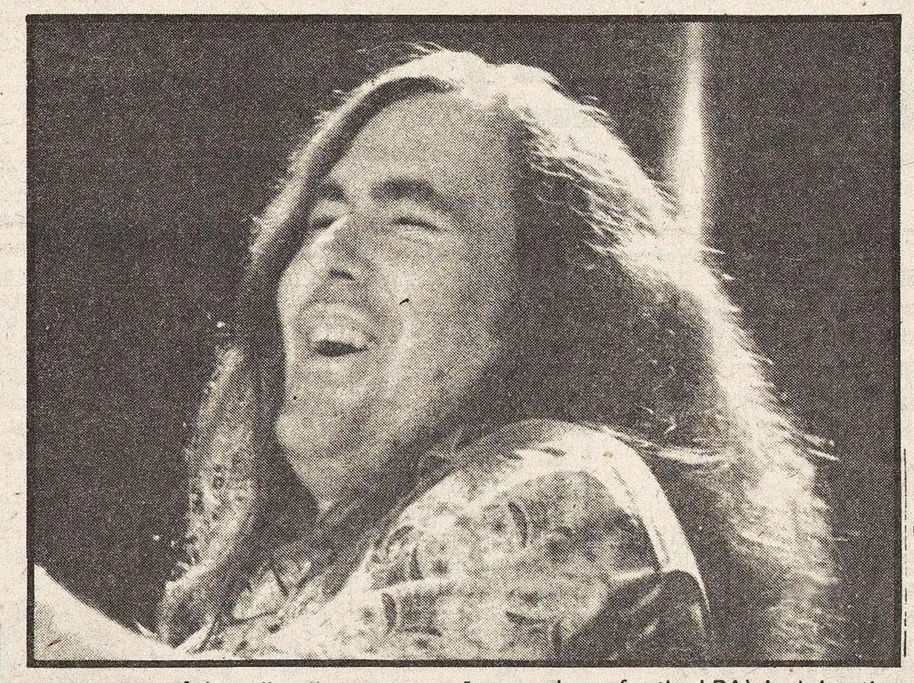
THE NOTORIETY of Commander Cody, aka George Frayne, began and nearly ended in June 1968. It all came about, he told me, when "I got my masters degree in June '68. Two things were pulling at me — the country and western thing, and Art, but I was goin' to teach, I'd already got a job teaching at Wisconsin State University.

"There I was, driving down the freeway smoking a number, two more in my pocket, looking not unlike I'm looking now, only instead of the Christian Dior shirt, I'm wearing the funky T . . . doin' about 80. All of a sudden the car blew up, exploded in a ball of fire, skidded over into a mountain! I managed to jump out, a ball of flame engulfing everything I owned; my entire record collection, all my paintings that had won awards at festivals that summer and that's not the end of the story. The Pennsylvanian state police come up an' take two joints out of my pocket, they take me straight to the Pennsylvanian State Penitentiary, and put me in solitary confinement for two days. And that was the first narcotics bust the town, probably the whole goddam state, has ever known."

Thus spake Commander Cody; an engaging, ebullient, colourful and

James Brown
He was...is...and always will be
The Original Disco Man.
See him live at the Venue 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th September
NOW AVAILABLE HIS NEW ALBUM
The Original Disco Man
Featuring 'IT'S TOO FUNKY' and his forthcoming new 12" Single 'STAR GENERATION'
STEPPIN OUT DISCO
BY ARRANGEMENT WITH BRYAN MILLER
Polydor

Not Just A Pretty Face.



Pic: Joe Stevens

extremely likeable character. His conversation inspires confidence, punctuated with sincere, hearty laughter.

And having just reached the ripe old age of thirty five, this cowboy's packed a helluva lot of living under his belt; a man of Quality and many achievements. His reputation emerged with the Lost Planet Airmen as veteran pioneer of the country and western trucking anthem 'Hot Rod Lincoln', and swinging eulogies to holiday lovers all over the world 'Smoke, Smoke, Smoke', and 'Seeds and Stems'.

Since then, he's lost several stones in weight, and several recording contracts.

The Commander's somewhat perilous reputation as the Santa Claus of boogie-woogie, rockabilly, country an' western-swinging blues — you name it it's there — is immensely rejuvenating in finely measured doses but hardly takes him rampaging along the road glory-bound to stardom. Even so, he has one or two aces up the proverbial sleeve, one of which is a major contribution to rather unusual book.

The book consists of drawings, sketches, paintings and sculpture, contributed by amongst others, Cody, Joni Mitchell, Ron Wood, Cat Stevens, John Mayall and Klaus Voorman.

Unfortunately there are only two sections of it in England; that containing Cody's inimitable style — paintings inspired by stills from old Hollywood movies, aircraft cockpits, and welded-tin sculpture — all of it very effective, some of it beautiful; and Wood's chapter, where his more orthodox style, ranges from perfectly captured unself-consciousness of children (presumably his), to a sulkily seductive, scantily clad lady presumably his).

According to Cody, "You'd think Joni would be into water colours and pretty stuff, but in fact she's a really dynamic artist." He should know.

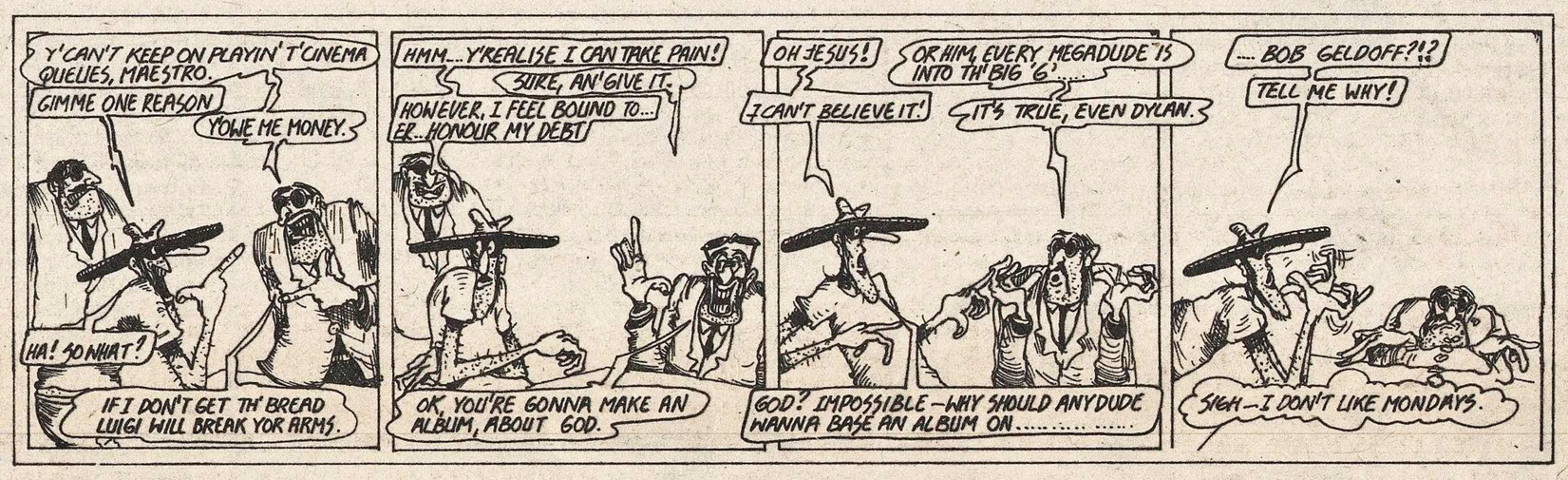
Cody is anxious to return to the subject of rock'n'roll. Obviously the book will sell, but the fact remains that George Frayne is without his recording contract. And during their prime neither he nor the Lost Planet Airmen had a Big Hit, although they came close with their second and most successful studio album 'Hot Licks, Cold Steel and Truckers' Favourites'. The fans are — in Cody's words — either "wasted, trash remnants like myself — old hippies who've survived. My new crowd is the young, drunken, radical, crazy, college crowd." Stern stuff from a man who used to drink Guinness for breakfast.

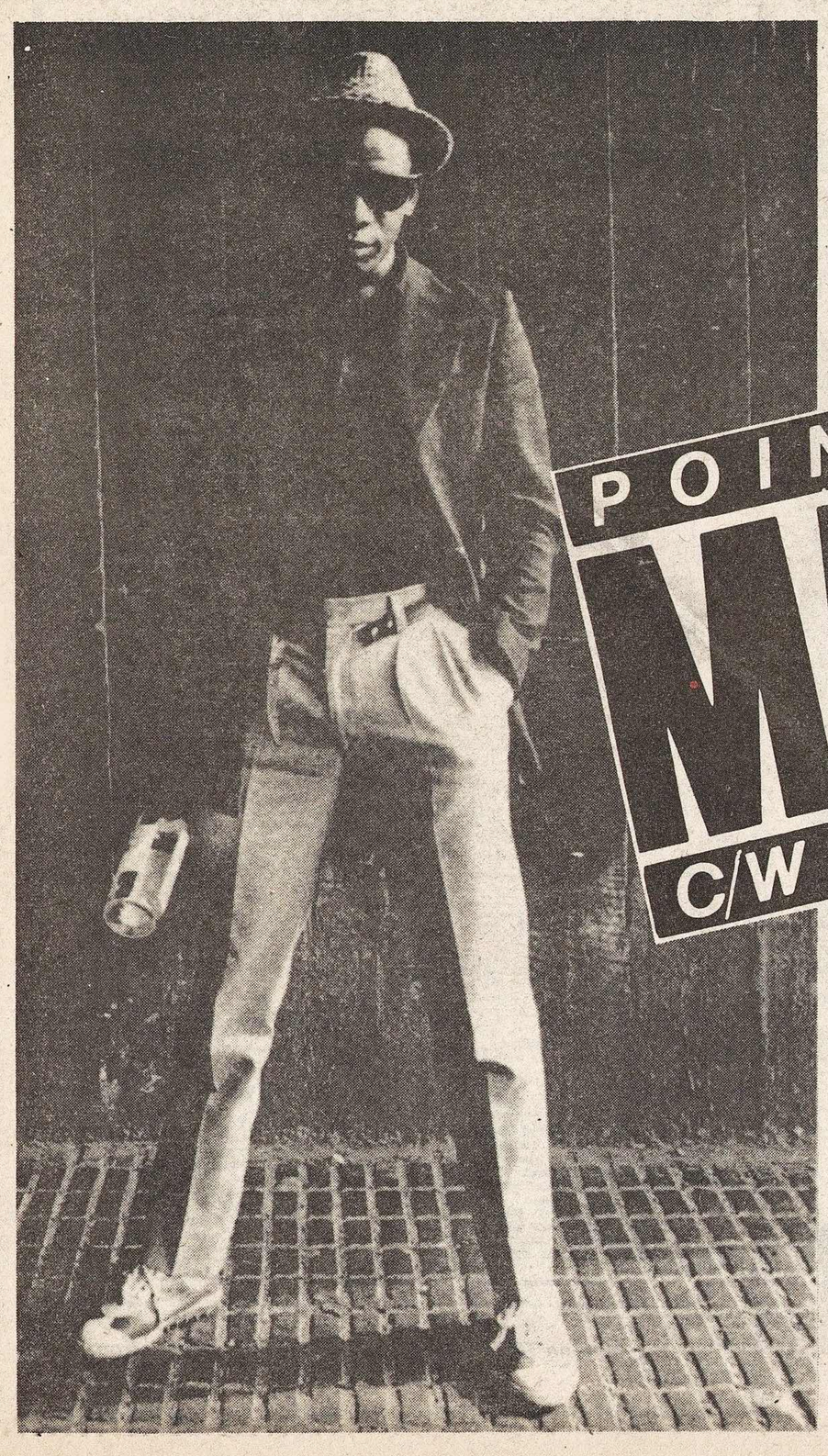
Optimism runs high as I realise once again that this affable geezer wears his talents like Joseph's coat; "Andy Stein (ex fiddler and tenor sax-player for the LPA), is doing the sound track for the National Lampoon movies, and he's asked me to write some lyrics. National Lampoon, because of the success of *Animal House*, have been signed up to do 12 more movies, and the next one's gonna be called *Jaws Three Equals Zero*.

Seems to me the Commander won't be relinquishing his post for some time yet.

CHARLOTTE WYLIE

THRILLS


The Lone Groover
Y'CAN'T KEEP ON PLAYIN' T'CINEMA QUELIES, MAESTRO.
GIMME ONE REASON
YOWE ME MONEY.
HA! SO WHAT?
IF I DON'T GET TH' BREAD LUIGI WILL BREAK YOR ARMS.
HMM... Y'REALISE I CAN TAKE PAIN!
SURE, AN' GIVE IT.
HOWEVER, I FEEL BOUND TO... ER... HONOUR MY DEBT
OK, YOU'RE GONNA MAKE AN ALBUM, ABOUT GOD.
OH JESUS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
OR HIM, EVERY MEGADUDE IS INTO TH' BIG '6'....
IT'S TRUE, EVEN DYLAN.
GOD? IMPOSSIBLE — WHY SHOULD ANY DUDE WANNA BASE AN ALBUM ON.....
.... BOB GELDOFF?!?
TELL ME WHY!
SIGH — I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS.
Benyon



TWO SIDES OF

POINT OF VIEW

MATUMBI

C/W PRETENDER

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R.A.R. — U.S.A. YIPPIE!

LOOKING like it's been preserved in a time warp these last ten years, no. 9 Bleecker St., HQ of the Youth International Party, appears to lend total credibility to that old hippie legend "Tomorrow we must get organised."

Everywhere chaos rules. Large stacks of past issues of their newspaper *Overthrow*, formerly the *Yipster Times*, crowd the front entrance. Yippie badges litter the floor, posters advertising Smoke-ins and Be-ins cover the walls. "Would you buy a used Ford from this man?" accompanies a picture of Nixon.

Three weeks from now the Yippies are holding their annual Smoke-in in Washington DC, and the whole country seems to want details.

Fortunately the Yippies have finally realised there's something more important going on in the world than legalising their precious weed. (Impossible — Thrills Ed.) Even in America, land of the free and home of the brave, the ugly face of racism is beginning to show itself on the streets. When the American Nazi party marched in uniform, through Chicago's Marquette Park, earlier this year, the Yippies had been thinking of forming Rock Against Racism for several months.

Last September the first RAR gig took place in Columbus, Ohio, home of the Kent State massacre and the strongest YIP chapter in the US. News had filtered across the Atlantic of the success of the UK RAR movement, and the idea seemed good. Though the event only attracted 2,000 people, that number was enough to convince YIP to continue with the idea, and a spring planning session was held at Studio 10 on March 24th this year, as part of the Yippie National Conference.

As a result of the conference further RAR festivals have been held in Houston. Texas; New York's Central Park; and Chicago's Lincoln Park, scene of everybody's favourite police riot. These last two attracted crowds of 20,000 and 10,000 respectively, and a bill featuring mostly local bands playing r&b, rock, reggae, new wave, punk and salsa, was headlined both times by the Patti Smith Group, minus Patti. Ms Smith talks a good revolution!

But RAR/USA continues apace. In NY, across the street from no. 9, Bleecker St., the Yippies have their own club, Studio 10. 150 yards from the Bowery and CBGBs. Studio 10 had strong support from Larry Kaye, Patti Smith and other celebrities during its formative years. The night I was there the bill featured the Numbers, a dynamite jazz/rock fusion band from Columbus, Ohio. Veteran of Kent State benefits, they're keen to do RAR gigs. Lead singer Bob Kidney introduces one song, Bo Diddley's 'You Can't Judge a Book by Looking at the Cover,' as "the first song ever written for Rock Against Racism, though he probably didn't know it at the time."

Elen Stiletto at Studio 10. Pic: Jessica Jason.

Preceding the Numbers had been Chris Rush, a stand-up comic who looks like Kojak on acid and sounds like a mix of Richard Pryor and Lenny Bruce. And the evening was wound to a close at 4 am with some driving r&b from the Senders.

On June 30th Canada held its first RAR event in Edmonton, Alberta, and at the DC Smoke-in the music was interspersed with speeches against racism. Already five solid RAR chapters have been set up in the States, at Dayton and Columbus, Ohio; New York; Chicago and Houston. And plans are in motion to set one up in Chocolate City itself, Washington, DC. Future plans for festivals include one at Madison, Wisconsin, home of a fairly left-wing state government, on September 1st.

But all is not yet sweetness and light. The DC Smoke-in ended in a rain-soaked shambles after scenes of the heaviest police brutality for several years in front of the White House. After the 7,000 marchers had rushed the White House railing, 80 motor cycle cops formed a tight knit group and rode straight through the demonstrators. Splits between the Yippies and CAMP (a slightly more organised equivalent of the UK's Smokey Bear), who were organising the Smoke-in with the Yippies, were rife.

New York RAR were definitely in need of help when I left, Studio 10 having just been closed due to inadequate safety precautions, the whole place being a potential fire hazard.

With 10,000 dollars needed for repairs. it'll be sometime before they can re-open. Alice, a member of the collective, promised free accommodation and sight-seeing tours to anyone interested in helping, especially carpenters or sound people. With Sir Freddie kindly offering cheap return flights for under £150, America doesn't seem that far away anymore. Anyone fancy a cheap few months in the States? It sure beats the shit out of Camp America.

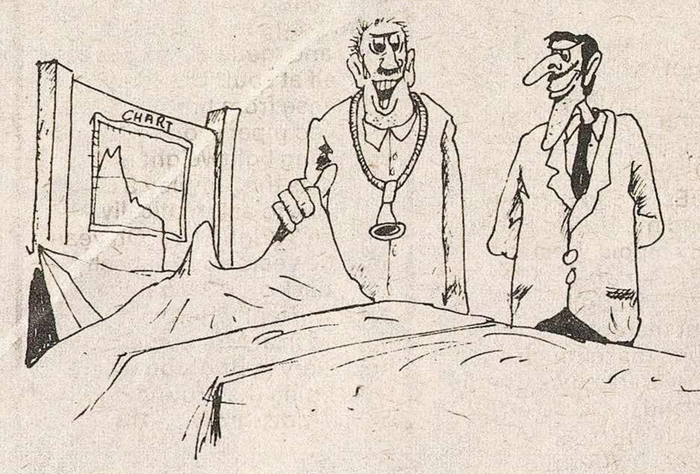
TONY SMART

THRILLS

'SOMETHING THAT I SAID' THE EXPLOSIVE NEW SINGLE FROM THE RUTS!

VIRGIN RECORDS Virgin VS285

Benyon



I'm afraid he never lived to taste the fame his talent deserved, but now his publishing rights are restored to you I think we may see a sudden upsurge of interest in his work!

If America wants 'em, it can have 'em.

There were about 150,000 fans at last week's festival, where top American rock band Led Zeppelin topped the bill. The same band was headlining yesterday, although not as many people were expected to turn up.

But there were still enough people on site for police to warn campers to not light fires.

LINDY'S PAR

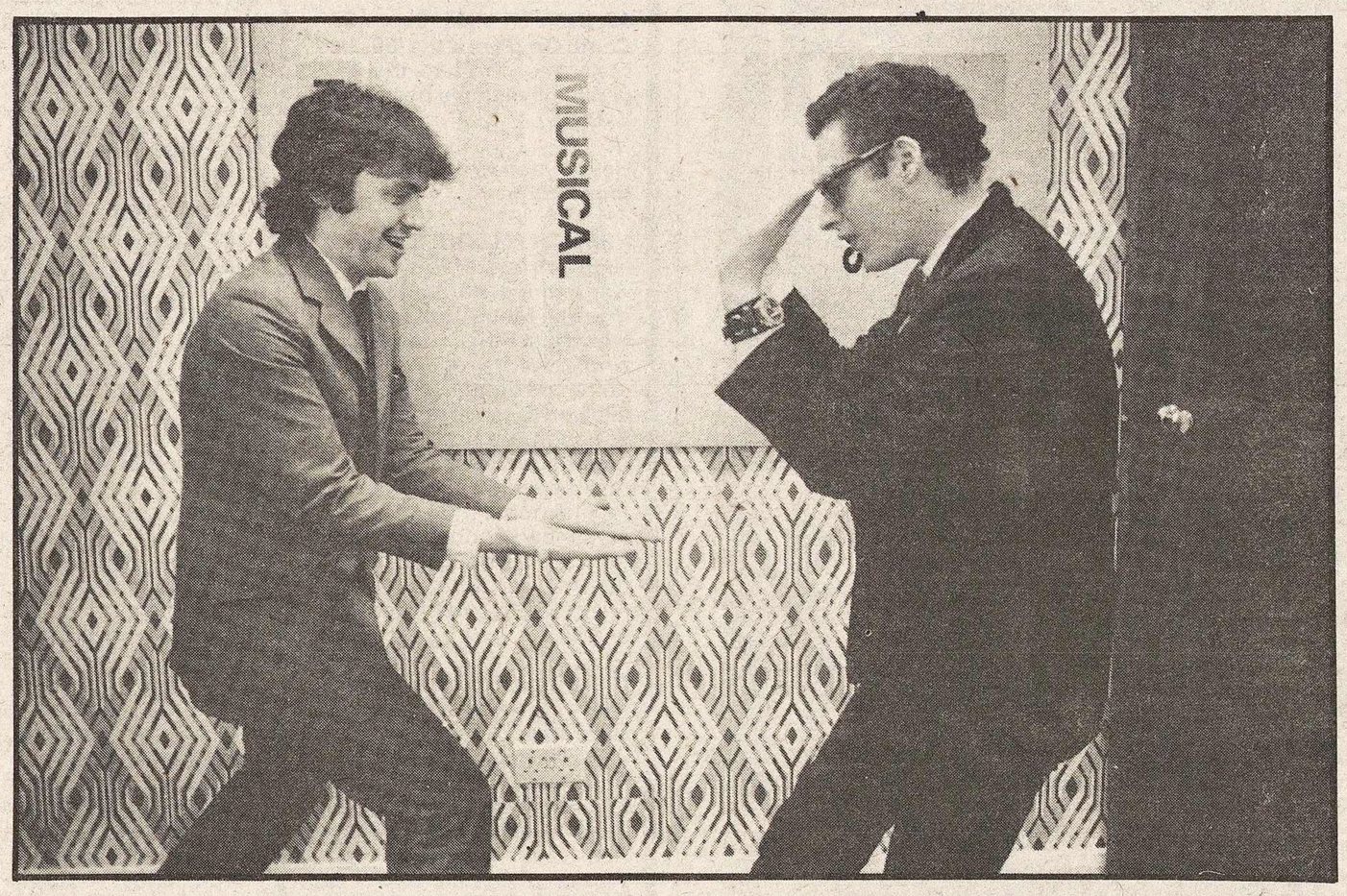
LOVELY Lindy Benson's taste of the good life is over. She's just split up with Bob Ezrin, Canadian record producer of the American rock group Pink Floyd, and she's moved out of his swish Eton Place home in London.

"It was smashing."

From the Evening Times (Glasgow). Thank you, Hammy from Glasgow.

SINGLES

It's The Special Late Afternoon (after the pubs have shut) Chat Show. Your Hosts — DANNY BAKER and CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY.



THE RUTS: Is It Something That I Said *(Virgin)*. The best song that The Ruts will ever have was recorded over two years ago by The Models and called 'Freeze'. But of course this group weren't too together then, just like most of today's real punks, and so there were no takers on Marco & Co's little epic at that time. But in these days of contemporary Teddy Boys there is a massive market for this, uh, hard line rock'n roll, but like the drippy, lame 'Babylon Burning', us old timers find all this just so much floorshow for the latecomers. Boring tune too. — **DB**

Ummmm . . . may I just point out that records like this are what happen when punk is crushed to death in a collision between H. Metal and P. Pop, that The Ruts ain't at all bad live, that it's very well produced, that . . . of shit. How's about we listen to something only slightly less boring? — **CSM**

EDDIE GRANT: Walking On Sunshine *(Ice)*. 'Living On The Frontline' was a most splendid bit of crossover reggae and a well-deserved success for a geezer who's been consistently underestimated ever since his Equals days, but this is pretty much the same song except that it boogies instead of skanking, and that it bears a distinct family resemblance to 'Funky Like A Train', one of Oor Eddie's last Equalprods. Dan . . .? — **CSM**

Yea, just the same old problem of a record recorded in Stamford Hill suffering from what we scientists have come to terrn 'Yankeesdoit Betta'. What with reggae easing in so firmly down nightclub way, me thinks perhaps Eddie hath blundered. — **DB**

JEREMY SPENCER BAND: Travellin' *(Atlantic)*. This is what Ry Cooder's single would sound like if it was crappy instead of great — **CSM**

THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND: The Devil Went Down To Georgia *(CBS)*. A passing Max Bell — for it is he — informs us that this passes the shitkicker test . . . and so we kicked the shit out of it. Ah ha atsa joke eh boss!?! — **DB**

You haven't stopped talking since I got in here. You musta bin vaccinated with a phonograph needle. This metaphysical Southern complication is a biiiiiig hit in the YouEssA and it brings back fond memories of the very silly hippie Western fillum *Zachariah* — specifically Doug Kershaw's segment thereof — but it is unlikely to make much of an impact overere since Charlie Daniels and his band are all rather ugly and bearded, plus they wear cowboy hats all the time, even in the shower. — **CSM**

I hate people like that. — **DB**

HERBIE MANN: Jisco Dazz *(Atlantic)*. Ah, from the title I deduce our Herb has been sneaking a peek at my first review phrase. Now look, the flute is not an instrument that appeals to any ears this side of the half century. Herbi Mann has fluffed jazz, he's fluffed reggae, ballsed up rock, and made a berk out of himself at soul. The latest nonsense from his lips of the pie-eyed piper is one of those appealing lightweight merry melodies that employ a clutch o'dames to asthmatically wheeze 'Alright' and 'Oh yeah' as if the years automatically shed back onto his balding pate. Currently Herbie is booked in at Mrs Stench's fine hostellery in Brighton where he is doing the groundwork on his Mod throw. — **DB**

Listen mate, nuffin wrong with flutes as long as Roland Kirk's playin' 'em. Unfortunatley, Rahsaan isn't doing much of anything these days, and neither are . . .

WISHBONE ASH: Come On *(MCA)*. Flash pic sleeve, great Chuck Berry song, totally hideous, boring, useless, crappy, dull half-speed and slowed-down TURKEY of a single. Great value for Berry freaks who now consume their weight in Tuinol every solstice (maaaaaann) — **CSM**

Arrrrrrrghus! — **DB**

GRACE JONES: On Your Knees *(Island)*. A heartless disco but nevertheless all credit to the firesome musicians concerned. Except Grace. She has a voice that sounds forever winded and at least 30 years older than the rest of her face. Her lungy wobbles all but spoil this rather energetic bash. There's no need to especially check for Ms Jones, indeed it baffles me from whence she gets her 'reputation'. Banshee-esque lyric don't help either. — **DB**

Lovely biceps, though. — **CSM**

PAUL BRETT: Take Five *(RCA)*. Aha! The old Paul Desmond/Dave Brubeck job transcribed for one chap with a load of acoustic guitars. Tastefully soporific (is it time for my wake-up call, Dan?) — **CSM**

QUANTUM JUMP: No American Starship *(Electric)*. I don't know anyone who liked that godawful 'Lone Ranger' rubbish. It got up my hooter the way they played *TOTP* as it it were all part of some mug-up home movie for those 'real musicians' watching in. On this release their bull is fully revealed as they feel the need to raise the charts standards with their own particular brand of 'progressive' kip. More of that stroked with rats-tail guitar playing from old moustache lips too. — **DB**

I dunno — you're coming over all tetchy just because they ain't made any jokes about pillowbiters on this one. Some people have no sense of humour — **CSM**

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: Shout *(RCA)*. Anybody my age could have told you *(They did — DB)* that a cover version of this song was what launched the appalling Lulu on her disgraceful career of hosting variety shows, divorcing members of the Bee Gees and exploiting David Bowie while wearing bowler hats. However, this venerable slice of Old Tyme soul music is still a trifle on the ultra-dynamic side, packing as it in fact does both parts of the original onto one side of a BLOODY HUUUUUGE 12-inch while 'Respectable' and 'Tell Me Who' lurks on the B-side. If the Mod Revival doesn't account for a few extra copies shifted, then we're issuing an official Trend Statement next week demanding the burning of all parkas by the beginning of November. Speaking of which . . . — **CSM**

SECRET AFFAIR: Time For Action *(I-Spy)*. Y'know how rock'n'roll spewed into the 1960-61 years with all that Bobby Vee stuff? Well, here we go again. Secret Affair play just so long as they don't have to sweat and Ian Paine gets a chance to whine about how he's been right about Powderpuff Power Pop all along. Well OK, so it's the national pastime right here, right now but let's not confuse mohair suits and whiskerless smiling chins with youth, rebellion, rock'n'roll and Paul Weller. Jeez, with twittish lalala like this springing up my heart bleeds for Weller. I mean, how can you confuse the two, modsters? No, they can tread the water for now . . . but wait till the real sharks get back. — **DB**

Speaking of which . . . — **CSM**

THE BEACH BOYS: Sumahama *(Caribou)*. Jesus, they don't like Mondays either. Personally, I don't like Fridays — **CSM**

That old ham Brian just can't face the fact that nobady is in the slightest interested in his pitiful laments. Thatsa sumahama boss? — **DB**

I wonder if I could buy back my introduction to you? — **CSM**

THE INVADERS: The Best Thing I Ever Did *(Polydor)*. What was the worst? — **CSM**

You heathen bastard! Don't you think people are interested in the fact that this was produced by Jimmy Pursey and is an average rock song with affectations toward a hummable chorus that doesn't quite make it. Don't you? Well? Answer me, man! — **DB**

Anyone ever tell you that you've got the same initials as David Bowie? — **CSM**

NOEL: The Night They Invented Love *(Virgin)*. Judging by this — not nearly as good a joke as her last one and off the album anyway (yaaaaawwwwwwwnnnn!) — they've improved it considerably since those early days. I mean to say, just last week — **CSM**

Shame on you, sir! Young children may be reading this — **DB**

UK DECAY/PNEUMANIA: Split Single *(Plastic)*. Two would-be dour, angry Seditionaries bands who sound ridiculous amongst their gormless panting. Lyrics about how pathetic England is and how we are all in shit — y'know, real useful stuff. The type of punks who'll grow up into miserable old men moaning about the weather. Why don't you shape up? Pneumania have a lead singer who is totally obsessed with herself and how she hates the people who point at her as she walks along the street. Are you sure, girl? Sure they ain't just pointing out to their grandchildren that 'there goes a museum on legs'? (Nazi T-Shirts too). — **DB**

Well, Dan, at last we can say without fear of contradiction that the four-year search for the two worst punk groups in the world has just been concluded. — **CSM**

DUCK AND DIVE: On Your Bike *(Pogo)*. Warner Brothers' answer to Chas & Dave. As one not totally sure of the original question, all a chap can do is wonder where all these jolly Cockneys keep coming from. I thought they were all weighed down by worries about life in towerblocks. — **CSM**

Danny Baker's Single Of The Week

MIROSLAV VITOUS: New York City *(Warner Bros)* How heartening it is to know that someone, somewhere within the dank halls of record companies is actually on the case. From 1975 Warners drag back one of the most chaotic, whirlwind tracks from that barren year. Bear with me while Public Image and Earth Wind and Fire haggle over who owns the beat, whilst Donna Summer and Carla Bley haggle over who owns the voice. Let me tell ya, ain't a Disco in the country can put its hand on its heart with this one. The bugger is too confusing, too selfish, too precious. Dazz and Jisco get left way back as the man with the anagram handle shifts into a class of his own. All the speed and edge that the city in question holds is hurtled through the speakers and back, and although the term 'essential' is these days as worthless as a scoop on Saturnalia, those who pass on 'NYC' must throw their parties in Tehran. Two final parents in Weather Report and The Blockheads, Miroslav Vitous comes a major single of the week. — **DB**

Charles Shaar Murray's single of the week

First of all, may I just interpose in passing that a nomination of a second single of the week is in no way to be taken as any criticism, implied or otherwise, of my exuberant young colleague or his endorsement of Sid's cousin Miroslav and the latter's splendid and energetic waxing. However — as a supplement rather than a replacement — allow me to usher to the podium . . .

RY COODER: Little Sister *(Warner Bros)*. Heavens, how embarassing to have two Warners singles chosen for a special approbation (memo to the Warners promotion department: when are our nosebleeds gonna stop?). The only thing wrong with this Ryland P. object is that (a) our copy is as warped as the sensibilities of most Christians and (b) it's not 'Down In Hollywood' off the same sublime 'Bop Till You Drop' album. As it is, what we got is the upside of L.A.: outaphase Strats, gospel harmonies, an old Elvis number, a dance groove and a voice that would be like moose farts on a muggy day if it was Leo Kottke instead of Ry Cooder but is anyway, just the same. Hear it twice, buy the album and if the penny ain't dropped you're on double secret probation.

Danny demonstrates some typical Millwall tackling techniques.

Charlie doesn't know who or what Millwall is.

Rainbow
Since You Been Gone
NEW SINGLE
Since You Been Gone
THE TITLE TRACK FROM THE ALBUM "Down To Earth"
B/W Bad Girls
(PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED - WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE ON ANY RAINBOW ALBUM)
LIMITED EDITION COLOUR BAG
polydor

More Singles. (These boys have a lot to say for themselves).

■ *From previous page*

Yes guvna! Cor we're all cockneys nar days en we mate — **B.A. Robertson**

JOHNNY STORM: Come On Come On *(Pye)* If the '50s had really been this bad, there would never have been a '60s. — **CSM**

Have I got news for you — **DB (born 1957)**

HERMAN BROOD: Saturday Night *(Ariola).* Herm's album was entitled 'Herman Brood Is In A Bad Mood', but then we've just heard Nina Hagen's single and we reckon that he's gotten off lightly. (This is an allusion to the recent bust-up of Hagen and Brood. Rock music is wonderful: it means that the sordid affairs of foreign nonentities can somehow become relevant to the lives of young people in the UK). As forgettable a record as I've ever forgotten — **CSM**

Didn't I used to know your sister Copen? — **Thijs Van Dirty Leer.** *(An APPALLING joke — Ed.)*

RAINBOW: Since You've Been Gone *(Polydoe).* Well I never. Sensitive heavy metal. Where's the guitar solo? I've just dropped all me mandies on the floor, man. Fahsands and fahsands of 'em. You can 'ave some if you help me pick 'em up, man. There's some Tuinol as well under the table, man — **CSM**

I have nothing to say about this single — **DB**

That's because you havn't listened to it, you coward! No bottle, mate! No bottle! — **CSM**

And One Blast On Gabriel's Trumpet Announces . . .

BOB DYLAN: Precious Angel *(CBS).* Listen, I know all you elder statesmen can write about this bloke till the prodigal son comes home, but as far as I'm concerned there's a lot to be said for those Roman Emperors. His elpees may still intrigue the five thousand, but let's talk 45 and let's talk about boring acoustic strummalongs. The reverse is unreleased I am reliably informed, but still sounds out of the ark. I'm not digging you out y'understand, Charlie, knowotarmean, but honestly . . . Bob Dylan? — **DB**

Gissabreak Dan, I shot me bolt on this geezer last week. (Was that democratic enough?) The B-side's not on the album azzitappenz, and it's more spirituality over a 'Green Onions' riff. Good singer, though, innee? — **CSM**

SQUEEZE: Slap And Tickle *(A&M).* Chartbusting Deptford Fun City munsters Squeeze have a clone of their 'Take Me I'm Yours' for the next on the nation's menu. A tad cluttered and dry what with forty farsend fellas on a synfasizer and devoid of much of the melody that has caused them to be such big time swingers. — **DB**

Can I just say he played that while I was out of the room? — **CSM**

Belt up, Charlie. It's time to introduce our baby. Our disco/blues love chile . . . — **DB**

BOBBY RUSH: I Wanna Do The Do *(Philadelphia).* Ah yes . . . the real, mutually agreed upon, dug and re-dug single of the week. First praised to a disbelieving community by Disco Dan when first available on import, 'I Wanna Do The Do' is blues power over disco surfaces, complete with heavy-duty mouth harp, from Bobby Rush. His credentials are impeccable, seein how he's the younger bro' of fabbo guitarist Otis Rush — whose records you don't have nearly enough of in your house (I know 'cause I've checked) — and therefore you should be in a place where this record is played highly often. Whatcha say, Dan? — **CSM**

Mr Baker left ten minutes ago, love — **A cleaner**

Oh well. Now over to Ian Penman in our reggae studios . . . — **CSM**

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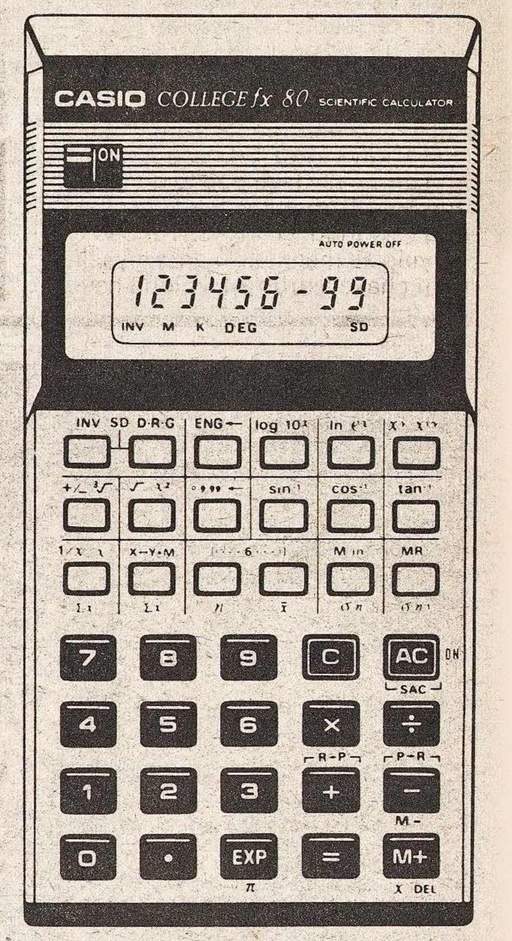

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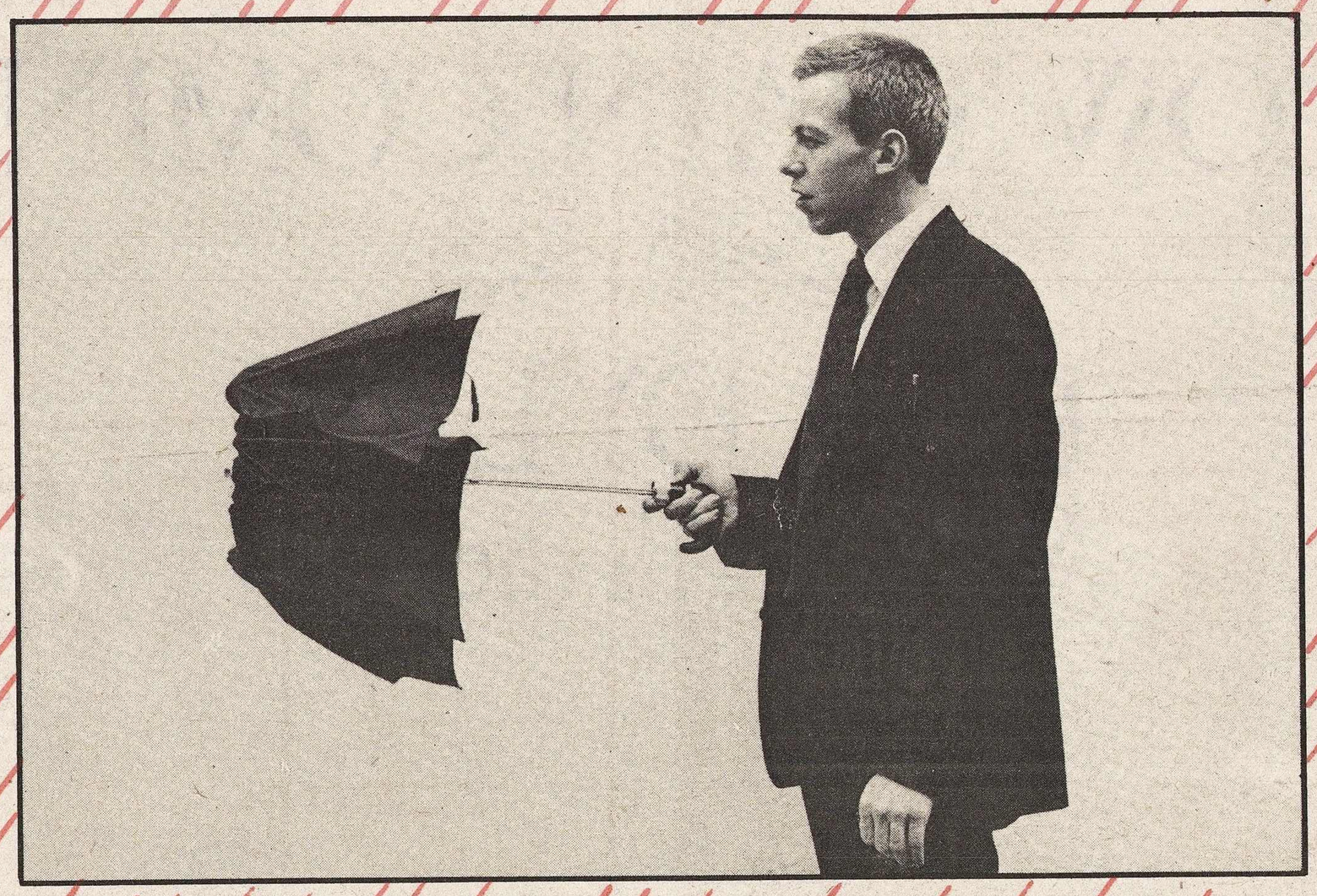


FALLING ON MY HEAD

The David Cunningham Question by JOHN HAMBLETT

The David Cunningham Picture by PENNIE SMITH

"HAVE YOU SEEN my badges?" asks David Cunningham happily. I nod. Nobody could fail to notice them against his sober blue pinstripe two-piece.

"I wear 'the' and 'flying', I never wear 'lizards'," he adds with a significant nod.

David Cunningham is, amongst a multitude of other things, the man responsible for The Flying Lizards, the group responsible for brittle interpretations of both 'Summertime Blues' and 'Money'.

Cunningham and I are sat in the park. The grass and trees are as green as they should be, the sun is going about its business in an enterprising fashion.

As Cunningham and I are in the park to discuss the fortunes, morals and aesthetics of The Flying Lizards I begin by asking why both the band's singles have been so similar in structure and presentation.

"Basically because of the personnel involved and the techniques used," he replies snappily. "Other band have attempted to have a line-up that is suited to the end product, they have a definite end in mind. I, on the other hand, have no idea what a record will sound like before I start.

"I always liked 'Summertime Blues' and originally I wanted to do an Ike and Tina Turner version, lots of sax and very loud. Of course I ended up playing all the instruments myself. I didn't have a drumkit, I didn't have anything except a guitar and a pile of cardboard boxes, and so it sounds like it does. It was the limitations of the technology. I didn't know I was making a pop record at the time."

David Cunningham is 24, was born in Eire, attended a grammar school where he failed his Art A Level but went on to study for four years at art school collecting a First Class BA Hons in Fine Art.

You are looking at a man who has a recording studio in Brixton but doesn't have a permanent home, a man who has produced Wayne County and The Electric Chairs, The Passage, and The Pop Group, a founder member of The London Musicians Collective, and a man who has appeared on *Top Of The Pops*. You are looking at a man, more obviously, who is of average height and build, has been going grey since he was 18, carries a black and chrome attache case, and wears executive sunglasses and cheap shoes. You are looking at a man who has been told that from the nose up he bears a striking resemblance to Paul Newman.

Meanwhile, taking the bit gently between his teeth Cunningham continues to talk on the subject of his latest creation.

" 'Money' was different. 'Money' was designed for Virgin Records. Given a completely free choice for a single I would've liked to do something really extreme. But I knew if I'd presented them with something like that they'd have turned it down."

Like what?

"Just dreadful noise. I think there's definitely a place for dreadful noise, though its certainly not commercial singles. When I was given the opportunity to make a really commercial single I wasn't following the formula of 'Summertime Blues'. Although it seems that way in retrospect, I was simply trying to approach a song in a way that interested me. And because I was using Deborah's voice, as I had to in order to retain the Lizards identity — and I was under considerable pressure to do so, not least from Deborah — this imposed some severe limitations . . . her vocal range is not what it could be."

So does he intend to make more Flying Lizards records in that vein, rather than David Cunningham records which are a very different kettle of fish, as anybody who has listened to his solo piano project 'Grey Scales' will tell you.

"David Cunningham records are for the connoisseur," laughs DC waggishly before adding in a more serious fashion: " 'Grey Scales' is for a very limited audience. I don't want to shove the experimental down anybody's throat, because many people won't like it."

Maybe the Lizards are just a high camp joke then, an elitist joke even?

"Isn't Sham 69 elitist in some respects, in the way that nobody except a small minority of working class youths are supposed to be able to relate to that music?" replies a cagey Cunningham.

"If *you* produced Sham 69 it would be elitist," I respond.

Cunningham laughs. "Are you suggesting that I'm inherently elitist?"

"I think you find all this very humorous."

He sighs in mock resignation. "Yeah, I suppose so. This is all a concept. It's the group that isn't a group, and nobody's done that successfully since Jonathan King as far as I can see." *(Oh. — G. Numan.)*

For the record there are normally three Flying Lizards. One is currently on holiday. Ordinarily this wouldn't matter, but this week it is imperative that Cunningham muster enough relevantly qualified men to make up the team as there is a *TOTP* to be filmed. Toward that end the lad has recruited Steve Beresford, an experimental musician of some standing, and Bob Black, the affable, handsome manager of The Electric Chairs to play drums, a duty he almost undertook fulltime for Gang Of Four.

So will Cunningham continue to make commercial sounding Flying Lizards singles in the future?

"In a very old-fashioned sense I imagine they'll be progressive in that they'll attempt to expand the boundaries of what people are prepared to listen to, and what gets into the charts. Progressive music is terribly untrendy today, and the feeling still is that you can't get progressive music into the charts. But I've got a guitar solo in 'Money' that I think ranks alongside anything that was done in the '60s . . . well, perhaps not anything, but it's a guitar solo. I'm proud of it."

"I can't quite recall it," I say with as much tact as I can assemble.

"Oh, it goes *SSSSSSSSSSSSSSS SHHEEEOOOOWWWW NIATWHUT NIATWHUT NIATWHUT* . . . like that; it's great," mimes Cunningham; and I recall the solo in question at the first *NIATWHUT.*

And what word on the soon-come Lizards album?

"I've been working out ideas for it. I should imagine that there will be something like 10 tracks in a similar vein to the singles, but I also envisage a lot of dub on the album. In fact, the whole second side may be dub."

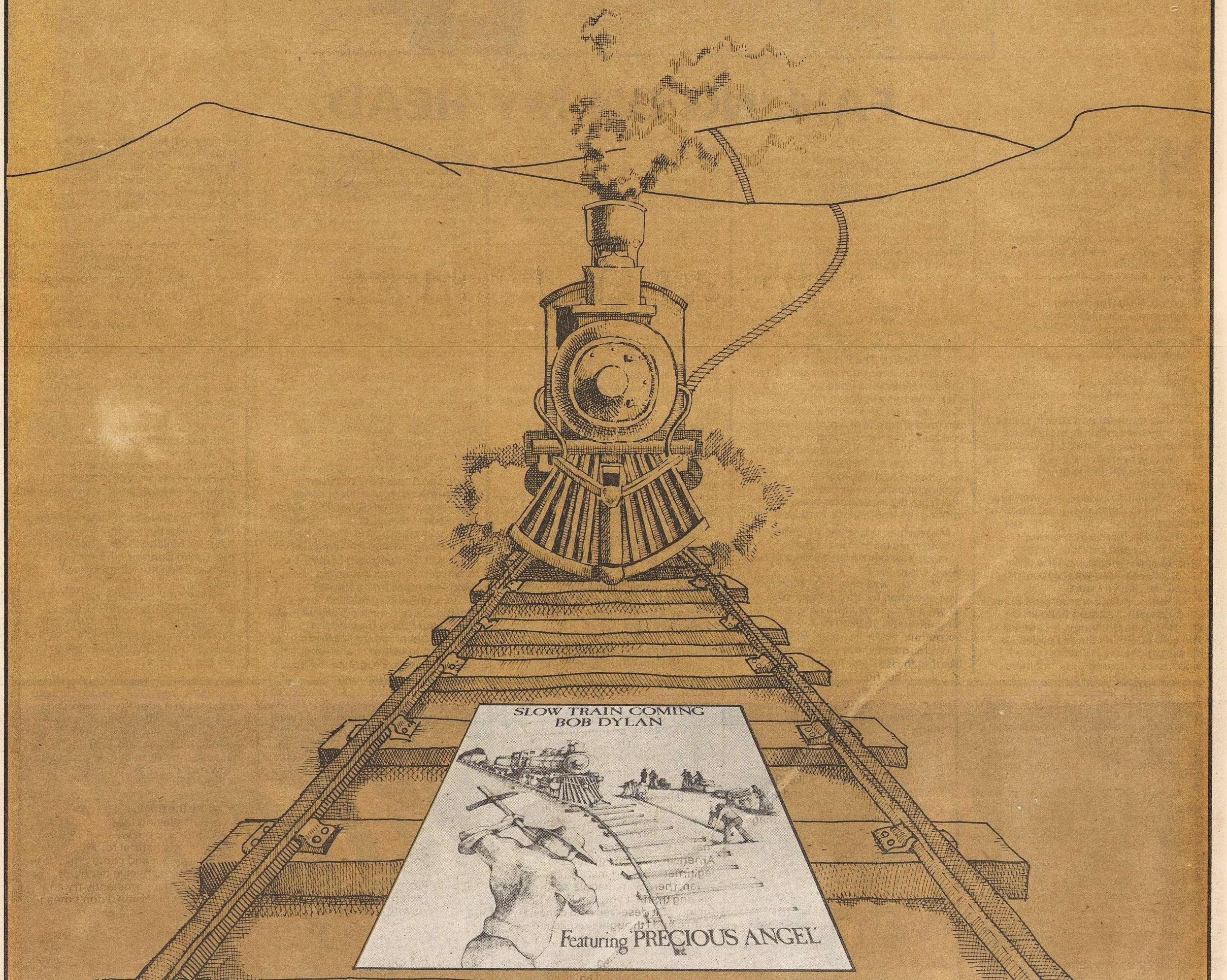
"Are the motivations for making Flying Lizards records and David Cunningham records different?" I wonder out loud, hoping that they will be.

"Flying Lizard records are exciting, that's honestly the only motivation I have for making them. They excite me. David Cunningham records are boring. Their surprises are very low-key."

The wind is blowing quite purposefully now, and the sun is playing a silly game of catch me if you can with an impressionable group of young clouds. By mutual consent we decide to move.

"SLOW TRAIN COMING"

BOB DYLAN
Well worth the wait!



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CBS

THE PASSAGE OF TIME IN OPEN G

AND OTHER STORIES

A FEW weeks ago, in the middle of a full week for me and a nice Saturday for Shepherds Bush I met John Fahey, who is a tall sort of man to be a small sort of a hero.

John Fahey is now in his 40s, and his recent visit to these summery shores was the first since a minor major tour sometime in the '60s; the exact time of the tour is just one of the chronological details he has completely muddled away in his endearing appearance of ageing eccentric, dotty American academic.

As he talks, the subjects of the conversation roll away around and under you imperceptibly, disappearing and hopping off with a wilful chuckle.

John Fahey likes to talk; John Fahey likes to drink beer; John Fahey likes to play the guitar; John Fahey likes to do all of these things for long periods of time.

I'd misinterpreted the professional structure of the 'interview' and so, consequently, you'll never know all about the Library of Congress employment system, the history of the Swastika, the theories of Californian sloth and decadence, turtles, and so on. I even missed the best bits about blues with that darned tape machine.

Still, fond memories are stronger than Cr02 and John Fahey doesn't need to be dusted down. He's still dancing on his fingers and not falling over.

JOHN FAHEY could be the world's finest concert acoustic guitar player (which is not entirely an aesthetic judgement).

He is often considered alongside the San Francisco upheaval of the late '60s (when all fruitcakes were full of mushrooms) or as some kind of 'blues/folkie' revivalist. In fact, the only other people who interviewed Fahey — as far as I know — while he was here this time neatly represent the poles of attraction: two Fat Freddies from *Dark Star* (a West Coast fanzine) and an earnest young technician from something called *International Musician* who asked questions about strings and things.

My aesthetically incongruous punkiness seemed at odds even to me.

But back to basics. John Fahey plays the acoustic guitar, informally and unformally, perhaps 'better' than anyone else. If pressed for 'comparisons', things like Beefheart's early Magic Band, 'Lorca' & 'Starsailor' Tim Buckley, and Martin Carthy would win out.

What John Fahey plays on the guitar is a precipitous stylistic collage; he invokes and evokes, sorts through, choosing and nourishing. There are blues traces, but no rigid blues structures; there are dances, requia, hymns, tone poems, protest songs, drinking songs, death songs, and transcendental songs.

What Fahey says of the guitar playing of country bluesman Charley Patton — that it sounds like something quite un-human, unrecognisable — could be applied to his own work. What you hear Tim Buckley sometimes do with his (one and only) voice, cutting away out of the seductive soundscape like he always knew there'd be something called dub, John Fahey does with his guitar.

John Fahey has made lots and lots of records; he can just about remember how many, but will probably never be certain. His first new recording for a long time is being released soon, and there are plans for Chrysalis in this country to bring back most if not all of Fahey's Sonet Records back catalogue.

Then everybody will be able to dip in. The songs on things like 'Requia', 'The Yellow Princess', 'Blind Joe Death', his Christmas hymns, his 'Fare Forward Voyager' pilgrimage, are a long trail, something characteristic and totally out of reach of the solo guitarist archetype.

John Fahey hits his strings and they don't snap back.

"IN TERMS of clubs, *what* is bigger than the Bottom Line?"

John Fahey is talking about playing in the United States of America; he played more gigs last year than he ever has. He's joking about the Bottom Line.

Jetlag crinkles in with Shepherds Bush traffic fumes, and the guy from *International Musician* finds out that John Fahey only owns two guitars.

Fahey hitches up his ridiculously baggy corduroy trousers and plucks out a tiny little guitar from its case, cradling it like a baby.

"This is a Hawaiian guitar. It looks very antique and rusty," he chuckles and mutters one of a long series of inaudibles. "It *looks* like it's ancient, falling apart."

He locks it away again; he plays it later on that day, at his sole British gig this time round (the shameful Venue), and it *sounds* ancient. Ancient as in a laughing Easter Island profile.

"Now everybody's buying up dobroes and National Steels," John Fahey continues, "but they're *so* expensive. I had two of 'em, I gave one to Bukka White and he smashed the cones in it — very heavy player — there went that one. Then I had another one — an International — which I gave to him, and he died and I don't know what happened to it, didn't get it back."

Talk turns to his old Takoma label. Why'd he form it originally?

"So that there'd be an outlet for people like me. Large companies weren't interested. I was trying to make, let's say, steel-string American acoustic guitar into a legitimate concert instrument. I mean, there were people around playing them. If you can learn to play them . . . it deserves solo concert status, and I thought I'd reached that point."

When was this?

"Say about '58, '59 . . . I borrowed 300 dollars, recorded an album, pressed about 100 copies — that was all I could get. I mean, I was out in the country, I didn't know" — another chuckle — "so I'd play at parties, hawk the record, almost force it on people. I made another, a second, and a third; by the time I'd made the third record, a record distributor had heard it, liked it and was pushing it.

"I was still in college, studying philosophy, so I . . . er, hired a friend to do the business stuff. I never had much to do with it — just finding musicians, and mostly *eliminating* them."

Why had he started playing the acoustic guitar?

"Well, there was this park near my house, and I'd see these other guys playing guitar, and they were picking up *gurls* . . . And so I thought, maybe if I pick up a guitar I can pick up a *gurl*, get a *gurl*friend!

"So I got a guitar . . . still couldn't pick up a *gurl*. Learned to play a little bit of basic guitar, though. And I was listening to the radio one day — the country 'n' western station — trying to learn tunes off it so I could pick up *gurls*," — chuckles, rambles away again — "*never* worked though, not even 30 years later!"

There follows the tale of his first epiphany — "It blew my head off. Y'know: what's *that?*" — upon hearing the bluegrass of Bill Monroe on the aforementioned C'n'W radio show. Charley Patton and Blind Willie Johnson followed, and other influential reference points came of his meeting with a record collector he met at a church youth club (where he was trying to "pick up gurls, again"), one Dick Spotswood.

Much later on, his mixture of interests in writing, philosophy, theology and blues singers met in a book about Charley Patton. (Called simply *Charley Patton* and still available for 75p in the 'Blues Paperbacks' series).

He explains his faith and following of Charley Patton: "This was the best blues singer that had ever recorded. While most other people were sycophanting around Gary Davis, people like that, Patton had died in '34. He'd left 47 records, the last few of which he was almost dead, and they aren't very good.

"But his early records . . ."

John Fahey gets out his guitar and demonstrates why Patton was such a special guitar player.

"I mean, there are licks that Charley Patton used to play that sound like gunshots — really *hostile!* One thing that is lost sight of is that back then this was all *dance* music — you had to get people dancing, so I try and do that too, really get the rhythm going.

"There were two kids of improvisation in this early country blues. There was rhythmic improvisation, where a guy would just do, uh, 12-bar blues, or 4-bar blues — 4 bars here, 4 bars there, *exactly* — monotonously! Patton, on the other hand would *add* beats . . . six bars, thirteen bars. In the thesis in my book I averaged them all out and it didn't come to twelve bar, but to thirteen, thirteen point five, almost fourteen, never twelve.

"See, what I'm saying is that twelve bar blues is kind of the intellectual construction, or like dissertation . . . It's like you were in the country hearing all these different types of music, and then you went away, and you tried to remember it, how they did it. In *reconstructing* it you would come up with twelve bar stuff — twelve bars exactly, city stuff. I mean, there are only three or four really good *country* blues singers, and it's because they're erratic, you never know exactly what they're gonna do — they're erratic but they never flip out.

"So by the time you get young white kids playing that stuff . . . We've heard it, but we didn't grow up in it, so it's natural for us to intellectualise it and come out with a thing called the twelve bar blues. For me, that's what I constantly try and escape, that precision. I don't mean technical precision — we're not trying to play crazy stuff, just exciting stuff, dance music.

"Someone like Blind Blake — I'm not sure he was a country bluesman, but he was great, I love early Blind Blake recordings. Nobody can play like him! His rhythmic structures are pretty close to twelve bar — but the riffs he's playing on the guitar are never the same. They're constantly changing, never identical.

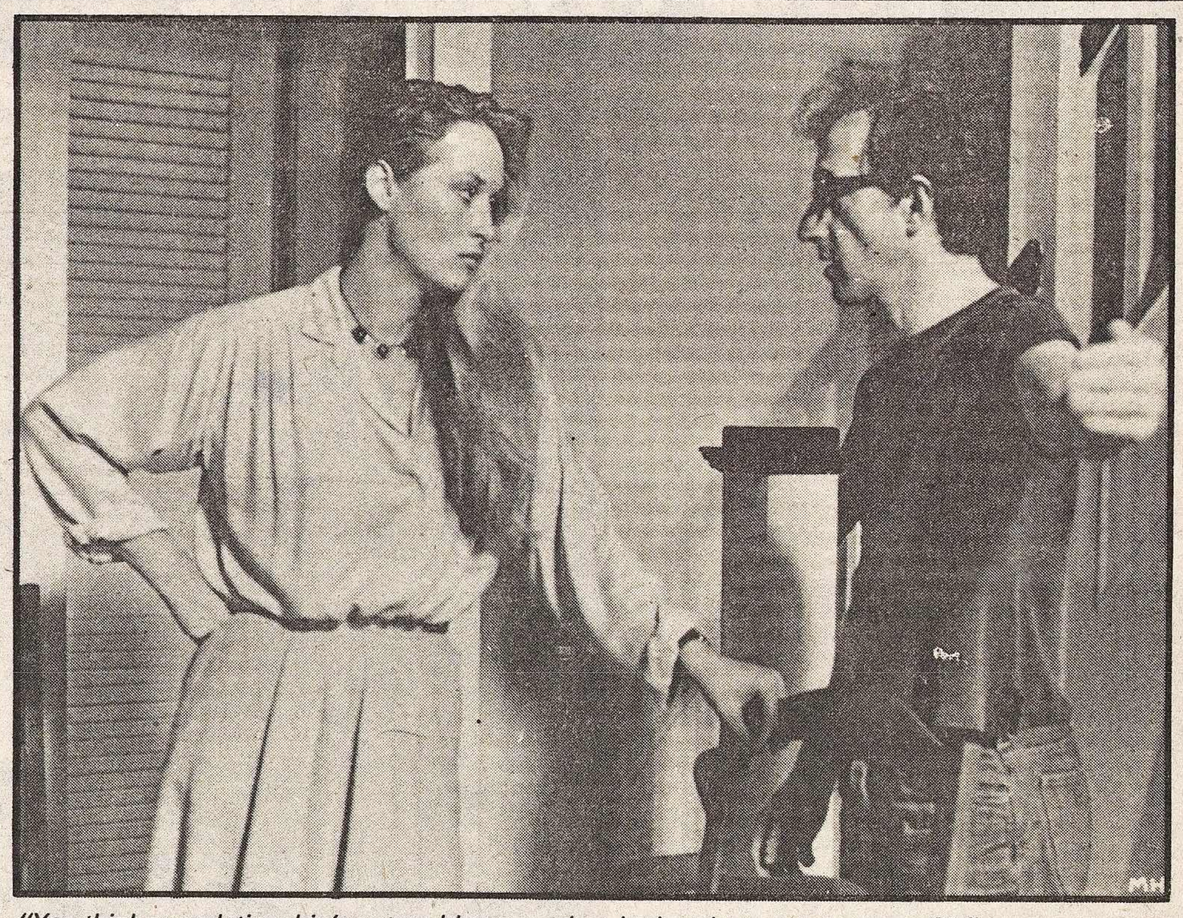
"And when your young white boys try and play something like it they get kind of an archetype of the

■ *Continues page 43*

JOHN FAHEY by IAN PENMAN

SILVER SCREEN

Ain't no love in the heart of a city



"You think our relationship's got problems — take a look at those guys on page 21."
Woody Allen tells Meryl Streep the facts of life in ***Manhatten.***

Manhattan

Directed by Woody Allen
Starring Woody Allen, Diane Keaton and Mariel Hemingway
(United Artists)

Even if Woody Allen's *Manhattan* were otherwise totally deficient, it would still rate an Oscar for 'Finest Performance By A City In A Motion Picture.' Coaxed along by cinematographer Gordon Willis and Allen himself, the city of New York is nothing less than astonishing in the title role, providing an alternately hilarious and agonising commentary on the doings of the fleshy beings in the movie. At times, the city takes over the screen completely: a silent Greek chorus with choreographed streets and buildings, cafes and doorways, parks and apartments.

Manhattan is unlikely to carry off as many awards and nominations as *Annie Hall* (even though it's a far superior film) simply because the rota system dictates that it'll be a few years before Allen will be entitled to claim again, but it represents a startling refinement of Allen's gifts as clown and moralist and as chronicler of the foibles of neurotic intellectuals. The broad boffo humour and Giant Yoks of his early films seem further away than the Jurassic era: it is well-nigh inconceivable that *Love And Death* was a mere four years ago.

Once again, Allen re-enacts his eternal romance with Diane Keaton in yet another parallel universe: this time, he is TV scenarist Isaac Davis and she appears as the girlfriend of Isaac's Best Pal Yale, all flummery and Bullshit and wackiness. Nowadays, Allen has (thankfully) no need to depict himself as the fumbling sexual incompetent; though Isaac still delivers the patented Allen neurotic monologues, he is the most confident, assertive and successful surrogate-self Allen has ever portrayed on-screen.

As the film opens, he's going out with 17-year-old Tracy (Mariel Hemingway), as heartbreaking a vision of warm, trusting innocence as ever graced a screen. Isaac is (as well he might be) simultaneously delighted and appalled by this affair; after all, he's not only old enough to be her father but older than her father. "I could beat up your father!" he exclaims to her.

Meanwhile, his ex-wife — who left him for another woman — is writing a book about their marriage which he rightly feels will hold him up to public ridicule, and he's falling in love with his Best Pal's mistress as well as being a close friend of his Best Pal's wife and his job writing TV comedy sickens him to the point where he jacks it all in to write his novel.

Isaac moves in a world where people express their deepest emotions in terms of purest cliche — Allen and his co-writer Marshall Brickman still have a delightfully sharp ear for pomposity and psychobabble — and Allen has simultaneously added both edge and depth to his persona until, in Isaac, he has developed a character with the pathos and humanity of Chaplin's tramp and the sheet-lightning motormouth wit of Groucho Marx.

Keaton is Keaton is Keaton (again), but her character Mary Wilke is a far less sympathetic sort than Annie Hall. Allen's use of the 'repertory company' principle he borrowed from Bergman adds a cumulative resonance to the characterisations, but the hinge on which *Manhattan* revolves is not a regular, but Hemingway's Tracy. She is the personification of the dream of innocence and pure love: when Isaac rejects her in order to pursue his relationship with Mary and in order to soothe his prurient old conscience, much of the sunniness and warmth of the picture departs with her (a point effortlessly delivered by Willis' virtuouso black-and-white photography without any heavy-elbowed nudging from the writer-director).

When the tables are turned at the end of the picture and both Tracy and Isaac face the final choice in a climax straight out Chaplin's *City Lights* (Alexander Walker, writing in the *Evening Standard,* got into print with that reference first — bastard!) Allen achieves the most marvellous moment in his entire cinematic career.

We see him over her shoulder in an agonising close-up: a mask of wry pain, irony and a burgeoning self-knowledge that makes things both easier and harder to take; we realise as never before that all the humour and the aggression and the drive are just parts of the armour. There ain't no love in the heart of the city.

Allen could've done this as a "straight" urban romance *sans* Giant Yoks, but it wouldn't have been half so good. He could've played the whole thing for laughs as a standard screwball love comedy, and that would've been a bust-out as well.

Between you and me and the box-office, I think the myopic little runt is onto something. *Manhattan* is far and away the best picture that 1979 has delivered thus far. One hardly dares to consider what Woody has up his sleeve for the '80s.

Charles Shaar Murray

Rockers

Directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos
Starring Horsemouth, Dirty Harry, Burning Spear and Jacob Miller.
(Osiris Films)

Even the casting of The Comedy Of Heavy Manners that is *Rockers* was obviously carried out by director and writer Theodoros Bafaloukos with a wry, ironical humour.

In fact, for a large percentage of the reggae musicians and studio personalities who make up

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the players it's closer to *type*-casting.

Our hero, the rankin' drummer Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace, for example, is renowned amongst the roots Kingston set for being something of a heavy dude. One notices the relish with which young Leroy gets into the fight scenes.

The plot, hardly structured at all when shooting started but simply permitted to follow the filming's flow, concerns the efforts of Horsmouth to become "the hardest salesman in town" and establish an alternative record distribution network in JA.

Until, that is, some strictly Mafia operators rip off his transport, a battered motorbike on which he's had a Lion Of Judah painted.

It's a good, very funny, often cartoon-like movie that embraces the whole gamut of comedy from slapstick (Horsemouth frequently has a certain stoned Chaplin-esque quality about him) to fairly serious satire: the necessary subtlety of female operations in the strictly macho Jamaican society or the contradictions of being a heavily street-wise Dread — Horsemouth, for example, delivers a stock righteous Rasta anti-violence rap and then goes off and mashes up the Babylonian ones — suggest a fine, shrewd perception on the part of Bafaloukos.

Actually, maybe it's a bit pointless singling out a Horsemouth or a Jakes as excellent, previously unrealized actors. All those years of getting off on the staple Jamaican movie fodder of Sergio Leone — there are definite suggestions, as in the neatly cut sequence where Horsey and the lads do the archetypal Jamaican Walk to the rhythm of Peter Tosh's 'Steppin Razor' that Bafaloukos is also steeped in the tradition of the spaghetti Western — and Kung Fu movies have taught all the cast the correctly stylish way of carrying themselves.

Is it as good a film as *The Harder They Come?* Not really. It lacks the continuous deeply textured feel of Perry Henzell's movie — though that sense is by no means lacking totally from *Rockers.*

Still, why you should worry too much about that? In a few months time it's inevitable that the two films will be showing together as a perfect double bill.

Chris Salewicz

"And the winner of this week's inter-galactic arm-wrestling competition is Gil Gerard, aka ***Buck Rogers.****"*

Buck Rogers In The 25th Century

Directed by Daniel Haller
Starring Gil Gerard, Panula Hensley and Henry Silva ***(CIC)***

A warning to devotees of the science fiction film: the words 'A Glen A. Larson Production' are a rough translation of the Vegan expression 'god-awful: Avoid at all costs.'

Larson is the man who can be held responsible for the hilariously dreadful *Rattletrap Imptactica.* This current venture not only features the same plot, but a heaping handful of the same sets, which is as laudable a concession to the energy crisis as has been seen anywhere since the glory days of Hammer and that glorious year when Joss Ackland appeared on *The Troubleshooters* on three different occasions each time in a different role.

A simple, stirring tale of an astronaut who spends 500 years frozen in a cloud of *deus ex producer* gas and, once thawed out, becomes involved in Larson's standard plot (the one where an alien diplomatic mission turns out to be a covert invasion), *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century* has been acclaimed as an unpretentious film without any nasty messages. In fact, its ideological core is quite straightforward: the modern American military male is the highest and most noble form of life that the uncounted aeons have ever produced: that women are either fatales (like the 'seductive' Princess Ardalla) or cumfies (like reliable, sisterly Col. Wilma Deering), that in five centuries humanity will still be thinking in pure Cold War terms (with 'Earth' representing America and 'aliens' being everybody else), that when the power elite congregate in their antiseptic domes and the rest of humanity are radiation-crazed mutates, the viewer should be encouraged to identify with the military elite . . . yeah, no message. Just pure fun.

Naturally, you get hi-budget sets and lo-rent script and acting, cute robots and a bit of Bond-style double-entendre to go along with the harem costumes so Dad and Junior are both kept amused; you get a plot with enough holes in it to fly a mothership through, you get the same special effects that you find in all the Grade-B space movies . . . you get bored.

There appears to be a theory circulating among the Larsons of this world that SF is a genre which will happily accept lazy, cynical writing because its audience is primarily composed of idiots, small children and trash-aesthetic freaks who just *adore* lousy scripts. Surely it's not unreasonable to demand that film-makers acknowledge that SF requires both a sense of wonder and a few genuine challenges in order to function as a workable form. It's also worrying that this most exploratory field of all should be almost exclusively populated by blind reaction masquerading as harmless fun. *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century* is the kind of SF that John Wayne would have been proud to endorse.

Why fling this fifth at our space kids?

Charles Shaar Murray

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Melody Maker 4th August

HOLLAND'S first bona fide rock'n'roll star is very much an outsider wanting in. But, unlike others, he disguises his weren't-born-an-American complex rather well, mainly because his language and life-style are so steeped in the myths into which he wants to write himself that ultimately he is the authentic article.

Brood is in love with the sorded glamour of his past condition, and he generally eulogizes excess — "Huntin' for kicks and chicks/And messin' around" ("Never Enough") and in the self-explanatory title "Champagne (And Wine)".

But Brood is at his best — and that's very good indeed — when he approaches his legend direct, as he does on "Rock'n' Roll Junkie". It's one of the few songs which doesn't lose points for using those overworked words in its title.

Record Mirror 11th August

Y' see the Euros have this fascinating fixation with that whole dirty needles in the bathroom romantic death trip and so any hint of a Dutch Lou Reed and, man, do they run, run, run.

Except Brood's no idle copyist. He digs his own dirt and sees life through the fractured lens of his own experiences. Wild Romance are a timelessly crack rock outfit. On every cut they play sleazy, smoky night club rock 'n' roll exuding dead-on street-kool and cut glass class.

As the man says, it's a hit on the head and a knock on the knuckles, which can't be bad. But it's much more than that — it's also a touch of stained class from the first rock 'n' roll singer-songwriter to have emerged from the continent in years. + + + + +

MIKE NICHOLLS

Sounds 28th July

As he said in my interview with him the other week he doesn't love rock 'n' roll *more* than pulling off a burglary or a bank job, but there's no doubt he does love it. His gig in Berlin overflowed with it despite the Nina Hagen fixated crowd. Drawing just enough applause for a encore after a 21-song set he came back refreshed and thought he might as well do another ten while he was there.

It's a shooting-rapids turmoil of love, violence and death. Not what you and I know 'out on the street' (where we do the shopping and wait for the bus) but someone else's convincing reality.

Zig Zag August Issue

"Two years wasted. Injection, injection, chemist break-ins, everything. When I finally threw the hypo away, we figured out how many times I'd 'shot'. With an average of five times daily, it was around 15,000 times! I looked down at my arm and wondered why it was still hanging on!"

Hermann was on 'H' for eight years. (That's nothing really, like all good Londoners I've been dropping 'aitch' since I could talk!)

And drugs play a big role in his music, as titles like "Dope Sucks", "Hit" and "Never Enough" indicate. But Brood offers more, he's been squeezed out of the Springsteen-Parker mould.

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INDEPENDENTS (EXPLORED!)

As the powerful established record companies sink ever deeper into 'crisis', small independent record labels reach unprecedented heights of activity and success, providing the major labels with tomorrow's signings and the rest of us with some of the best and most radical rock music of the times.

PAUL MORLEY & ADRIAN THRILLS investigate the wonderful and often whacky world of living room recordings, piggy bank budgets, dadaist design, and unlimited ideals. Modern it is . . .

1. UNDERSTANDING WHAT'S HAPPENING

THE GESTURE . . .

LET'S make it start somewhere, and the best place is with 'Spiral Scratch'. Buzzcocks' EP, black and white in every sense of the word, was recorded in the last few days of '76, and released on the New Hormones label in the first few weeks of '77. At the time it seemed a move of exciting audacity; in retrospect the release was one of the most effective and decisive impulses in rock'n'roll history.

Richard Boon and Howard Trafford's logical but eccentric decision to do it themselves was a clean cut away from the exclusive rock mystery worlds, where the processes of delivering a record to the outside world was a carefully kept secret. It was the anchor in an accumulative effect that means in the latter months of '79 if you really want to know where the rock'n'roll pulse beats quickest and loudest you look to those labels cosily labelled as 'small'.

"It indicated something," recalls Boon, New Hormones director and Buzzcocks manager. "It was a pointer. A gesture . . . people saw it happen. Like putting the cheap polaroid picture on the front sleeve was in a way a tactical move, showing you could do it cheap. To illustrate possibilities in that way was not an overriding factor. The determining factor at the time really was that we had a bunch of songs that we liked and that we thought other people might like too. It was fun and it was exciting."

Whilst the dual prong of Sex Pistols and Clash must have had more overt influence on the superficial aspects of the punk demystification, 'Spiral Scratch' and New Hormones had more practical effect. Early emergents may have moaned about tradition and the state of rock, but they were quick to submit to the major labels with little consideration to alternative routes. The assumption was that to affect major change it was necessary to work from within.

"I will tell you a story," continues Boon, "in which the figure of Malcolm McLaren looms large. It was on the 'Anarchy' Tour in Manchester, Buzzcocks with Clash and the Pistols, and McLaren was telling me to get my finger out concerning the labels, how he for the Pistols was getting together with EMI and how Clash's manager was talking to Polydor. But after the gig the band talked it over and we felt that it was not what we wanted to do, that we weren't really prepared to sign for a major label, but we thought it would be worth putting out a record. So it was just a matter of phone calls and borrowing money and we did it and showed it could be done. It was out of reluctance because we didn't want to go to a major label. It felt like it might be inspirational. But at the time we were just worried whether we were going to sell the original 700 pressing and be able to pay back the money we'd borrowed. It felt like that . . . but also there was a bit of whether it sells or not, we've made an illustrative move.

"Its success was a real shock."

Over the early and middle months of 1977, with repress after repress, the sales of 'Spiral Scratch' reached 16,000. It was then discontinued, becoming a collectors item. With its recent re-release, it sold over 30,000 in the first week, pushing it into the best seller lists. The ironies are best left alone.

THE LULL . . .

The narrow minded eagerness for the punk instigators to merge into the mainstream was potentially damaging. Punk rock's intentions may have been to do devastating destruction to rock's ways of life, but the methods of communication became mundanely traditional. The anger of the Pistols and The Clash prompted unknown numbers to make music but their sucking to tradition — thanks to their managers, who wanted the waves of the turmoil to be ugly not far reaching — imposed an immediate dead end on manouevre.

These groups' abrupt, albeit controversial, tie in with major

The home-made disc that launched a thousand others: Buzzcocks' 'Spiral Scratch'. Initial pressing 700, sales to date over 40,000.

concerns meant that after the commotion there was a definite lull; a solidifying. The implication that the only way to express and assert was to go through the tightening, failing big business routines was hardly encouraging. Everything could have dried up.

THE MISSING LINK . . .

The latter parts of '77 were the hangover. Punk rock had made minimal interference, although at the time it seemed to be major. Unprecedented numbers of new groups were forming, but there seemed nowhere for them to go.

Little labels, nudged by what were then courageous independents like Stiff and Chiswick, and the opportunity to release the first slight collection of punk practitioners who were 'unusable' for the establishment, eased into view — Manchester's Rabid and London's Small Wonder, dealing with obvious eccentrics and punks. The unstable compromises and fitful developments of such people were indicative of times to come, as was their encouragements of oddball, often exciting, entertainers.

There was little, though, that suggested the massive decentralisation and diversity that was to come. Organisations like Rabid seemed like quirks that would quickly flop out of view.

Those were the days that cries of 'punk is dead' were almost valid. The savage twist that was necessary to alter the structure of rock'n'roll, something that could contemplate the activity of those who expected to change something from within, had not happened. Nothing had emerged that could change or rival the reactionary series of major labels.

The missing link between 'Spiral Scratch' and the present burgeoning could well be said to be The Desperate Bicycles. "They did seem to carry on what we had done," decides Boon, "we showed what could be done and they revealed the facilities."

Although the establishment of the major-minor labels is down to enthusiasm, haphazard vision and tender idealism the numbers of new singles released every week on one-off labels is rooted directly in the Bicycles calculated excercise in producing a single. Going through the motions. Their 'Medium Is Tedium' EP was released mid '77.

Other lone explorers were chancing the risky waters of singles production, but none were as well publicised or as mannered. Desperate Bicycles formed themselves to make a record. The concept of the music, of technique and sound, became less important than the possibility — the accessibility after all these years — of actually contributing to the rock'n'roll whole. The influence of the Bicycles can be gauged from their effect of Scritti Politti and Swell Maps.

Politti acknowledge the Bicycles as a turning point and they themselves extended the principles. The sleeve of their 'Skank Bloc Bologna' EP contained a breakdown of the processes involved, and these were examined with more detail in the press — thus inspiring a new level of activists.

Swell Maps also point to the Bicycles. They were moved by them to release an EP on their own Rather label. They then collaborated with Rough Trade on the release of their second EP, discovered that it was possible to release an LP with little discomfort and along the way have offered their Rather label open to Steve Treatment and Cult Figures.

It was simultaneously that individuals and random organistions exploited the chance of expressing themselves, avoiding the fiddliness and censorship of the major labels. 1977 was a patchy preview of the demystification. 1978 was the phenomenon falling into place.

AND THEN THE DELUGE . . .

There are independents (Stiff and Radar) and there are independents (Rough Trade and Factory) and there are independents (Rather and Company) and there are independents (Spec and Junta) and there are . . .

Again, it comes down to the word

Continues page 26 ➧

➧ **THE MAJOR MINORS (see overleaf)**

2. THE MAJOR MINORS

ROUGH TRADE, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11.
Still, in so many ways, the pride of the pack. A label and distribution network which has grown naturally and systematically from the record shop opened by Geoff Travis in Notting Hill in 1976.

Their progress has been enormously encouraging. Who'd have thought, this time last year, that independently pressed and distributed records by the likes of The Specials and Stiff Little Fingers would be in the Top 20? That a link up with distributors Spartan now means that Rough Trade can get their records into more or less every shop in the country? That Rough Trade would be releasing three albums next month?

Perhaps the most significant thing is the movement of the independents into the LP market, previously the blessed domain of the majors alone. Now Rough Trade are on the verge of putting out albums by The Raincoats, Cabaret Voltaire and Essential Logic. People like Rough Trade are real contenders, not just an easily dismissable 'alternative'.

The feedback, meanwhile, from all over the country, is continuing.

Geoff Travis: "Every morning there's about five demo tapes sent in the post. They've been getting a lot more interesting lately. There are a lot of people that seem to be influenced by Cabaret Voltaire and Throbbing Gristle. Then there are a lot influenced by The Fall — they seem to have had a very heavy effect."

But the label's quality control standards are still impeccably stringent.

"We haven't actually found anything on any of the tapes that we would consider putting out as it is. And there are still a lot of tapes coming in that are simply bad heavy metal.

"But we don't actually *sign* anybody anyway. We take each band as it comes. Our attitude is that we're here and we're usable. If we do a single and we're happy with the band and they're happy with us, then we'll continue with them."

Current activities include:

Cabaret Voltaire: austere Sheffield electronic trio. Their imminent album was recorded at their own Western Works studio in the city, a studio which has become something of a focal centre for other bands like Graph (see Fast Product), Artery and Vice Versa. The Cabs have so far released two Rough Trade singles and a track on the Factory Sample EP.

The Pop Group: Drifted to Rough Trade after their split with Radar. Due in the studios with Dennis Bovelle at the controls to record a new single 'Blind Faith'.

Subway Sect: an enormous talent, but one which seems to be going to waste, despite two epic singles 'Nobody's Scared' and 'Ambition'. It remains to be seen whether an album, recorded over a year ago, will ever see light of day.

The Raincoats: an album is due out next month, but the Raincoats' future sadly seems uncertain following the departure of drummer Palm Olive.

Scritti Politti: now with Rough Trade following an EP on their own St Pancras label last summer. Due to put out a six-track 12" EP, including four tracks licensed from their recent Peel Show session.

The Monochrome Set: pop art. Have just finished their third single 'Mr Bizarro' and are due to start work on the debut album.

Spizz Energi: now a real band after two endearing but imperfect singles. The new one 'Soldier Soldier/Virginia Plain' is a killer.

Kleenex: like The Raincoats, who they toured with earlier last year, the future of this all-Swiss all-girl band is uncertain. Currently looking for a singer following the departure of Regula Sing, vocalist on their two Rough Trade singles.

Metal Urbaine: Rough Trade's first band. Based in Paris, they are now continuing as a three-piece following their vocalist's departure. They have released two singles, one a joint effort with Radar. Synthesizer player Eric is to bring his satellite band Dr Mix over to these shores later this year.

Delta Five: from Leeds, the Five are the missing link between Gand Of Four and Chic. Their first single 'Mind Your Own Business' is due in the autumn.

Swell Maps: the Rough Trade/Maps' Rather Records label collaboration has already produced one of the albums of the year in 'A Trip To Marineville' and the fruitful partnership looks set to continue. A new single 'Real Shocks' is already out and the follow-up 'Let's Build A Car' almost definite. The second album is half done and should be out by Christmas.

Red Crayola: an agreeably loose set-up, their next record is due out on Rough Trade. Lora Logic and The Raincoats' Gina Birch are now closely integrated members with Mayo Thompson while Drummie and George Oban of Aswad may also get involved later on.

As Geoff Travis explains: **"We're trying to encourage people to play together in the way that jazz musicians do. It's really good for people not to be restricted to playing and recording with just one band."**

2-TONE, c/o Chrysalis Records, 12 Stratford Place, London W1.
First off, it must be said that 2-Tone is in no way an autonomous independent venture in the mould of Rough Trade or Zoo. It is The Specials' own label, now licensed through a major company, Chrysalis. But it is worthy of inclusion here for the almost unique nature of the deal the band have negotiated with the major.

Indeed, one of the reasons that the battle to sign the band earlier this year became so protracted was their insistence on having the right to sign the groups they wanted to the 2-Tone set-up.

The fruits of the deal to date have been the **Madness** single 'The Prince', while the debut single from Coventry group **The Selecter** is also in the pipeline. There's a good chance that Birmingham's Stax-orientated **Dexy's Midnight Runners** will be the next. And The Specials' Costello-produced album is also out in the autumn.

And the demo tapes have already started trickling into 2-Tone, the latest being from an unheard-of South Wales bluesbeat band!

"We want to try and keep it as a label with its own sound and identity," says The Specials' Jerry Dammers.

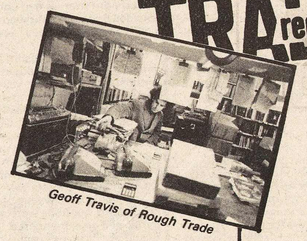
"We hope that it will change and develop gradually but we have to take things one step at a time, otherwise it will get too out of hand. Groups can use it as a sort of launching pad and do their own thing afterwards if they want.

The agreement with Chrysalis is for the distribution of six singles a year, though, obviously, if things go well, this will be upped. Of course, it remains to be seen if the band can maintain their ideals under the mounting pressure of their long-overdue success.

"If we can, we'd like to get bands to do albums as well as singles on 2-Tone," adds Dammers. "It all depends if Chrysalis are willing to pay for it. But we can't risk too much at the moment as any losses would come out of The Specials' pockets."

Madness

The Fall


Geoff Travis of Rough Trade

A STEP-FORWARD RECORD

FAULTY PRODUCTS, 41B Blenheim Crescent, London W11.
Faulty are a left-over from the days when 'independent' meant tugging on the strings of the majors, either imitating or cheekily parroding their aggressively commercial dealings.

What sets Faulty apart, essentially, is money, but there is enthusiasm, and they look more ways than ahead or behind. They have contributed considerably to the recent developments. They are a smoother, more traditional example of how unknown groups can be overlooked in the big label scrambles, and are forced to travel via the independents into the mainstream. Both The Police and Squeeze were initially Faulty sponsored.

Faulty's endeavours are primarily those of sponsorship. They retained independence and control, but they've released an erratic ragbag of newcomers with few sparkles. They have no real identity, no direction, their function is that of a loose collection point.

Faulty's claim to importance continues to be their encouragement — through their Step Foward link — of one of the most important groups of the present time, The Fall. Activities:

Fashion: contrived Birmingham trio of much pose and precision, recently released 'Product Perfect' LP on their own label with Faulty assistance.

The Fall: influential, arrogant, accurately hypercritical of rock apathy. New Hormones financed demo's that eventually became their first EP, 'Bingo Master's Break Out'. Since then there have been constant personnel changes revolving around hero Mark E Smith, 'It's The New Thing' EP, 'Rowche Rumble' single, and the powerful 'Live At The Witch Trial' LP.

Mark Perry: career sadly drooped into stubbornly idealistic confusion, now reworking with original Alternative TV mastermind Alex Fergusson.

Labels under the Faulty umbrella include; Deptford Fun City, Illegal, Step Forward, Fashion, Nighthawk.

FACTORY RECORDS, 86 Palatine Road, Manchester 20.
Factory have developed into the most noble, naive and enigmatic of labels. The flamboyant, random tone of the label is due to the wilful idealism of ex *So It Goes* presenter Tony Wilson, who likes playing games.

His fellow co-ordinators are the industrious Alan Erasmus, the designer Peter Saville, with the most important emergent producer of recent times, Martin Zero — responsible for such resounding marks in time as 'Spiral Scratch' and 'Unknown Pleasures' — set to join the team.

With the same spirit of love and adventure as New Hormones and Fast they mock and distort the notions of product, package, presentation. But for all their excitable deadpan foolery they released some of the prettiest, hardest and most collectable new music of the year. They are deceptive, determined dissidents.

Wilson: "We thought to ourselves, let's have a go. Others showed it could be done, and there came a point in Manchester last year where there was no Rabid or there was no New Hormones to put things out — and certainly none of the majors were going to do it. Groups like Ludus and Manicured Noise should have had music out straightaway, during vital times.

"We wanted to be the best and to have hits but as we are now we can't do that for the bands. So we have to flirt with the major labels, who have the methods of reaching, of communicating. That's the way it is. But we would never license ourselves to a major label — that means giving up control — simply tie into a distributuon deal, which means to all purposes we are using *them*. It does become an operation, really, an attack on the music business — to show them that *we* do what *you're* supposed to do a lot better. We want to show people who run the business that they have become aware of the changes in pop culture, and that we know, and that's why we want to get in the charts.

"I once would have thought that all this is terribly unidealistic, but it's what you need to do. I decided what all these people do best is play instruments and write songs and they should get a living wage for this.

"Obviously you've got to wonder whether you want to be a nursery for the major labels, but I just realise that I'm playing with pop culture and it's good fun and because I come from Manchester I can do a damn sight better than those idiots in London.

"In the end it's entertaining getting the product out to people. It's quite a thrill. And it's really very amusing. The other day Martin Zero couldn't stop laughing at the whole thing."

Joy Division: the ultimate 1980s hard rock group; eloquent, introspective hysterical. 'Transmission' single ready for release.

The Distractions: the ultimate 1980s pop group; lyrical, sophisticated, dynamic. 'Time Goes By So Slow' out now or thereabouts.

Orchestral Manouevres In The Dark: eclectic, exuberant electronic pop; fashionable, supremely melodic. 'Electricity' single has been licensed to Virgin's Dindisc — 'Because it deserves to be a hit and will be a hit.'

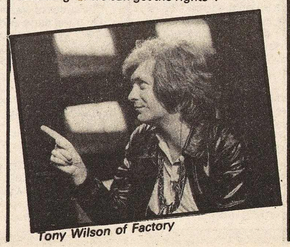
A Certain Ratio: turmoil doom rock; dark shadows, dark mottos.

Exodus: Manchester reggae. 'English Black Boys' EP produced by Dennis Bovelle, out as soon as Bovelle "can get up the motor way to finish the mix."

'Factory Sampler' released February 1979: **Joy Division, John Dowie, Cabaret Voltaire, Durutti Column.**

Durrutti Column LP — pure guitar, nowt else — release imminent.

Other projects include **Factory Flick, A Certain Ratio** and **Ludus** films, **menstrual calender, egg timer,** and six other ideas including a live record of Charles Bukowski lecturing "if we can get the rights".


Tony Wilson of Factory

FAST PRODUCT, 22 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh EH3, Scotland.
Anything that starts with a Mekons single has to be good. And Fast are no exception. The label came into being last March, the brainchild of the then Rezillos manager Bob Last. It went on to make some of the more reverberant splashes of last year, unearthing both The Human League and Gang Of Four in the process.

The profile this term has been a decidedly lower one. But the low-key look is deceptive.

The last few months have seen Fast channeling their aggressive, pragmatic energies into starting a series of 'ear comics' or *earcoms* — instant 12" compilations of mutant pop and other assorted demo tapes from unsigned bands. The first of these packages is already out, the second due any day now.

"The tracks on the earcoms are not meant to be definitive statements," explains Last, "but remarks and gestures. Soon all the bands will have developed into something different.

"The second earcom is more of a straightforward record than the first. The third may not be a record at all, probably more of a poster magazine."

The new earcom also contains a couple of previously unreleased Joy Division tracks, 'Autosuggestion' and 'From Safety To Where'. It is a sign of the flexibility allowed by the independents that such a band can have records available on two different labels at the same time, Joy Division's awesome album being on Factory.

Elsewhere, Fast, in keeping with their fascination with snappy packaging have put out cheap xeroxed visual parcels. And a compilation album of the label's first six singles is imminent. Other activities:

The Scars, from Edinburgh: the only one of last year's discoveries still connected with the label. An erratic but attractive blend of new pop and old glam, they have already released one single 'Adult/ery' and are currently rehearsing new material.

The Prats (Edinburgh): primitive and precocious with an average age of 14. They had three tracks on earcom 1. Says Bob Last: "They have trouble getting gigs as there are a lot of old hat bands locally who resent The Prats getting on record."

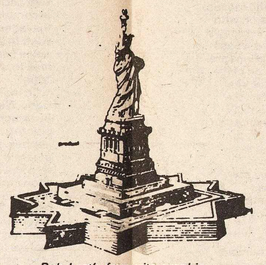
Blank Students (Preston): formed as long ago as 1976. A three-piece who comprise the nucleus of a host of local satellite bands including the more experimental From Chorley. Lancashire's answer to Swell Maps? Have two tracks on earcom 1.

Graph (Sheffield): cringe if you will, but Graph are another electronic quartet from the Steel City. Their brilliant 'Drowning' was the best track on earcom 1. Like The Human League, they supplement live gigs with a slide show. Reported to be completely revamping their line-up with girl back-up singers.

The Flowers (Edingburgh): astringent modern rock band fronted by Hilary Morrison of Fast Product. Two tracks on earcom 1 and a new single due.

Basczax (Middlesbrough): arose from the ashes of straight Punk group Blitzkreig Bop. Belligerent but rounded sound with keyboards and sax. Two tracks on earcom 2.

The Thursdays (Glenrothes, Scotland): an odd, diverse bunch from a new town in Fife, where they organise their own gigs. Of their two tracks on the new earcom, one is a version of Otis Redding's 'Dock Of The Bay'.


Bob Last's favourite graphic

SMALL WONDER, 162 Hoe Street, Walthamstow, London E17.
Financial limitations make Small Wonder one of the less ambitious of the major-minors listed here. But since their formation in November 1977 and the release of their first single, Puncture's 'Mucky Pup', the Walthamstow set-up have succeeded in launching enough good music that might not otherwise have seen the light of day.

Linked, like Rough Trade, to a record shop, the entire label is run by a team of four, headed by Pete Stennet. According to him, they would like to get into longer-term involvement with their bands, but are forced to confine themselves largely to one-offs. Among these have been the debut singles from Patrik Fitzgerald, The Cure, The Buzzards, Punishment of Luxury and The Angelic Upstarts.

"The trouble is that we just can't afford to send the bands on tour or anything like that, and a group needs that sort of support. But I don't want to see the small labels get too sucked into the business. If you go with a major, you're going into a situation where they expect massive sales.

"We put records out because we believe in them regardless of commerciality. I suppose I'm a bit naive, but I wouldn't want to make any of the compromises that people like Beggar's Banquet have done in going with a major."

Stennet estimates that the label receives about 15 or 20 demo tapes per week, the majority of them from more experimental bands.

"It's great when you get a demo tape," he enthuses. "Sometimes you'll just fall in love with it in the way that you would a cuddly single. You just have to put them out."

Crass are the only band with any form of long-term involvement with the label, although no contracts are signed. Whatever you think of their music, their plans to put out a double album for three quid are utterly laudable.

Among the forthcoming releases are two more one-off singles from **The Proles** and **The English Subtitles** and a couple of 12" singles from **Frank Sumatra** and **Baurhause.**

A new **Wall** single, 'Kiss The Mirror', produced by Steve Jones, is also scheduled.

Small Wonder have also released all the product from the Essex co-operative **XN-TRIX**, including **The Fatal Microbes** and **Poison Girls** singles.

Patrik Fitzgerald: broody, world-weary minstrel, but at the same time a quirky, chirpy chap. Put out four Small Wonder singles and an album licensed through Polydor.

Cockney Rejects: the brainstorming vanguard of the East End's punk renewal. Their 'Flares And Slippers' EP is being re-pressed after the 5,000 original copies sold out in the first week of release.

GOOD VIBRATIONS, 102 Great Victoria Street, Belfast, Northern Ireland.
"For the past ten years music in Northern Ireland has been controlled by a type of mafia. We're the only people who have come along and broken that."

The speaker is Terri Hooley, former manager of the Harp Bar, one of strife-torn Belfast's few regular live rock clubs, and manager of the province's foremost record label Good Vibrations, who released their first single, Rudi's 'Big Time' last May.

"We've had a lot of big labels come along and try to sign us up, but I don't want to sell out to anyone. We're just trying to keep alive the spark that we ignited last year. Keep the home fires burning as Noel Coward would say!"

Hooley, like most small label bosses, is first and foremost an enthusiast, a true fan of the music. He estimates that an unbelieveable 300 bands have sprung up in Ulster in the last year alone, and he receives about two dozen demo tapes a week.

It is an explosion which one-off singles simply cannot cope with and Hooley sees one of the next Good Vibes projects as a couple of compilation albums, with the more noteworthy of all the new bands getting a track a piece. "Receiving all those tapes puts me in a position of power that I never really wanted. The other day I was listening to some tapes and three bands walked into the shop and I was too busy to be able to help them. That left me really depressed."

The single biggest problem facing Good Vibes is the lack of a decent pressing plant in Ulster — all their records are pressed either in Dublin or London, a situation that often leaves them waiting over six months for the delivery of a record.

They never actually sign a band and are happy to see themselves as a launching pad — last year both Protex and The Xdreamists went to Polydor and The Undertones to Sire, but Rudi and The Outcasts — the two biggest bands in Belfast today — opted to stay with Good Vibes.

The label is divided into two sections. The Ulster groups, on one hand, and the bands from England and Eire on the other. The latter all appear on the Good Vibrations International label. Activities:

The Outcasts, on the eve of the release of their debut album 'Self Conscious Over Here', have been dealt a cruel blow. Singer Greg is laid up in a Belfast hospital after a road accident and the band are out of action for three months. But it is indicative of their popularity when, after only one single and a track on a 'Battle Of The Bands' EP, the advance orders on the album already top the 6,000 mark.

Rudi's policy is different. They want to avoid an album and concentrate, like the early Pistols, in knocking out a stream of great singles. So far there have been three: 'Big Time', 'I-Spy' and a track on the 'Battle Of The Bands' EP.

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Then there are four bands from the south of Ireland: **The Static Routines** from **Dundalk, Zebra,** Dublin's only reggae band, **Rocking Devalera** and **The Gravediggers,** a rockabilly combo, and **Strange Movements,** described by Hooley as "the worst band I've ever seen." All have singles due.

ZOO, I Chicago Buildings, Whitechapel, Liverpool I.
A year ago Zoo was a vague vision. A few months ago it released a wacky, wondrous souvenir of Liverpool's legendary Big In Japan. Now, the name 'Zoo' is a household word for hip hoboes. All of a sudden, it seems.

Zoo is a colourful and abrasive concern run by a couple of ex Big In Japan neo-fanatics Bill Drummond and Dave Balfe. Their love is for the active, alarming pop single. Records on their label are full of promise and empty of propaganda.

After the Japan memorial Zoo put put shots from Those Naughty Lumps and Teardrop Explodes. Their biggest hit was 'Pictures On My Wall' by Echo And The Bunnymen. Zoo's latest release is the bitter sweet 'Touch' from Lori And The Chameleons, featuring the lightly disguised Drummond and Balfe. "Lori And The Chameleons are fom the Allerton district of Liverpool, have yet to play outside a living room, they like melodrama, songs that break your heart, and the future."

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The ambition, humour and craft of their early releases has done them no disservice; return and respect has been strong enough to push them a good way forward. They show no sign of stopping: "We plan to have six singles lined up for release in the autumn, and hope by Christmas to have learnt the art of making classic singles."

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Teardrop Explodes: cosmopolitan metal music with a warm glow and a cheeky smile.

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Echo without Bunnymen

OBJECT MUSIC, c/o 182 Oxford Road, Manchester.
Object Music's first release was in May 1977, the distinctive Spherical Objects LP 'Past And Parcel'. Initially Objects' cultured leader Steve Solomar had no intention to use Object Music as anything more than a group outlet. The times got the better of him: "It seemed a logical step to put out other music."

First releases, early '79, were excellent, non conformist singles from Passage and Steve Miro. Solomar's standard of quality has always been as high as possible within limited facilities and funds, his intentions shakily benevolent. Midway through '79 Object released an LP of fragmented experimental music, 'Indiscreet Music', and an LP containing a considered selection of groups from the Manchester Music Collective.

Sales figures for the unfashionable but enterprising Objective have not been encouraging. The last three singles, from Warriors, Afternoon Unlimited and Grow Up (a beauty) have sold only around 1,000 copies, and the Collective LP not quite 2,000. Solomar, though, is not disheartened — new releases from Passage, IQ Zero and Steve Miro are Object's strongest to date.

Also, acknowledging the present saturation of the singles market, Solomar intends to switch the Object focus away from singles and EPs towards LPs, an intriguing development. His intention is to release seven albums between now and June 1980. These include offerings from Grow Up, Spherical Objects, Steve Miro and, sharing one package, Slight Seconds, Picture Chords and The Mediators.

"I feel the groups on Object are more suited to LP format, and there is much more that you can do with LPs. You can take bigger risks, and in the end you're more likely to break even and this can help improve quality. With the singles market currently being so flooded it is much more difficult to get attention. With albums it's a little easier. The music does deserve attention — it's a shame people are not prepared to look, but stay faithful to the major labels — and Peel continues to be the only airplay. It's depressing in a way."

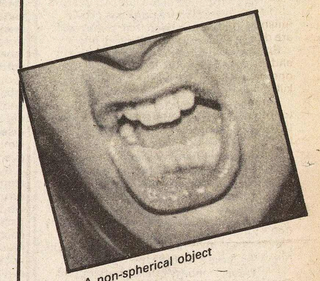
Passage: propulsive progressive hybrid trio, disciplined and dramatic. Have released 'New Love Songs' EP, 'About Time' EP produced by Flying Lizard David Cunningham.

Spherical Objects: existentialist psychedelia, luke warm and elusive. A new LP due soon "that won't be easily ignored".

Steve Miro: Mancunian heartbeat pop, pulpy and thumpy. Two singles out.

Grow Up: dislocated bop-pop. Released six track EP, contributed two songs to Collective LP.

'A Manchester Collection' featured **Grow Up, IQ Zero, Fast Cars, Mediators, Fireplace, Picture Chords, Manchester Mekon, Property Of . . ., Vibrant Thigh, FT Index, Slight Seconds.**


A non-spherical object

2. THE MAJOR MINORS

ROUGH TRADE, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11.
Still, in so many ways, the pride of the pack. A label and distribution network which has grown naturally and systematically from the record shop opened by Geoff Travis in Notting Hill in 1976.

Their progress has been enormously encouraging. Who'd have thought, this time last year, that independently pressed and distributed records by the likes of The Specials and Stiff Little Fingers would be in the Top 20? That a link up with distributors Spartan now means that Rough Trade can get their records into more or less every shop in the country? That Rough Trade would be releasing three albums next month?

Perhaps the most significant thing is the movement of the independents into the LP market, previously the blessed domain of the majors alone. Now Rough Trade are on the verge of putting out albums by The Raincoats, Cabaret Voltaire and Essential Logic. People like Rough Trade are real contenders, not just an easily dismissable 'alternative'.

The feedback, meanwhile, from all over the country, is continuing.

Geoff Travis: "Every morning there's about five demo tapes sent in the post. They've been getting a lot more interesting lately. There are a lot of people that seem to be influenced by Cabaret Voltaire and Throbbing Gristle. Then there are a lot influenced by The Fall — they seem to have had a very heavy effect."

But the label's quality control standards are still impeccably stringent.

"We haven't actually found anything on any of the tapes that we would consider putting out as it is. And there are still a lot of tapes coming in that are simply bad heavy metal.

"But we don't actually *sign* anybody anyway. We take each band as it comes. Our attitude is that we're here and we're usable. If we do a single and we're happy with the band and they're happy with us, then we'll continue with them."

Current activities include:

Cabaret Voltaire: austere Sheffield electronic trio. Their imminent album was recorded at their own Western Works studio in the city, a studio which has become something of a focal centre for other bands like Graph (see Fast Product), Artery and Vice Versa. The Cabs have so far released two Rough Trade singles and a track on the Factory Sample EP.

The Pop Group: Drifted to Rough Trade after their split with Radar. Due in the studios with Dennis Bovelle at the controls to record a new single 'Blind Faith'.

Subway Sect: an enormous talent, but one which seems to be going to waste, despite two epic singles 'Nobody's Scared' and 'Ambition'. It remains to be seen whether an album, recorded over a year ago, will ever see light of day.

The Raincoats: an album is due out next month, but the Raincoats' future sadly seems uncertain following the departure of drummer Palm Olive.

Scritti Politti: now with Rough Trade following an EP on their own St Pancras label last summer. Due to put out a six-track 12" EP, including four tracks licensed from their recent Peel Show session.

The Monochrome Set: pop art. Have just finished their third single 'Mr Bizarro' and are due to start work on the debut album.

Spizz Energi: now a real band after two endearing but imperfect singles. The new one 'Soldier Soldier/Virginia Plain' is a killer.

Kleenex: like The Raincoats, who they toured with earlier last year, the future of this all-Swiss all-girl band is uncertain. Currently looking for a singer following the departure of Regula Sing, vocalist on their two Rough Trade singles.

Metal Urbaine: Rough Trade's first band. Based in Paris, they are now continuing as a three-piece following their vocalist's departure. They have released two singles, one a joint effort with Radar. Synthesizer player Eric is to bring his satellite band Dr Mix over to these shores later this year.

Delta Five: from Leeds, the Five are the missing link between Gand Of Four and Chic. Their first single 'Mind Your Own Business' is due in the autumn.

Swell Maps: the Rough Trade/Maps' Rather Records label collaboration has already produced one of the albums of the year in 'A Trip To Marineville' and the fruitful partnership looks set to continue. A new single 'Real Shocks' is already out and the follow-up 'Let's Build A Car' almost definite. The second album is half done and should be out by Christmas.

Red Crayola: an agreeably loose set-up, their next record is due out on Rough Trade. Lora Logic and The Raincoats' Gina Birch are now closely integrated members with Mayo Thompson while Drummie and George Oban of Aswad may also get involved later on.

As Geoff Travis explains: "We're trying to encourage people to play together in the way that jazz musicians do. It's really good for people not to be restricted to playing and recording with just one band."

2-TONE, c/o Chrysalis Records, 12 Stratford Place, London W1.
First off, it must be said that 2-Tone is in no way an autonomous independent venture in the mould of Rough Trade or Zoo. It is The Specials' own label, now licensed through a major company, Chrysalis. But it is worthy of inclusion here for the almost unique nature of the deal the band have negotiated with the major.

Indeed, one of the reasons that the battle to sign the band earlier this year became so protracted was their insistence on having the right to sign the groups they wanted to the 2-Tone set-up.

The fruits of the deal to date have been the **Madness** single 'The Prince', while the debut single from Coventry group **The Selecter** is also in the pipeline. There's a good chance that Birmingham's Stax-orientated **Dexy's Midnight Runners** will be the next. And The Specials' Costello-produced album is also out in the autumn.

And the demo tapes have already started trickling into 2-Tone, the latest being from an unheard-of South Wales bluesbeat band!

"We want to try and keep it as a label with its own sound and identity," says The Specials' Jerry Dammers.

"We hope that it will change and develop gradually but we have to take things one step at a time, otherwise it will get too out of hand. Groups can use it as a sort of launching pad and do their own thing afterwards if they want.

The agreement with Chrysalis is for the distribution of six singles a year, though, obviously, if things go well, this will be upped. Of course, it remains to be seen if the band can maintain their ideals under the mounting pressure of their long-overdue success.

"If we can, we'd like to get bands to do albums as well as singles on 2-Tone," adds Dammers. "It all depends if Chrysalis are willing to pay for it. But we can't risk too much at the moment as any losses would come out of The Specials' pockets."

Madness

The Fall

Geoff Travis of Rough Trade

A STEP-FORWARD RECORD

FAULTY PRODUCTS, 41B Blenheim Crescent, London W11.
Faulty are a left-over from the days when 'independent' meant tugging on the strings of the majors, either imitating or cheekily parroding their aggressively commercial dealings.

What sets Faulty apart, essentially, is money, but there is enthusiasm, and they look more ways than ahead or behind. They have contributed considerably to the recent developments. They are a smoother, more traditional example of how unknown groups can be overlooked in the big label scrambles, and are forced to travel via the independents into the mainstream. Both The Police and Squeeze were initially Faulty sponsored.

Faulty's endeavours are primarily those of sponsorship. They retained independence and control, but they've released an erratic ragbag of newcomers with few sparkles. They have no real identity, no direction, their function is that of a loose collection point.

Faulty's claim to importance continues to be their encouragement — through their Step Foward link — of one of the most important groups of the present time, The Fall. Activities:

Fashion: contrived Birmingham trio of much pose and precision, recently released 'Product Perfect' LP on their own label with Faulty assistance.

The Fall: influential, arrogant, accurately hypercritical of rock apathy. New Hormones financed demo's that eventually became their first EP, 'Bingo Master's Break Out'. Since then there have been constant personnel changes revolving around hero Mark E Smith, 'It's The New Thing' EP, 'Rowche Rumble' single, and the powerful 'Live At The Witch Trial' LP.

Mark Perry: career sadly drooped into stubbornly idealistic confusion, now reworking with original Alternative TV mastermind Alex Fergusson.

Labels under the Faulty umbrella include; Deptford Fun City, Illegal, Step Forward, Fashion, Nighthawk.

FACTORY RECORDS, 86 Palatine Road, Manchester 20.
Factory have developed into the most noble, naive and enigmatic of labels. The flamboyant, random tone of the label is due to the wilful idealism of ex *So It Goes* presenter Tony Wilson, who likes playing games.

His fellow co-ordinators are the industrious Alan Erasmus, the designer Peter Saville, with the most important emergent producer of recent times, Martin Zero — responsible for such resounding marks in time as 'Spiral Scratch' and 'Unknown Pleasures' — set to join the team.

With the same spirit of love and adventure as New Hormones and Fast they mock and distort the notions of product, package, presentation. But for all their excitable deadpan foolery they released some of the prettiest, hardest and most collectable new music of the year. They are deceptive, determined dissidents.

Wilson: "We thought to ourselves, let's have a go. Others showed it could be done, and there came a point in Manchester last year where there was no Rabid or there was no New Hormones to put things out — and certainly none of the majors were going to do it. Groups like Ludus and Manicured Noise should have had music out straightaway, during vital times.

"We wanted to be the best and to have hits but as we are now we can't do that for the bands. So we have to flirt with the major labels, who have the methods of reaching, of communicating. That's the way it is. But we would never license ourselves to a major label — that means giving up control — simply tie into a distributuon deal, which means to all purposes we are using *them*. It does become an operation, really, an attack on the music business — to show them that *we* do what *you're* supposed to do a lot better. We want to show people who run the business that they have become aware of the changes in pop culture, and that we know, and that's why we want to get in the charts.

"I once would have thought that all this is terribly unidealistic, but it's what you need to do. I decided what all these people do best is play instruments and write songs and they should get a living wage for this.

"Obviously you've got to wonder whether you want to be a nursery for the major labels, but I just realise that I'm playing with pop culture and it's good fun and because I come from Manchester I can do a damn sight better than those idiots in London.

"In the end it's entertaining getting the product out to people. It's quite a thrill. And it's really very amusing. The other day Martin Zero couldn't stop laughing at the whole thing."

Joy Division: the ultimate 1980s hard rock group; eloquent, introspective hysterical. 'Transmission' single ready for release.

The Distractions: the ultimate 1980s pop group; lyrical, sophisticated, dynamic. 'Time Goes By So Slow' out now or thereabouts.

Orchestral Manouevres In The Dark: eclectic, exuberant electronic pop; fashionable, supremely melodic. 'Electricity' single has been licensed to Virgin's Dindisc — 'Because it deserves to be a hit and will be a hit.'

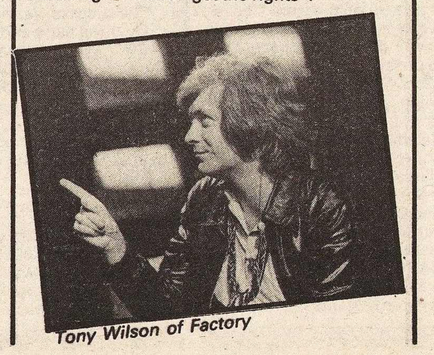
A Certain Ratio: turmoil doom rock; dark shadows, dark mottos.

Exodus: Manchester reggae. 'English Black Boys' EP produced by Dennis Bovelle, out as soon as Bovelle "can get up the motor way to finish the mix."

'Factory Sampler' released February 1979: **Joy Division, John Dowie, Cabaret Voltaire, Durutti Column.**

Durrutti Column LP — pure guitar, nowt else — release imminent.

Other projects include **Factory Flick, A Certain Ratio** and **Ludus** films, **menstrual calender, egg timer,** and six other ideas including a live record of Charles Bukowski lecturing "if we can get the rights".


Tony Wilson of Factory

FAST PRODUCT, 22 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh EH3, Scotland.
Anything that starts with a Mekons single has to be good. And Fast are no exception. The label came into being last March, the brainchild of the then Rezillos manager Bob Last. It went on to make some of the more reverberant splashes of last year, unearthing both The Human League and Gang Of Four in the process.

The profile this term has been a decidedly lower one. But the low-key look is deceptive.

The last few months have seen Fast channeling their aggressive, pragmatic energies into starting a series of 'ear comics' or *earcoms* — instant 12" compilations of mutant pop and other assorted demo tapes from unsigned bands. The first of these packages is already out, the second due any day now.

"The tracks on the earcoms are not meant to be definitive statements," explains Last, "but remarks and gestures. Soon all the bands will have developed into something different.

"The second earcom is more of a straightforward record than the first. The third may not be a record at all, probably more of a poster magazine."

The new earcom also contains a couple of previously unreleased Joy Division tracks, 'Autosuggestion' and 'From Safety To Where'. It is a sign of the flexibility allowed by the independents that such a band can have records available on two different labels at the same time, Joy Division's awesome album being on Factory.

Elsewhere, Fast, in keeping with their fascination with snappy packaging have put out cheap xeroxed visual parcels. And a compilation album of the label's first six singles is imminent. Other activities:

The Scars, from Edinburgh: the only one of last year's discoveries still connected with the label. An erratic but attractive blend of new pop and old glam, they have already released one single 'Adult/ery' and are currently rehearsing new material.

The Prats (Edinburgh): primitive and precocious with an average age of 14. They had three tracks on earcom 1. Says Bob Last: "They have trouble getting gigs as there are a lot of old hat bands locally who resent The Prats getting on record."

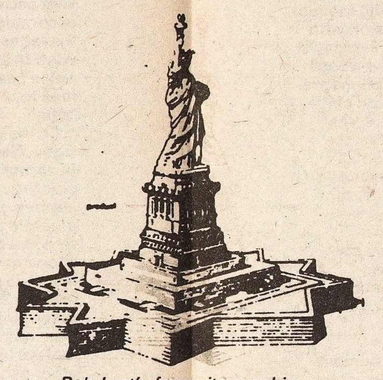
Blank Students (Preston): formed as long ago as 1976. A three-piece who comprise the nucleus of a host of local satellite bands including the more experimental From Chorley. Lancashire's answer to Swell Maps? Have two tracks on earcom 1.

Graph (Sheffield): cringe if you will, but Graph are another electronic quartet from the Steel City. Their brilliant 'Drowning' was the best track on earcom 1. Like The Human League, they supplement live gigs with a slide show. Reported to be completely revamping their line-up with girl back-up singers.

The Flowers (Edingburgh): astringent modern rock band fronted by Hilary Morrison of Fast Product. Two tracks on earcom 1 and a new single due.

Basczax (Middlesbrough): arose from the ashes of straight Punk group Blitzkreig Bop. Belligerent but rounded sound with keyboards and sax. Two tracks on earcom 2.

The Thursdays (Glenrothes, Scotland): an odd, diverse bunch from a new town in Fife, where they organise their own gigs. Of their two tracks on the new earcom, one is a version of Otis Redding's 'Dock Of The Bay'.


Bob Last's favourite graphic

SMALL WONDER, 162 Hoe Street, Walthamstow, London E17.
Financial limitations make Small Wonder one of the less ambitious of the major-minors listed here. But since their formation in November 1977 and the release of their first single, Puncture's 'Mucky Pup', the Walthamstow set-up have succeeded in launching enough good music that might not otherwise have seen the light of day.

Linked, like Rough Trade, to a record shop, the entire label is run by a team of four, headed by Pete Stennet. According to him, they would like to get into longer-term involvement with their bands, but are forced to confine themselves largely to one-offs. Among these have been the debut singles from Patrik Fitzgerald, The Cure, The Buzzards, Punishment of Luxury and The Angelic Upstarts.

"The trouble is that we just can't afford to send the bands on tour or anything like that, and a group needs that sort of support. But I don't want to see the small labels get too sucked into the business. If you go with a major, you're going into a situation where they expect massive sales.

"We put records out because we believe in them regardless of commerciality. I suppose I'm a bit naive, but I wouldn't want to make any of the compromises that people like Beggar's Banquet have done in going with a major."

Stennet estimates that the label receives about 15 or 20 demo tapes per week, the majority of them from more experimental bands.

"It's great when you get a demo tape," he enthuses. "Sometimes you'll just fall in love with it in the way that you would a cuddly single. You just have to put them out."

Crass are the only band with any form of long-term involvement with the label, although no contracts are signed. Whatever you think of their music, their plans to put out a double album for three quid are utterly laudable.

Among the forthcoming releases are two more one-off singles from **The Proles** and **The English Subtitles** and a couple of 12" singles from **Frank Sumatra** and **Baurhause.**

A new **Wall** single, 'Kiss The Mirror', produced by Steve Jones, is also scheduled.

Small Wonder have also released all the product from the Essex co-operative **XN-TRIX,** including **The Fatal Microbes** and **Poison Girls** singles.

Patrik Fitzgerald: broody, world-weary minstrel, but at the same time a quirky, chirpy chap. Put out four Small Wonder singles and an album licensed through Polydor.

Cockney Rejects: the brainstorming vanguard of the East End's punk renewal. Their 'Flares And Slippers' EP is being re-pressed after the 5,000 original copies sold out in the first week of release.

GOOD VIBRATIONS, 102 Great Victoria Street, Belfast, Northern Ireland.
"For the past ten years music in Northern Ireland has been controlled by a type of mafia. We're the only people who have come along and broken that."

The speaker is Terri Hooley, former manager of the Harp Bar, one of strife-torn Belfast's few regular live rock clubs, and manager of the province's foremost record label Good Vibrations, who released their first single, Rudi's 'Big Time' last May.

"We've had a lot of big labels come along and try to sign us up, but I don't want to sell out to anyone. We're just trying to keep alive the spark that we ignited last year. Keep the home fires burning as Noel Coward would say!"

Hooley, like most small label bosses, is first and foremost an enthusiast, a true fan of the music. He estimates that an unbelieveable 300 bands have sprung up in Ulster in the last year alone, and he receives about two dozen demo tapes a week.

It is an explosion which one-off singles simply cannot cope with and Hooley sees one of the next Good Vibes projects as a couple of compilation albums, with the more noteworthy of all the new bands getting a track a piece. "Receiving all those tapes puts me in a position of power that I never really wanted. The other day I was listening to some tapes and three bands walked into the shop and I was too busy to be able to help them. That left me really depressed."

The single biggest problem facing Good Vibes is the lack of a decent pressing plant in Ulster — all their records are pressed either in Dublin or London, a situation that often leaves them waiting over six months for the delivery of a record.

They never actually sign a band and are happy to see themselves as a launching pad — last year both Protex and The Xdreamists went to Polydor and The Undertones to Sire, but Rudi and The Outcasts — the two biggest bands in Belfast today — opted to stay with Good Vibes.

The label is divided into two sections. The Ulster groups, on one hand, and the bands from England and Eire on the other. The latter all appear on the Good Vibrations International label. Activities:

The Outcasts, on the eve of the release of their debut album 'Self Conscious Over Here', have been dealt a cruel blow. Singer Greg is laid up in a Belfast hospital after a road accident and the band are out of action for three months. But it is indicative of their popularity when, after only one single and a track on a 'Battle Of The Bands' EP, the advance orders on the album already top the 6,000 mark.

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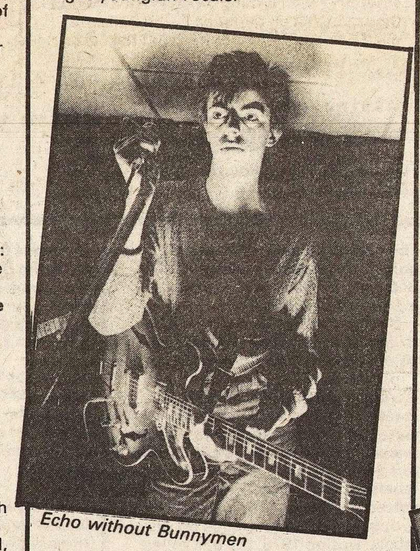
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Sales figures for the unfashionable but enterprising Objective have not been encouraging. The last three singles, from Warriors, Afternomen Unlimited and Grow Up (a beauty) have sold only around 1,000 copies, and the Collective LP not quite 2,000. Solomar, though, is not disheartened — new releases from Passage, IQ Zero and Steve Miro are Object's strongest to date.

Also, acknowledging the present saturation of the singles market, Solomar intends to switch the Object focus away from singles and EPs towards LPs, an intriguing development. His intention is to release seven albums between now and June 1980. These include offerings from Grow Up, Spherical Objects, Steve Miro and, sharing one package, Slight Seconds, Picture Chords and The Mediators.

"I feel the groups on Object are more suited to LP format, and there is much more that you can do with LPs. You can take bigger risks, and in the end you're more likely to break even and this can help improve quality. With the singles market currently being so flooded it is much more difficult to get attention. With albums it's a little easier. The music does deserve attention — it's a shame people are not prepared to look, but stay faithful to the major labels — and Peel continues to be the only airplay. It's depressing in a way."

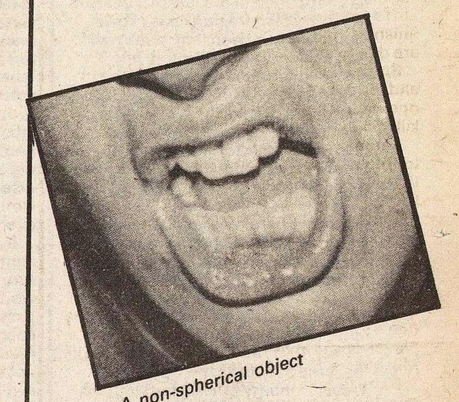
Passage: propulsive progressive hybrid trio, disciplined and dramatic. Have released 'New Love Songs' EP, 'About Time' EP produced by Flying Lizard David Cunningham.

Spherical Objects: existentialist psychedelia, luke warm and elusive. A new LP due soon "that won't be easily ignored".

Steve Miro: Mancunian heartbeat pop, pulpy and thumpy. Two singles out.

Grow Up: dislocated bop-pop. Released six track EP, contributed two songs to Collective LP.

'A Manchester Collection' featured **Grow Up, IQ Zero, Fast Cars, Mediators, Fireplace, Picture Chords, Manchester Mekon, Property Of . . ., Vibrant Thigh, FT Index, Slight Seconds.**


A non-spherical object

3. WHERE WILL IT ALL END?

AWAY from the nine major-minors, the furious, unprecedented new activity rages on. From Paisley to Portsmouth, labels, bands and individuals with their own private and public visions are springing up with ever-increasing regularity.

It would be pointless to try being either exhaustive or definitive; there really is so much going on that we could quite literally fill the rest of the issue with the lowdown.

What follows can only be a selective guide to the present state of the labels game nationwide. Just an indication of the diversity, both geographical and artistic, that now exists. Just a few signposts of the demystification and general decentralisation of the recording industry — or part of it at least — in Britain. No longer do you need to be a millionaire, Rick Wakeman or live between the Watford Gap and the Weald to be able to make a record.

The most common launching pad for the majority of groups with a small reserve of cash, a modicum of perception and — above all — boundless enthusiasm remains the roughly recorded and readily packaged seven-inch single.

Some like it on their own label and have organised themselves accordingly.

Prag VEC's two singles have been on their own Spec Records. Two Portsmouth bands, The Frames and Addic, got together recently to form the Brain Booster label on which they both have since released singles.

The Au Pairs in Birmingham (021 Records) fall into a similar category as do The Glass Torpedoes on Merseyside (Teen Beat), the Dangerous Girls in Worcester (Happy Face Records), Vice Versa (Nutron) and Artery (Limited Edition Records) in Sheffield, X-S-Energy in Coventry (Dead Good Records) and Tours in Poole, whose exhilarating 'Language School' single on their own Tours label is now being distributed by Rough Trade.

Then there are the panoramic regional concerns; labels established during the past year or so to showcase local talent.

Attrix in Brighton, who have put out singles by The Piranhas and Lost Lenore as well as the south coast compilation 'Vaultage '78', are a prime example.

Waldo's in Watford are another. They concentrate on elaborately-sleeved singles, four of which have surfaced to date from The Tea Set, The Bears, Clive Pig and enigmatic electronics boffin Nigel Simpkins.

Stortbeat in Harlow handle The Sods and The Gangsters while London's Soho label have put out The Nips' two singles and one apiece from The Jets and Passions.

Mute, now distributed by Rough Trade, is run by Daniel Miller of The Normal and, predictably, concentrates on synthesiser pop. In addition to his own product, a single by Fad Gadget is due while the recently-released Silicon Teens 45 'Memphis Tennessee" could even become a surprise hit.

In a similar vein come Company Records, a Lincolnshire-based amalgam of Robert Rental's Regular and Thomas Leer's Oblique labels and sundry others.

The fanzines, too, are getting in on the act. Since the Alternative TV flexidisc given away with *Sniffin' Glue 12*, Zigzag Records have released singles by The Addix and The Vice Creems while the Deep Cuts label has grown out of Johnny Waller's *Kingdom Come* 'zine in Dunfirmline.

The fact that the current mod resurgence is basically something that came 'from the street' rather than from the major company moguls is already being reflected by some of the small labels.

The Numbers from Brighton have an EP out on Blastone Records, the Killermeters from Huddersfield a single on their own Psycho label and London's Substitute a single on Ignition.

With the distinct possibility of the singles market becoming gloriously flooded, many people are looking towards compilations for the future.

Bristol's quality Heartbeat label have come up with the 'Alternatives' EP which showcases four local bands — Joe Public, The Numbers (not the Brighton band), the X-Certs and 48 Hours.

Along similar lines is the 'Alternative Paisley' EP on Spectacular Commodity.

But the most important move is probably that towards the compilation album. What, with the advent of the 'earcom' and the coming Good Vibes pic 'n' mixtures, the battles of the bands are moving well and truly into the world of the long player.

The best buy at the moment is undoubtedly the Liverpool compilation 'Street To Street' on the Open Eye label, but there are others worth investigating. Among the most recent are the live Bridgehouse mod album, 'Identity Parade' on Manchester's TJM and the South Yorkshire compilation 'New Wave From The Heart' on the Planet label, based in Doncaster.

It is perhaps significant that these compilations, rough and ready affairs that they are, do possess the one vital commodity that farces like EMI's 'Live At The Roxy' and Virgin's Electric Circus album lacked — immediacy. They catch the moment while it is still alive and breathing.

Independent intervention, it is worth noting in finishing, is not confined to the UK alone. Most of the real rock 'n' roll coming out of America today is on small labels. The debut singles of the likes of everyone from Devo and Pere Ubu to the B-52's and The Cramps all first appeared on home-financed independents.

More recently, there's been Nervus Rex's magnificent 'Don't Look' on The Cleverly Named Record Label, Teenage Jesus And The Jerks on Lust-Unlust, both The Theoretical Girls and The Static on Theroretical Records and The Girls on Pere Ubu's Hearthan label in Cleveland.

The wholesome pop of The Feelies, meanwhile, is going to be brought to you on a single on Rough Trade out on September 7.

You think that's the end? It's only the beginning. Just the beginning . . .

DROPS IN THE OCEAN . . .

Teenage Film Stars (Kings Road Records): Russell Harty and Nicholas Parsons — the men responsible for four ragged but wonderful singles as 'O' Level and The TV Personalities — ride again! And about time too! A single is awaited. Eagerly.

Prag VEC (Spec): Crisp, enticing rock band with exceedingly well-voiced female singer. Their second single 'Expert', though badly received, indicated their growing maturity and steady improvement.

The Passions (Soho): Though they choose to hide their emotions behind a clinical exterior, The Passions remain one of the most promising new bands to emerge in London this year. They have released only one single, 'Needles And Pins'.

The Nips (Soho): Formerly the Nipple Erectors, led by the infamous Shane of the once-shredded earlobe. They have mutated from the rockabilly-punk of their debut single 'King Of The Bop' to the R&B-edged hard pop of the follow-up 'All The Time In The World'. As Paul Weller once said: "Shane is the only true new-wave star!"

The Tea Set (Waldo's): Wacky art-beat four-piece from the St Albans area. Their 'Cups And Saucers' EP indicates both their diversity and the facile nature of the observations they make.

Piranhas (Attrix): Brighton's answer to The Members! Punk, but with easily discernable soul and reggae overtones. Despite the bait being dangled by the hungry majors, The Piranhas are to follow up their first single 'Jilly' with another on Attrix.

The Donkeys (Rhesus): exuberant but slightly mannered new pop from Wakefield. Expect better than their recent 'What I Want' single next time out.

Essential Logic (Logic Records): their own label is being distributed by Rough Trade, following a brief sojourn with an unsympathetic Virgin. Two charming singles are soon to be superceded by debut album 'Beat Rhythm News'.

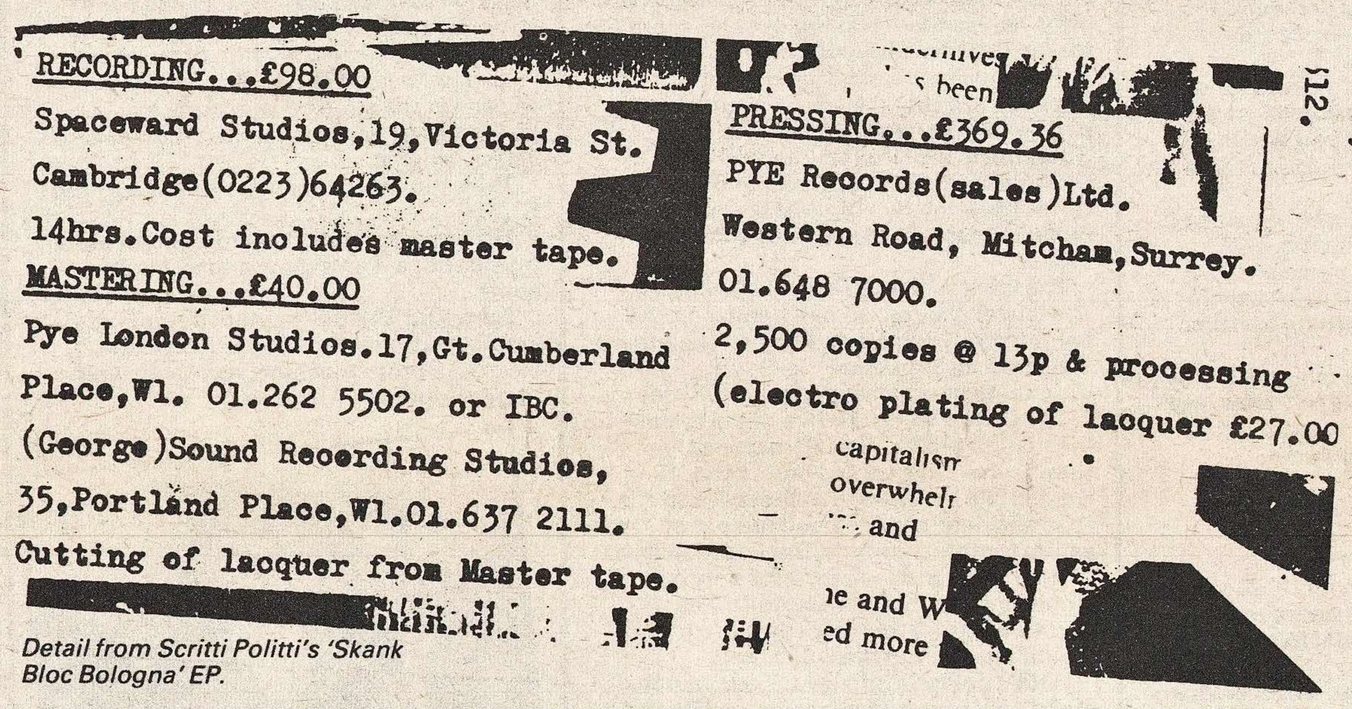
Ludus (New Hormones): bewitching, elaborate and precarious music fronted by the fragile Linder. Part of New Hormones resurgence: have invited Peter Hamill to produce them.

Thomas Leer/Robert Rental (Industrial): two colleagues, inactive for a while. Primitive and practicial electronic pop, equally visionary, less influential contemporaries of Daniel Miller. Leer and Rental destined for a lot more than is apparent. Currently collaborating on lp for Throbbing Gristle's under-used Industrial label.

Daniel Miller (Mute): a shrewd catalyst for the imminent electronic pop overflow.

This Heat: Noisy brutes who push noises together to make sounds. They try their best. 'Long awaited' LP out now on David Cunningham's Piano Music label. Will they ever change anything?

Glass Torpedos (Teenbeat): fizzy, frisky Liverpool new pop; flashy guitar tender vocals, still young and pale.



Detail from Scritti Politti's 'Skank Bloc Bologna' EP.

■ From page 23

punk, which conjures up stagnant and negative images. The images associated with punk should be 'change', 'discovery', 'adventure', 'diversity'. In these respects what has happened in the last two years is the sign of where punk has grown. The effect has been that 'punk rock' as it has grown and spread, has changed things — more from the outside than the inside. Things are being said, things are being done, people who love the music, who need the music for more than money, are establishing themselves and gaining practical expertise.

There has been change; towards the immediate, vital and relevant. The major labels and the majority consumers cannot ignore or patronise the phenomenon for much longer because it is from the whirlpool that the new rock'n'roll is continually emerging.

Early 1977, Edinburgh's Fast Product 'became a record label', and Geoff Travis's energy quickly outstripped simply running a record shop. They put out records that seemed to the mainstream crude and crazy, capturing moments of electrifying transience. These singles were of the moment rather than any long term development. Diaries of events. Subversion more than investment.

Stuff such as The Mekons and Gang Of Four, the Small Wonder/Rough Trade Angelic Upstarts collaboration, the Rigid Digits and Stiff Little Fingers releases . . . these celebrations and damnations would never have appeared without the Rough Trades, the Fasts. Months later, when the danger has passed, when the moment has gone, the major labels are prepared to chance themselves. Their period of action must get quicker. Sometimes — as with The Slits and the Banshees — the moments are lost for ever.

New records were beginning to create new demands, not just pamper to old unstimulating expectations. The turnover increased, risks became greater, ideas expanded, more discoveries were made, more and more people realised that it was possible for them to act. As the numbers of small labels increased, so, correspondingly, did the number of groups putting out singles on one-off labels. During 1978, the ball rolled and collected; people could speak, did speak, contributed, maybe disappeared, maybe continued. Nothing was obvious anymore, not everything was in view.

By the end of 1978 it was something remarkable that had swung underway. The individuals who controlled the emotions and passions of the music were gaining control of the processes of presentation. The major labels were not effectively censoring what was available to the mass audience anymore; the implications of that have still fully to burst through into the open. Choice became massively unprecedented; the implications are staggering. Rock'n'roll split into two during these times; the links between the so-called alternative and the mainstream remained only so that new groups becoming too successful were filtered through. The establishment is beginning to be genuinely used. There is less illusion than previously.

Tony Wilson of Factory Records doesn't pretend to ignore the practicalities of using the established, effective advantages of the big labels. "The lifespan of a small label is going to be relatively small anyway. If a group on the label becomes too big it is best all round to let the group go to a major and work from there. There are always new groups to take their place. A hugely successful group on a small label can kill a label, over-balance it."

Punk of 1976 was almost a false start. The true concerted, subversive revolution — and that may be a grim word, but no way has any of the Fun got crushed — happened in late '78, early '79 . . . and is still happening . . .

IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP NOW . . .

It has developed so that there are three or four levels of operation. There's the major-minors, the minors, the momentaries . . . The momentaries are solely group vehicles. The Minors — Waldo's, Soho, Attrix — are forming actual labels that could well be the Factorys and Fasts of next year, or next month. These latter sections of the new rock'n'roll, the most densely populated, attract small cult followings, but the potential is enormous.

The major-minors — we have to draw the line somewhere — those that are active, fashionable and influential, have evolved, thus far, as Faulty, Factory, Good Vibrations, Fast, Object, Small Wonder, Zoo, 2-Tone, and the kingpin catalysts, Rough Trade.

The workings of these people has affected major change in the shape and scope of rock'n'roll.

How profound the scene is now can be seen by comparing the wide, flexible range of events and speculation now with the rigid, limited chain that excited us so a couple of years ago; The Label, Stiff, Chiswick, Raw, etc. had negligible effect.

Records on the major-minors, the momentaries, the minors, are actually amongst, if not *the*, best new rock'n'roll of the year. Which is how it should be. From all over the land.

The major labels swooped onto punk rock with proper swiftness, and have exploited it none too damagingly, but the choice that the majors make, their new signings, are becoming increasingly arbitrary. Their choices are based on old perspectives. Creatively and culturally they are dragging further and further behind the times, and commercially their position is being threatened. They keep looking for the new Dylan, and are unable to really open their eyes. Although the numbers who buy and take notice of the new music of the smaller labels is comparatively small from their narrow, commercial point of view, it is tomorrow's audience.

The major's control of the new music — which eventually must come — will be nowhere near as total and as strict as they're used to. A real shift has occurred.

The majors appeared to have recovered their feet after what they hoped would have been the momentary punk turmoil, they filled their ranks with new entertainers and managed to lace the charts with stimulating new pop. But their machinery is too slow, their vision non-existent. For a start, they still rarely venture outside London. Everything has moved too quickly. The workings of the major labels offer the worst understanding of rock culture ever.

"The majors know what was successful or good five years ago," says Tony Wilson, "but they have got no idea now. They are struggling. But it's people like us who know. We're leading the way. We know."

WE KNOW. The music has moved (back) into our hands.

Enthusiasts like Bob Last (Fast), Tony Wilson (Factory), Terri Hooley (Good Vibrations), Geoff Travis (Rough Trade), Bill Drummond (Zoo), Steve Solomar (Object) intend to keep a good grip on it. To quote the ultimate enthusiast, John Peel, "Less experts, more enthusiasts I say."

These enthusiastic entrepeneurs, their passion and concern, is a symbol for the whole new rock'n'roll phenomenon. It is their individual interpretation of the motives and myth of rock'n'roll that shapes their label and reflects the true feelings of an era. Rock'n'roll that moves forward. Rock'n'roll that is now.

The major-minors are discovering new ways to do things, new ways to look at things. They are finding new ways to attract attention. Those new and radical entertainers already signed to major labels, who took to working from within, or who moved naturally from small to major, who mean something positive in today's scheme of things, are those whose ideologies and broad intentions are complementary to the vision of the small labels. The new labels, the groups and the music, reflect the speed of turnover, the extent of decentralisation and diversification, the flexibility of the new age; the separation between stagnant lethargic rock routines and contemporary vitality. They say something about the times.

The boss man from the major label, whose last big signing was Grand Hotel or Voyager or something, looks out at his assembled A&R men and minions gathered before him. He waves a bunch of beautifully designed, imaginatively packaged Factory Product at their confused faces. "Where's *this* coming from!" he demands to know.

And where the hell's it going . . .

ALBUMS

Slitrockers *Pic: Des Letts*

"Nursery rhyme gothic?"

THE SLITS
Cut *(Island)*
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Join Hands *(Polydor)*

As The Slits sing-song: *don't take it seriously.*

The people who do take it seriously are those who look down their noses at the Banshees and chew the cud over The Slits. Not that I mind. I know what I like, and I know why I like it, and it's very personal.

Liking Siouxsie And The Banshees and The Slits may make me a bad person, but I don't feel a bad person.

I may not agree with everything the needlessly cryptic Banshees and contemptuously mocking Slits have to say, but I love and like these records because they don't make me complacent. They confuse me and antagonise me, worry me and inspire me. They make me restless where other records make me comfy. They're works of ultimate, uncompromising selfishness, selfishness that pushes them outward not inward.

Both records are the works of scared young people trying too hard to make sense out of life. I can get off on that. There are passions on these records: love, hate, greed, vanity, ambition, jealousy, cruelty, tenderness.

These records are not bland.

Which is something to say. Because the Banshees' potent skimming primitivism has been smoothed out as if wrapped in polythene and The Slits sound positively cultivated. Yet the passion is still there.

So now that everyone in that corner has dutifully discussed the warm currents running around the new periods of Dylan, Morrison and Newman, let's wake up and fall in love! After the academic titillation of those limping rock rebels — I like the stuff actually, but then I read Charlie Dickens — let's twist and shout, let's move.

After all, this is rock'n'roll. Room for everyone.

When Bob Dylan found God, The Slits found Dennis Bovelle. The latter affair is a far more momentous occasion, at least if you care more about the sound of self realisation in rock'n'roll than you do about the verses.

The images that revolve around my mind about other Slits in other times tend towards the messy but exhilarating, random but wounding.

The Slits' wayward growth has been sketched in through Peel sessions and scattered gigs. The low point of their difficult slide to the surface was in the closing months of last year, when futility seemed to have sealed their development. Their petulance then verged on self-parody.

If those jaded Slits had appeared on record, onlookers would have wondered what the fuss was all about.

Whatever happened in the early months of this year is mysterious but gratifying. It can hardly be merely Dennis Bovelle that has wrought such a radical transformation. Because 'Cut' is not just the old depraved Slits thread through the fracturing, layering Bovelle machinery; things have obviously been tidied up before Bovelle's contribution.

The things that have always been associated with The Slits — impatience, opinionation, playfulness — have not been lost or discarded, but with discipline have become more pointed and nutured, allied to a curious lightness and disconcerting areas of soft whimsy.

How much of the new light and shade, high and low Slits is due to Bovelle is open to debate. Is this in fact a Dennis Bovelle record? . . .

But debates are boring. The spins and shapes are consistently unpredictable, and the character of the record is indisputably Slittish.

Ten pieces, each an epic of contagious and gradual movement. 'Instant Hit', 'So Touch', 'Spend, Spend, Spend', 'Shoplifting', 'FM', 'New Town', 'Ping Pong Affair', 'Love And Romance', 'Typical Girls', 'Adventures Close To Home'. Titles created by The Slits with Palmolive: 'Adventures Close To Home' has already appeared on The Raincots' first EP.

There are no straight lines, easy rhythms and obvious order.

From the fractured masterpiece 'New Town' — totally different from the old dirge — through the sneer and snarl of 'Love And Romance', the nasty condescension of 'Typical Girls' and the wicked put-down 'So Tough' the sound swells, gathers, gropes and turns. It's no use waiting for it to settle down.

Ari Up snaps and talks, compressing spiteful, sore words into extreme approximations of melodies. Harmonies flirt mischieviously with distorted prettiness.

Where Bovelle's technique emphasised The Pop Group's convolutions to an almost unlistenable extent, with The Slits the two styles complement instead of spiralling off each other.

'Cut' isn't laid back. It's mangled and savage, petty and contradictory: cultured depravity and nursery rhyme gothic pop.

Once upon a time both The Slits and the Banshees made music that burst at the seams. Now, everything's very measured.

With the Banshees there's less liberty and less detail. Whilst The Slits are bounding up and around, the Banshees have finished their personal exploration and are hovering.

The balances and marks of 'Join Hands' differ little from the devastating levels exploited on 'The Scream'. They're scuffling in a corner; increasing the melodrama, heightening the tension, smoothing away the scratches, leaning towards a saturated, exaggerated punk MOR.

The Banshees' passions, the clean stinging deliberation of the music — I will love it for all my life, but just about everyone else seems to hate it with obsessive despair — moves close to being formula.

This could be second LP confusion . . .

Whatever, they've levelled off. I can vaguely understand why people consider them ponderous and presumptuous, but I could never bring myself to agree. As a self-confessed Siouxsie and the Banshees sycophant I have to say that a lot of 'Join Hands' thrills me.

Side one's five songs, 'Poppy Day', 'Regal Zone', 'Placebo Effect', 'Icon', and 'Premature Burial' are all addictive Banshee mini-dramas with strange, deliberately incomplete structures. It's not a new Banshee trail, but it remains for me irresistible.

With these Banshee pop elaborations it depends on your feelings towards Siouxsie's conceited, over-exerted vocals; I like them, other people find her unlistenable.

Side two is a mess; at best *Sioux* endearing, at worst infuriating. 'Playground Twist' is one of my favourite singles of the year. 'Mother' puts unhealthy focus on those old Banshees stand-bys: fear, horror, the ghoulish and the unknown. A musical box tinkles through its pretty repetitive melody, Siouxsie menacingly intones in the dark. Supramundane?

Siouxsie and the Banshees are perhaps beginning to believe in themselves too much, in the wrong ways. If you want to be trite you could say we're roaming around 'Radio Ethiopia' areas. Such thoughts are not helped by the inclusion, after all this time, of the Banshees' legendary 'Lords Prayer'. Where the Banshees can conjure up images of childhood traumas with simplistic accuracy, 'Lords Prayer' is simply a superfluous exercise in banal improvisation with defective chanting and ranting. I probably love it, but I'm not allowed to say that.

Such ventures are more unfortunate evidence that the Banshees are not only fiddling around in this dark corner of vague irrationality and distorted logic, but have locked the door behind them and thrown the key away.

For now, the Banshees are hovering. I fully expect them to fly off somewhere more fulfilling and radical. But then I'm biased.

Both these records will give you a lot of fun in lots of different ways over the years!

Paul Morley

DAVID JOHANSEN
In Style *(Blue Sky Import)*

With his first solo release David Johansen, the general consensus proclaimed, had made an album with one magnificent track, the epic 'Frenchette', sequestered amidst a morass of pleasantly raucous but sadly faceless Stones soundalike riffs.

'In Style' however sees Johansen hot on the trail of AM/FM acceptability. The vaudeville rockouts of the debut album are still in evidence, principally in tracks like 'She', a relentless bop reminiscent of 'Between The Buttons' Stones, and 'Wreckless Crazy', a vintage Johansen-Sylvain number from their 'red' patent leather and communist flag days that will be the most immediately accessible song for old New York Dolls' fans.

But Johansen is concerned with working on a diversity of styles. There's straight-ahead high-grade pop in 'Melody', the album's opener which sounds like it would have made a perfect follow-up to The Foundations' 'Build Me Up Buttercup', cool jazz in 'Big City', a grand paean to Manhattan built on keyboards and sensuous saxophone interludes that remind one of a more positive 'On Broadway', and reggae in 'She Knew She Was Falling In Love'. Diversity continues with a very attractive love ballad, 'Justine', which Mick Ronson takes out with a beautifully understated solo.

The grand finale 'Flamingo Road' at first sounds a weighty, ponderous affair, far too dense and funereally paced to stomach. But given time, the song, built around two harsh, barren chords courtesy of Sylvain, takes on an identity that draws the listener right into its gloomy, blighted centre. Johansen's splenetic delivery, which may or may not be aimed at his ex-wife who last year jilted him for the lead singer of Aerosmith, helps the song build to a venomously bleak climax.

And that's it. Some might find Johansen precocious and overtly sassy but he has a strong, effervescent sense of 'humanity' in his work. I'm just hoping the next album will be called 'Beyond Style' because that's where Johansen really belongs.

Nick Kent

Pic: Pennie Smith

"Yep, nursery rhyme gothic."

ROCKY SHARPE AND THE REPLAYS
Rama Lama *(Chiswick)*

Doo-wop — it's the *real thing!!*

They've revamped and reformed; they've revived everything including themselves. Rocky Sharpe (And The Razors) — once, in '74, England's leading 'cult' pioneer of the flagging doo-wop phenomenon — has returned.

Older, wiser, a touch more jaded, Rocky Sharpe brings you 'Rama Lama' — complete with both detailed sleeve notes outlining the seven steps required to form your very own five-part tonsil troop, and a lyric sheet that only lists the backing vocals. Entire songs, you'll understand, consist of *"Bop Bupba Doo-Waa STAMP Rama Ding-Dong"* and other familiar phraseology.

Why so sharpe? It's made up of eleven immaculate standards — light, crisp, elegant, tastefully produced — one original track that sounds exactly like all the rest, and one striking piece of shebop/jazz/swing in 'Fools Fall In Love', that suggests it's been rifled from the score of some early '50s American Musical (and quite probably has).

And why so good? The secret's in the backline. Thinly disguised behind gaudy period ted suits and silly names lurks the stunning session force of Preston 'Sticks' Heyman, Nico 'Ace' Ramsden, Felix 'Arizona' Krish and 'Count' Ben Barson, better known as The Stapleton All-Stars.

Played loud enough, this album will knot your knees and cause you to attack your own hair with fistfulls of brilliantine.

It's doo-wop — it's the *real thing!!*

Mark Ellen

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Mr. Verlaine Unwraps

TOM VERLAINE
Tom Verlaine *(Elektra)*

Maybe it's only a fleeting impression, but an initial acquaintance with Tom Verlaine's quietly unannounced solo album suggests that he's getting lonely in that garret.

Verlain still seems a lean and hungry man, and he's remained in the centre ring, on his own case, talking in brinkmanship terms but keeping his muse sharp and active. A likeable man he may not be, but an artist with a peculiarity appealing ascetic bent he remains.

Besides which, Verlaine's basic aesthetic hasn't altered appreciably this past twelvemonth. Fred Smith is still there on bass and the replacement of drummer Billy Ficca with Jay Dee Daugherty retains all the flexibility the songs demand, the freedom and friction between alternate states of sloppiness and razor sharp tension. Verlain calls all the shots on guitars, keyboards, vocals and production (assisted by John Jansen, Bob Clearmountain and the ineffible Sterling Sound), while his own progress as a rhythm guitarist more than compensates for the loss of traded angles with Lloyd.

It's more and more apparent that Verlaine takes his art form seriously, but he obviously had some fun too 'cos for once the idiosyncrasies of his jagged compositions are balanced by clean cutting dynamics and that genius for breaking new ground using old formulas. Starting with 'The Grip Of Love', an evocative spiral staircase of sardonic imagery and skeletal, deadpan hard rock, Verlain reveals a taste for the direct rhythm. Nothing but *nothing* gets in the way of the punch.

The Hendrix archivist and session musician Allan Schwartzberg assumes the drumming mantle for the side's most slippery moments. 'Souvenir From A Dream' is almost a re-run of the Television story, a warped, crumbling picture built on hatred of the chemical obstacles that obscured their progress, yet it revolves around full-blooded melodic block chording which is entirely lush and comfortable. Verlaine's own keyboard playing, bubbling tinny organ and dense piano, draws out the soft parade of bitterness and exorcises the nightmare.

'Kingdom Come' has more in common lyrically with the courtly metaphors and medieval otherworldliness of side two but that past is still biting deep when Verlaine sings the chorus *"I'll be breaking these rocks until the kingdom comes/And cutting this hay — it's my price to pay"* it becomes hard to believe that he was the insensitive, hair-shirted animal he was painted out to be.

By contrast 'Mr Bingo' and the inscrutable, slight but engaging 'Yonki Time' are jokey, albeit sarcastic. The former is probably a diatribe directed against Verlaine's former employer Terry Ork. It utilises a slow, underhand rhythm and a zippy electric blues top layer that sparkles with unusually pitched harmonica and sublime psychedelic excursions. Neat.

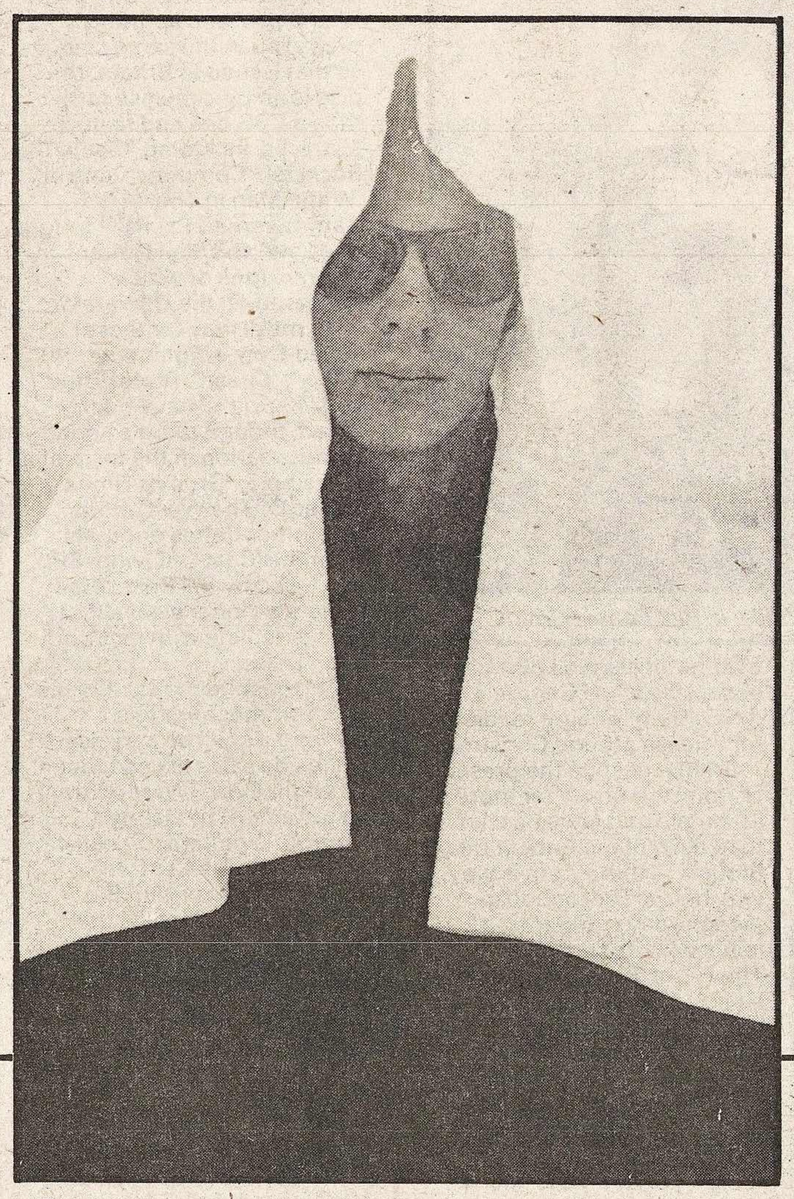
This equation of substance and content is all the more interesting on side two where Verlaine seems to have got the grisly details out of his system and is ready to take on a whole other frame of reference. Lyrically the thread of lovers' courtesies and strangely archaic environments is spun throughout four songs building up to the lump in the throat helplessness of 'Breakin' In My Heart' that closes the album on a peak of perfection. The style is akin to Television's most enigmatic excursions like 'The Dream's Dream' or 'Torn Curtain', Verlaine's sparse cast list is regal, characters move like chess pieces in a cloud castle, all very spiritual in fact. Perhaps Verlaine has discovered religion too? He's certainly more elegiac than ever before.

The expansion of Tom's structural vocabulary to include a metaphoric prison of the souls is not as pompous as its description makes it sound. The gist of 'Flash Lightning' and 'Red Leaves' is simple enough, great driving, tuneful, inspired rock and roll with a myriad fine edges to involve the listener beyond surface meaning. 'Red Leaves' is Verlaine doing what he does best, ripping the possibilities of the genre apart and reconstructing them anew. 'Last Night' is such an instance, the album's one straightforward compliment and heartfelt beauty. Cloying and delicious.

So far so good, n'est-ce pas, Tom? The pearls fall out in profusion all through but the last jewel is the proof. 'Breakin' In My Heart' is six minutes of Verlaine over-reaching his former self-restraint and letting the powercharge of suppressed emotions flood out like one huge, swelling wave. The excellent Ricky Wilson (B-52s) drives down the rhythm guitar beat while Fred and Dee close up the cracks letting Verlaine go free. It's sublime, a continuous loop of soaring acid crystal fret work, so jaunty and tense that it rolls off the neck like an alchemical explosion.

And the cover? It says a lot, with Verlaine's lanky, gawking frame looking the buyer in the eye and looking very happy with itself too. As well it might. He still sings like a kind of cartoon beaver but I've even got to like him for that. The ice has cracked after all.

Max Bell



TV in the ice zone again? Pic: Andrew Kent

CURTIS MAYFIELD
Heartbeat *(RSO)*

It's always been my contention that Curtis Mayfield doesn't really sing but rather squeezes his voice out over a song. And because I'm a squeeze believer, I just don't believe that it's possible for Mayfield to turn in a poor on-record performance. If he fails, then either the song's wrong, the arrangement's a loser or the producer was a jerk. End of eulogy.

"Heartbeat', the first Curtom production for RSO, serves to prove my point admirably. A tale of three cities — it contains sessions recorded in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago — the album loses out on the tracks recorded at Philly's Sigma Sounds, where the aptly named "Harris Machine' (Norman Harris and Ronald Tyson) production reduces Mayfield to being just a sob (but not a slob) on a disco soundtrack, a human emotion struggling vainly to be heard amid games of sonic ping-pong, rhythm stick thrashings and hammed-up orgasms.

Bunny Sigler, who produced the New York sessions, also employs that sound like wayward Asdic on 'What Is My Woman For?', though this particular horror is somewhat negated by Fred Wesley's strangely hypnotic arrangement, full of front and rear brass riffs. 'Get Over The Bump' and 'You Better Stop', the other Sigler-Wesley-Mayfield collaborations, stick more to the business in hand. And, though oddly mixed — at times, Mayfield would appear to be accompanying the rhythm section rather than the reverse — are admirable dance records and maybe even more.

But it's the tracks self-produced by Mayfield on his Chicago homeground that make most sense. More gentle and warmer, they focus down on the voice, Gil Askey seeking only to compliment and not dominate with his trio of charts. So once more, the teardrop explodes and all's right with the world — especially when Curtis almost reverts to doo-wop on his 'Between You Baby and Me' duet with Linda Clifford.

"You're so nice, a lot of talent, I like it. You're so smooth and serious and I can be persuaded," she warbles. Understandable, of course. When Mayfield produces Mayfield, almost anyone can be persuaded.

Philadelphia 0, Chicago 10.

Fred Dellar

Duffle-coat chic

MANFRED MANN
Semi-Detached Suburban *(EMI)*

"There she was, just a-walking down the street singing DO WAH DIDDY DIDDY." Very odd, but these were the Swinging '60s, after all. The guy's only got to follow her, singing ditto, and they're set up for life. They probably deserved each other.

Uh huh, it was the Man-freds — and now, courtesy of this '20 Geat Hits Of The Sixties' compilation from EMI, you can revel in that and 19 other such gems of bespectacled British beat, ten a side and nicely wrapped to boot.

This is my cup of meat. From 'Mighty Quinn' to 'Hubble Bubble', 'Sha La La' to 'Semi-Detached Suburban Mr James', the Manfred Mann group stuffed the years '64 thru '69 with a stream of inspired, intelligent pop music, and the best of it's all here.

The big problem was, of course, that they looked too sane and boring to either enrage or infatuate the way most of their contemporaries did. Like The Hollies, themselves 25-hit wonders, they ended up as chart statistics more than the stuff Rock Dreams are made of. Offstage, the rumours went, they'd get up to capers like reading books and listening to proper music.

All the same, just as the Manfreds' '54321' provided the theme for the ultimate pop programme 'Ready Steady Go', so their roll call of songs developed into the perfect '60s soundtrack — pepped-up R'n 'b ('got My Mojo Working') earnestly youthful protest ('With God On Our Side') and quasi-psychedelic weirdness ('My Name Is Jack'): the transition from monochrome beat to technicolour rock.

Needless to say, this album's attractive packaging makes shameless use of the music's nostalgia quotient; somehow even the disembodied keywords "scooters" and "parkas" find their way on to the sleeve, though Manfred Mann reminds me more of bicycles and duffle-coats.

More to the point, this collection does commemorate the band's best achievements. 'Pretty Flamingo', sung by Paul Jones and with Jack Bruce on bass and harmonies, must be one of the most beautiful pop songs ever, and 'Fox On The Run', sung by Jones' successor Mike D'Abo, is a neglected classic (bass at this stage being handled by Klaus Voorman).

Also included are four Dylan numbers, for Manfred did a lot to persuade us the obscure American was just not hip, but listenable too — a curious parallel with Manfred's recent espousal of Bruce Springsteem's cause.

And what else? There's 'Ha Ha Said The Clown', 'Oh No Not My Baby' and, one of the few self-written hits, Paul Jones' witty 'The One In The Middle'. Plus a few more besides and readable sleeve-notes by guitarist Tom McGuiness.

Get this or be ridiculous.

Paul Du Noyer

"Got the pills for your fever chills . . ." Pic: J.B. Sohiez

Doc 'Tado I & I Presume

DOCTOR ALIMANTADO
King's Bread *(Ital Sounds)*

Doctor Alimantado, I presume!

Doctor Winston (Thompson) Alimantado opens up his practice after a short time and time of rejuvenation and meditation in both this nation and t'other one.

If the unharvested field of er, unspecified herbs which surround the good physician on the cover of King's Bread' in anything to go by he must be quite fit; fit for quite what I wouldn't like to say.

Ital Sounds is Alimantado's own label, as will be known already by those fortunate enough (near enough Babylon's record stores) to happen across such pre-release titles as have been pre-released thereon. ('Pre-release': a semi-'official' import taster of a tune and its dub, which often ends up constituting the genuine commercial article itself. The reasons behind this operation must lead inevitably to discussion of another oft heard JA phrase, 'Soon come'. What does this mean? *Soon come . . .*

'King's Bread' is something of a companion volume to the Doc's last collection, 'Best Dressed Chicken In Town'. Something of a new print, something of a similar collection. The roots and ends left over from that last album's zany, slanted dub-wizzy pot pourri are tied up: 'Babylon Let I Go', 'Conscious Man', 'Jah Love Forever', 'Mama Mama'.

These are carried off in different stages or states of redefinition; it's a linear collection, it makes sense. An ital jigsaw — well rounded, well in place. Alimantado sings rather than talks, and there is none of the more abstract social commentary which 'Chicken' engendered. The Heptones lend a helping chorus, as does Marcia Henry.

It's a soothing sound, softly heavy: no broken ornaments or shattering dub barriers above your bedroom sound system. The music has all the reggae landscape's accepted, acceptable features in abundance, but they're muted, post-rainfall, treated to accentuate Alimantado's plaintive turn. The music is crammed with droplets, splashes, rapids, falls and even some tentative streaks of sythni-drum; you can sway to it, slowly skank to it, lie to it, sigh to it. But it *isn't* Habitat reggae.

A singing album that just isn't; it wriggles its way out of classification. The voice permeates the music, the music permeates the voice, and the end circumvents the means somewhere in the middle. The one-drop horns, the dingly guitars and roaring bass refuse to sit still — the music on 'King's Bread' is contemporary deconstructed Jamaican soul music.

The success of 'Best Dressed Chicken' got the Doc a hospitable reputation of the highest order, and though I can't see 'Bread' doing as well, it certainly won't damage his (true) stardom; in fact, it's probably a wisely low-profile move designed to keep the man's head as much on his shoulders as in the ether.

(You can see he Himself The Doctor over advertising one of his greatest hits in Don Lett's *Rankin' Movie,* a bit over the top, a bit of *cool* burning in the pants.)

Now then, dread, *how about some live action???*

Ian Penman

P.S. Ital Consumer's Guide Note: 'King's Bread' is literally the *heaviest* long playing record album we've come across in a long time — one of those thick, brick-like lumps of Jamaican music business craftsmanship that glides like a limousine on your turntable.

CHUCK BERRY
Rockit *(ATCO Import)*
The first Chuck Berry album in many years and who'd've thought there'd be so little to say about it?

This is the album that Dave Edmunds refused to produce, and history will prove that he was right. It's a pity, actually, because if Edmunds had been able to beef up the backing tracks and persuade the veteran rock and roll huckster to put a little more wrist into his picking, the album might have survived three or four plays before starting to sound drab.

As it is, Berry produced the album himself, and despite the presence of Kenny Buttrey on drums and Jimmy Johnson (a veteran of Berry's '50s glory days on Chess) on piano, the effect is strictly flyweight. The magical guitar sounds sloppy and listless, the vocals (irritatingly double-tracked nearly all the way through all the songs) are a mere caricature of the old sly bravado. The songs are populated with stick figures pretending to enjoy themselves. Depressing ain't the word.

A superficial gloss of warm familiarity surrounds the album like fine mist over the first play. A sympathetic listener can imagine the kind of energy-shove that'd make 'Move It', the opener, attain its objective, but after that the listlessness that seems to be affecting Berry spreads to the listener. 'Oh What A Thrill' scales the highest peaks of vapidity, 'House Lights' could be a groove bashed out by a gang of kids at the Nashville whilst 'Pass Away', the closer, is a genuine oddity. All in all though you'd need a lot of change out of what you're being asked to pay for this album to make it a worthwhile investment.

A more pallid contrast to the authoritative, triumphant Jerry Lee Lewis comeback album of earlier this year could hardly be imagined. Apart from 'Tulane' and 'Have Mercy Judge', Chuck Berry still hasn't written and recorded any decent new material since the end of the Golden Decade. Watch out, all you rock and rollers, gaze upon Berry and beware. Chuck B.'s in schtuck . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND
This Boot Is Made For Fonk-N *(Warner Brothers)*
Hot Doggit, I gotta connect.

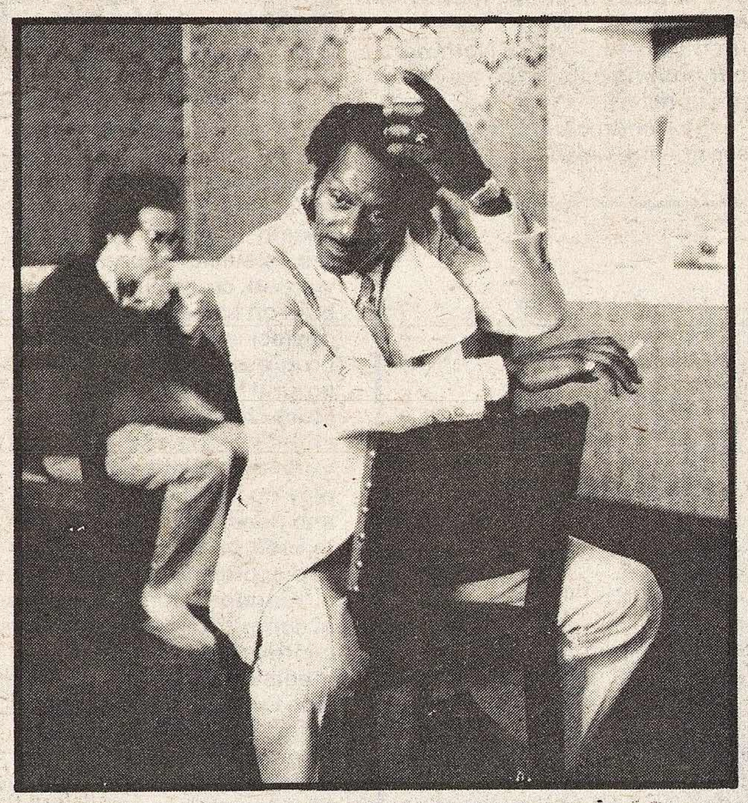
Dance the Super Hip-Notic, the Trans-A Phonic, the Mobilastic. Get down with The Rump Child, the Sleepin' Bootys and The Bun Dance Kid. (Note on the album sleeve: "Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Listening To This Album May Cause High Butt Pleasures.")

Bootsy's back — and if the funk gets too hot for your rump, turn the other cheek. He's brought the entire Parliament, Funkadelic, Brides Of Funkenstein, Parlet, Bun Patrol experience along with him and it's no wonder that they all sound the same these days. They all share the session fees, and every song is a joint Bootsy/George Clinton composition.

What else can I say, except that 'This Boot' is six more stacks of juicy, wriggling, e-lectric, jivey, butt-twisting, pure funk boogie music, that in a matter of minutes it gets tedious as hell, that it cuts less than zero without the obligatory gross-out visuals and that the cover's so tacky that, in the wrong light, it recalls Zappa's 'Overnite Sensation'?

Have a feet attack, blow you funk alarm, wave your jam fan, see ya at Boot Camp!! Shake yours. Don't wait if I'm late.

Mark Ellen



Hmmm, I guess he really don't like it. Pic: Pennie Smith

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS
Better Than The Rest *(MCA)*
Better than the rest of *what?* Better than the rest of George Thorogood's albums? Hardly. Better than the rest of America's blues-based white rockers? Fair enough, since Johnny Winter's mostly out to lunch when he doesn't have Muddy Waters keeping him in line and J. Geils ain't really in the R&B biz any more. Better than most of MCA's standard product? Certainly, but that isn't saying an awful lot.

What we got here is a case of the old "megalith record company snaps up rights to five-year-old demos by Hot Act and whacks 'em out to capitalise on current success" syndrome. The fact that this stuff dates from '74 is only acknowledged on the sleeve in the smallest of small print, and — understandably enough — GT and his current label Rounder Records (Soney over here) are well pissed off, especially since George's real new album is being readied for release around Christmas.

Briefly, despite the presence of Ron Levine — a far more articulate and agile bassist than current incumbent Billy Blough — this album is way, *way* below Thorogood's present-day standards. It leads with its best shot on 'In The Night-Time', a pitiless, sulphuric exercise in R&B dynamics which would make a more than reasonable single, but in general the '74-edition Thorogood lacks the ease, confidence and authority which makes rockin' out Destroyers-style such a major pleasure for us blues-loving folks. This music is young and noisy and it tries hard (way too hard on numbers like Eddie Cochran's 'My Way'), but all in all, my rock and roll yardstick says it up measureth not.

Charles Shaar Murray

IMPORTS

One of the hottest import albums around right now is the American version of **The Clash's** debut shot. Still titled 'The Clash' and sporting pretty much the same sleeve as that issued in Britain, the disc is an Epic release rather than a CBS one and features 15 tracks, including 'Clash City Rockers', 'Complete Control', 'White Man In The Hammersmith Palais' 'I fought The Law' and 'Jail Guitar Doors', none of which appeared on the UK version.

To make way for these culled-from-singles cuts, 'Deny', 'Cheat,' 'Protex Blue' and '48 Hours' have been sliced, though there's added compensation in the form of a free single, 'Groovy Times' / 'Gates Of The West', both Strummer-Jones originals from the 'Cost Of Living' EP, produced by Bill Price. Also there's an inner sleeve that comes replete with pics and song lyrics.

But, despite the excellence of Strummer and Co's offering, I shall be surprised if Stateside sales exceed those of 'Night Eyes' (Warner Bros), a solo album by **Danny Douma,** a guitarist-vocalist whose last Job Centre assignment was with Big Wha-Koo. Not that it's the most mind-blowing affair currently bearing the obligatory MCPS stamp — fact is, that it's just another extremely well produced chunk of LA pleasantness, easy to live with, easy to live without. But it comes decorated with quite palatable contributions from such as Mick Fleetwood, John and Christine McVie, Amos Garrett, Lindsey Buckingham, Garth Hudson and Eric Clapton and it seems unlikely that WEA, so well versed in the alchemist's art of turning California tin into chart gold, will fail to find a suitably sweetened single with which to make an initial breakthrough.

Personally, I'd lay my chips on 'Hate You', a truck-on-downer that has Clapton sliding most persuasively while the Mac elect to become the year's most expensive rhythm section. The opening 'Hurt To Pride', which comes medium-tough, and 'Doncha Break My Heart', a dum-de-dum drift and dreamer which benefits from David Woodford's acrid sax, would also seem to possess the kind of potential all American A&R men dream of when anticipating next week's assault on the airwaves.

But as me ol' mate the Vicar of Bray once said, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. **Marlena Shae** obviously subscribes to this theory. Once a jazz singer of some portent, she's given more than a nod or two in the direction of funk and disco throughout the years — but the first side of 'Take A Bite', her latest CBS release, would seem to indicate a wholesale sell-out. Produced by Meco Monardo and Tony Bongiovi, two names guaranteed to strike terror into the hearts of rockers everywhere, it's a non-stop disco medley, arranged by Harold Wheeler, which utilises "It Was A Very Good Year' to link such items as "I thank You', 'Touch Me In The Morning' and 'Love Dancin' '.

Side two is more acceptable, Marlena ringing the changes on mainly self-penned songs, arranged by Bobby Bryant and interspersed by what she chooses to call 'Shaw-biz' raps. Oddly enough, this side contains one of her strongest bids for the Travolta trophy in a song titled 'No One Yet'. But then, this is a funny old world, ain't it? I still can't figure out why Columbus didn't fall off the edge.

Fred Dellar

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We also know how little you've been able to hear each of them. So we've brought out a special record featuring all eleven. It's yours for the price of an envelope and stamp.† Which is a very silly price for a very silly record. †*While stocks last.*

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*Delete as applicable and as well as the record, we'll send you a useful booklet about banking with Barclays.
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BLOCK CAPITALS
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Post to John Lawson, Barclays Bank Ltd., Juxon House, 94 St. Paul's Churchyard, London EC4 (6th Floor). Please allow 21 days for delivery.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Aylesbury Friars: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Starjets**
Birmingham East Birmingham Hospital: **Ricky Cool and the Icebergs**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Au Pairs**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Blackpool Viking Hotel: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers (until September 5)**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Dogwatch**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Lillettes, Golinski Bros.**
Bristol Club 78: **Paul Maine / The Recover**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Free Flight**
Burntwood Troubador: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Castleford Bradley Arms: **Proposition 31**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Money**
Colne Union Hotel: **The Bombers**
Eastleigh Crown Inn: **Scissor Fits**
Glasgow Count Down: **All This And More**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Snapshots**
Hanley The Place: **Bitter Suite**
Hayes Adam and Eve Club: **Fire Exit**
Hayle Penmore Hotel: **Lip Service**
Heswall Alexander Hall: **The Shattered Dolls**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **George Melly**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **March Of The Mods Tour?**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Matchbox, Here & Now, Blank Space, Horrible Nerds**
Leeds Football Club: **Selecter**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Vye**
London Brixton Spiv: **Paul Rogers and Paul Spanton**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Local Operator**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Thriller**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Deptford Albany: **The Subteraneans, The Leopards, Red Tape, The Flatbackers**
London Edgware Whitchurch Boys Club: **The Wimps**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Charlie Ainley and the Misdemeanour**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **The Cannibals**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lee Fardon & The Legionaires**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **A Teardrop Explodes / Echo & The Bunnymen**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & The Isaacs**
London Marquee: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Lies All Lies**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Neville Dickie Trio**
London Tooting The Castle: **Tich Turner's Roaring '80s**
London Victoria the Venue: **Sad Cafe**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
London WC2 Bunters: **Perfect Strangers**
Manchester The Factory: **Blacka Bullett, President HiFi**
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Red House: **Hot Snax**
Norwich Boogie House: **Agony Column**
Norwich Cromwells: **Spookey**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Port Talbot Troubador: **Invaders**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Heather Whittaker**
Sheffield Limit: **Shake**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Hollywood Wires**
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: **The OK Band**
St. Helens Railway: **Mistress**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **The Dooleys**
Tonbridge The Harvester: **En Route**
Wellingborough B.R. Social Sports Club: **Hounddog**

Fylde Folk Festival, Lancashire: **Gary & Vera Aspey / New Victory Band / Bill Caddick / Pete & Chris Coe / The Taverners / Bernard Wrigley / Muckram Wakes / Roy Harris / Ossian, etc.**
Hanley The Place: **Bitter Suite**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Cowboys International**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Heathcliffe**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Acton The Windmill: **Lies All Lies**
London Brixton Spiv: **John Corbetts Affinity Orchestra**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Axis Point**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Warm Jets / En Route**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Stagefright**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Pressure Shocks**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **On The Air**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Live Wire**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **The Clones**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Immigrant**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Madness, The Working Boys / The Vapours**
London Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Crazy Cavan 'n The Rhythm Rockers**

Friday

Aberdeen University Union: **The Squibs**
Basildon Double Six: **Teen Beats**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Invaders**
Birmingham Barrel organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Bishop's Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Abandoned Vehicle**
Bournemouth St Stephen's Hall: **Amba, Icarus**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Tinsels**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **Woody & The Splinters / The Chefs**
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: **Gina 'N The Rockin' Rebels**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Free Flight**
Cambridge The Alma: **Hollywood Wires**
Castleford Bradley Arms: **Agony Column**
Chelmsford Rock Club: **Deep Throats**
Cheltenham Arts Centre: **Here and Now, Astronauts, Mob**
Chester Arts Centre: **Gary Boyle Band**
Coventry Dog and Trumpet: **Kidda Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
Dudley JB's Club: **Straight 8 / The Dazzlers / Starjets**
Dunoon Queens Hall: **Snapshots**
East Retford Porterhouse: **Shake**

London Marquee: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Earthbound**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk & Blues Night**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **First Aid**
Manchester New Century Halls: **Merton Parkas**
Manchester (Saddleworth) Civic Hall: **The Sic / The Treatment / Ian Dagger**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Manchester The Factory: **Teardrop Explodes, Echo and the Bunnymen**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady; **Desmond Dekker**
Newcastle Mayfair; **March of the Mods**
Newport Village Club; **Writz**
Norwich Boogie House: **Dogwatch**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Starjets**
Oldham Civic Hall: **The Dooleys**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **English Subtitles**
Oxford University and City Arms: **The Injections**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Accelerators**
Southend Top Alex: **Street**
Sunderland Mecca Centre: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Chords / The Small Hours**
Todmorden Town Hall: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Truro William IV: **Lip Service**
Uxbridge Unit One: **Scissor Fits / Black Dog**
Yeovil Camelot Suite: **Thieves Like Us**

Saturday

Basildon Double Six: **Dogwatch**
Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Club: **Quartz**
Birmingham (Kings Heath) Hare & Hounds: **The McCalmans**
Birmingham L.S.D. Club: **Here and Now, Spizz Energi**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Rhodes Centre: **Caroline Roadshow**
Bletchley Wilton Hall: **Matchbox**
Bournemouth Unity Club: **Rikki and the Cufflinks**
Brighton Dome: **Shadows**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Sneak Preview**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Sunstroke**
Castelford Bradley Arms: **Agony Column**
Chippingly Village Hall: **The Whaling Snails**
Darlaston Town Hall: **Rezizters**
Dudlet JB's: **The Invaders**
East Retford Porterhouse: **Straight 8 / The Dazzlers / Roy Sundholm Band**
Edinburgh Rock Festival: **Van Morrison / Undertones / Chieftains / Talking Heads / Steel Pulse / Squeeze**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Boyce Band**
Hanley The Place: **Bitter Suite**
Haywards Heath Martlet Hall: **Hank Mizell**

Triad Leisure Centre: **Shader**
West Malling Greenways: **Chris Barber Band**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Arundel Mill Road Car Park: **Short Stories**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Zero 4**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Exit**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Piranhas**
Bromley The Northover: **Bill Scott and Ian Ellis** (lunchtime)
Canterbury Marlowe Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Castleford Bradley Arms: **Agony Column**
Chiddingley Six Bells: **Lillettes**
Coventry Swansall Tavern: **The Bears**
Croydon Fairfield Halls: **Shadows**
Glasgow Burns House: **All This And More**
Hayes Red Lion: **OT Band**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton Brockwell Park: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Cool Notes/Ox Eyes/Spoil Sports/SLF** Free concert

Croydon Fairfield Halls: **Shadows**
Graingemouth International Hotel: **Those French Girls**
Hatfield Red Lion: **Chris Barber Band**
Hayes Red Lion: **The OT Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool Eric's: **Here & Now**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Blitz Kreig, Network, Cheeks**
London Charing X Vespas: **Squire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Skinflicks**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band, Jakko**
London Jermyn Street Maunkberry's (4 days): **Andre De Shiels**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Neville Dickie**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The OK Band**
London Piccadilly Aphrodites: **Johnny Ray (for week)**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Strand Lyceum: **The Invaders**
London Tooting The Castle: **Sister Ray**
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Gosforth Hotel: **Arthur 2 Stroke, The Nose Toys**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Portsmoth Guildhall: **Nils Lofgren**
Poynton Folk Club: **Pete Royle / Terry Walsh / Pat Ryan / Steve Turner / Joe Beard**
Sheffield City Hall: **Boney M**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**

Tuesday

Aldershot Princes Hall: **Dana**
Bath Tiffany's: **Whitewing**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Thursdays: **The Fantastics**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Kay Russia**
Edinburgh Aquarius: **Another pretty Face, The Ettes.**
Flint Raven Hotel: **Seventeen**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Nils Lofgren**
Leicester Jazz Club: **The Jester**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Royal Rasses, King Sound and The Israelites**
London Canning Town The Bridge House: **Tich Turner's Roaring '80s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lowdown**
London Marquee: **Shake**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Haig Trio**
London Wembley Arena: **Boney M**
London W.C.1 Billys Club: **Perfect Strangers**
Midhurst Crown Inn: **Hollywood Wires**
Norwich The Barn: **Here & Now**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Small Hours**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **Brujo**

Wednesday

Belfast Ulster Hall: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Gosport John Peel: **Hollywood Wires**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **Bastille**
Leeds 'F' Club: **Another Pretty Face**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **This Is It**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Madness**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Brainiacs**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **The Dazzlers**
London Hammersmith Swan: **Squire**
London High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Photos**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee: **Merton Parkas**
London Notre Dame Hall: **Here & Now**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk & Blues Showcase**
London Victoria The Venue (5 days): **James Brown**
London Wembley Arena: **Patti Smith Group**
London Wimbledon Nelson's: **Red Beans & Rice**
Maltravers Chequers Inn: **Rikki and the Cufflinks**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Manchester Factory: **Property Of . . ., Rare Device, God's Gift**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Rickie Lee Jones**
Newport Stowaway: **Shake**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Poynton Folk Club: **Dr. Sunshine's Pavement Show**
Sheffield Penthouse: Toyah
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic, Zero 4**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Nils Lofgren**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**

Edinburgh, Saturday: Van Morrison

A. N. Other

?

Cheetahs, Valves, Chieftains

Talking Heads,

Pics from top left clockwise: Pennie Smith, (no credit), Mike Stone, Rob Hall, Paul Canty, Carlo Chinca.

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Undertones, Steel Pulse, Squeeze

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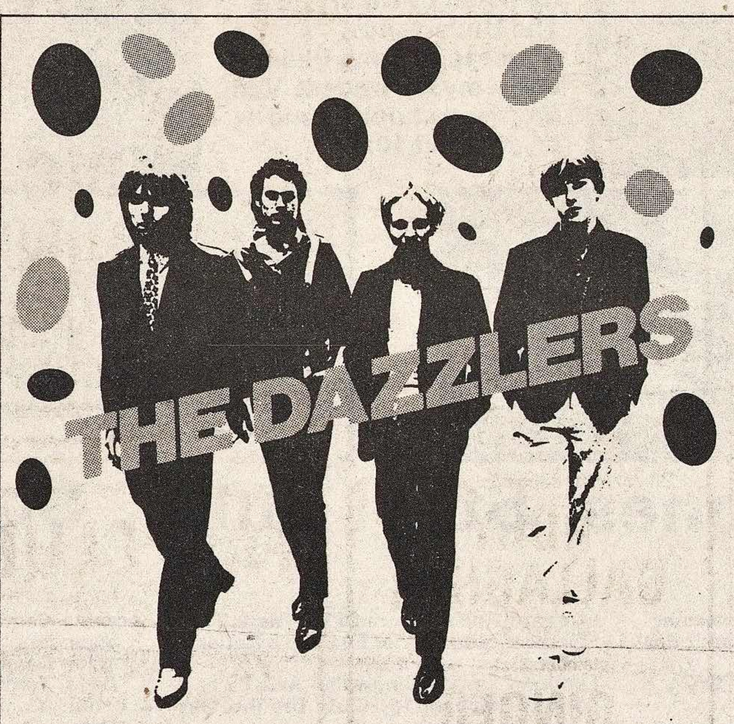

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Dudley JB's		31 "
East Retford Porterhouse	Sept.	1 "
Clapham 101 Club		4*
Fulham Golden Lion		5*
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Newcastle Mayfair		21 "

*Solo appearances

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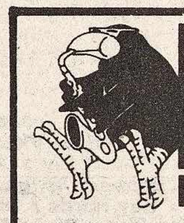

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RDB
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THE CROOKS + THE MODS

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THE ROARING 80's
+ Support

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Fri August 31st
RIKKI COOL + THE ICEBERGS
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Sat Sept 1st
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THE FOUR KINGS
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Sunday Sept 2nd
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dog watch
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Saturday September 1st
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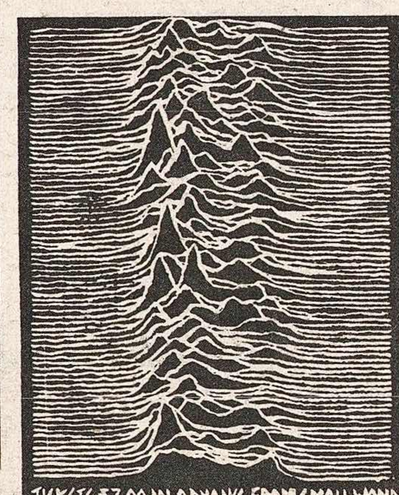

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Mod Night
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31st AUGUST

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Sunday 2nd September
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Thursday 30th August

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The Curse Of The
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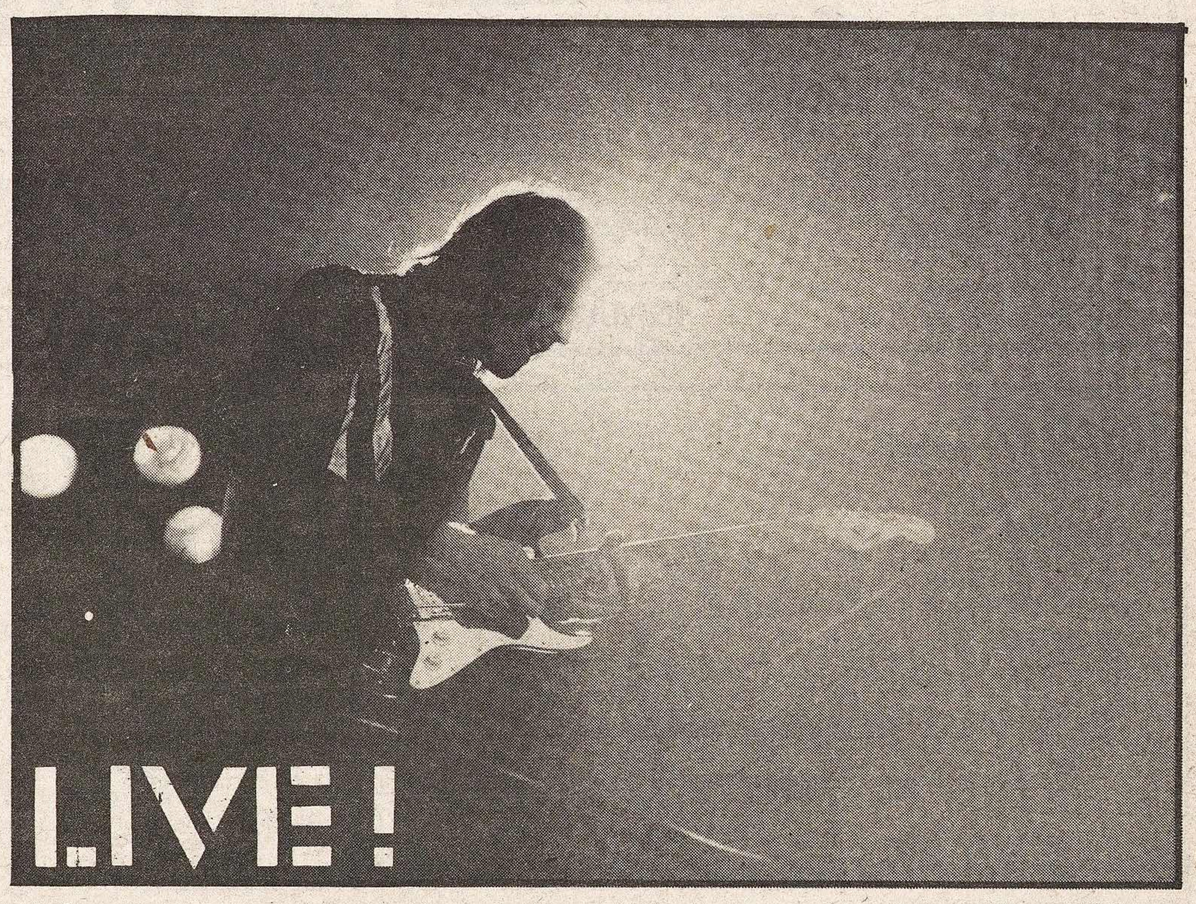
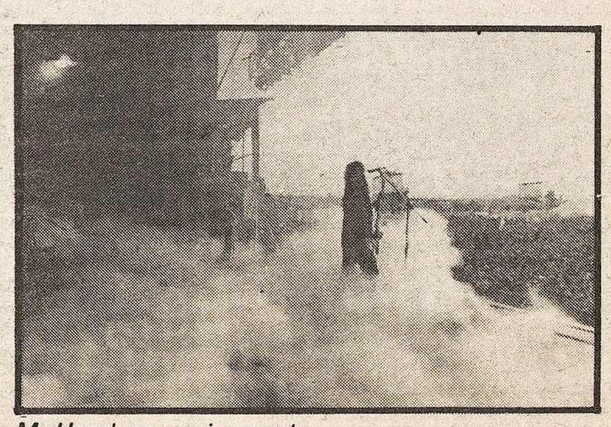


A Scorpion

Trick with Edmunds and Ralphs



M. Head go up in smoke

Grey gloom gathering, and beer-cans underfoot. The blue denim army encamps and plants the tribal flags, but proudly. There's a terrible queue for the toilets.

Oh God, it's Reading again.

But the festival freak is a hardy character, voracious in his appetites and obscure in his pleasures. Why does he come, how can he enjoy it? I don't know, but he must; and I'm moved with a vague admiration. It's possibly no coincidence that most people seem to be here for Motorhead.

It's three o'clock, it looks like rain and we've got eight solid hours of music ahead, starting from NOW.

First up on the right-hand stage come a five-piece Glasgow band called Bite The Pillow, winners of this year's *Melody Maker* competition. They play a worthy set of dour, sturdy poppish rock, all to a tepid reception of course; but that's the fate of festival-starters everywhere. Next!

The Jags are no conspicuous improvement, but undoubtedly think they are.

They get to work with their brand of brash, conceited, clenched-teeth pop music — very busy and determined, tough and pointless. Like all these purveyors of 'clean, intelligent pop', The Jags are faultless on specifics, but boring in sum total. And they do sound awfully like Elvis Costello.

It was with some relief that I anticipated Punishment Of Luxury, preferring their attempts at individualism to the competent anonymity preceding them.

Sadly, two factors conspired to detract and distract from Punilux's set, the first being that it finally started to rain.

The second problem developed soon after, when the defective elements in the audience decided that can-throwing would be a good idea.

Instantly forming two camps — the punk cretins and the non-punk cretins — the grinning twerps were hurling their cans, Party Sevens not excluded, around with gay abandon. Not surprisingly, the casualties were usually the non-combatants caught in the middle.

Ironically, the disturbances served to undermine the band's contrived, nightmarish isolation.

Feeling obliged to drop their inscrutable stage images and intercede with calls to "cool it" and "there's enough pigs out there to fight, don't fight each other", Punilux were compelled to perform without that habitual and cynical insularity — and were the better for it.

By the final number, 'Brian Bomb', their cold and stroppy rhythms had accumulated an undeniable strength and effectiveness.

But the old obstacle remains: how does a group like Punishment Of Luxury, or the following act Doll By Doll, achieve the right kind of dark and concentrated intensity amidst all that remote, day-lit vastness? Is a big festival geared to anything other than straight-ahead boogie, high on the volume and low on the visuals?

Whether Doll By Doll meant very much to this crowd is hard to say. Certainly the only real response came as Jackie Leven promised 'The Palace Of Love' would be the last number; and he looked strangely pleased by the huge ironic cheers his announcement drew.

But then, it hadn't been a set for pandering or making concessions anyway; especially blatant was their technique of dawdling, simply standing there in between songs, so aggravating the popular impatience as if intent on drawing out the crowd's latent hostility.

I found Doll By Doll's performance impressive and imposing; their music is impassive but emotional, full of emotions felt yet barely expressed.

Perversely, the sun chose this of all sets to beam benignly down.

And The Cure were pretty good too.

Looking as though they were actually pleased to be there (the first to pull off that stunt all day) the Three Imaginary Boys dispelled any reservations about their occasionally specious obscurity. And they did it by producing a highly attractive noise, bright and undemanding but without being facile or particularly orthodox.

Finishing up with 'Killing An Arab', and then called back for the day's first encore, The Cure may have been Friday's truest success in terms of unknown-quantities-making-good.

Five down and four to go.

With two stages working alternately, the acts quickly follow each other; which is admirable in principle but just a little gruelling in practice . . .

Thankfully, Wilko's next. There's nothing I'd enjoy better right now than a blast of dirty old R'n'B and, bless 'em, that's just what The Solid Senders are in the mood to provide.

In encouragingly good voice, the demonic nutter leads his band (just Russell Strutter on bass and Alex Bines on drums) through a set of the sort there's no arguing with.

From 'Dr Dupree' through 'She Does It Right' to 'Back In The Night', Johnson pumps out the vital sound, the very heartbeat of rock 'n' roll — only breaking his chilled silence to announce the Dylan encore: "Well he may have got religion but I can remember all the way down 'Highway 61' . . ."

And so, it seemed, could everyone else.

But now, as the dusk approached and the big stage-centre video screen opened for business, it was time for the chief matter at hand — and that means Motorhead.

"*Overkill!*" cried Lemmy, and he needn't have added another word all night. Up to their gun-belts in hell-fire smoke, wild-eyed and fangs bared — this, one felt, was *it*.

And God *it* was horrible, the unlovliest noise in creation, filthy and thick and defiantly void of any redeeming feature save the integrity of its own unrepentant grossness.

"Ah well, fuck the PA," decided the debonair frontman. "This is 'No Class'!"

And it was. And yes, everything was louder than everything else.

Of course, there's an appealing purity to the concept of Motorhead, and their unpretentious good-time honesty is vastly preferable to any other brand of Heavy Metal I know. But enough, as they say, is enough, so the reviewer deserted his post for a swift beer and dead-animal buttie.

I could have missed them switching to an acoustic madrigal for viola, flute and triangle, but somehow I doubt it.

As if to provide a strategic lull between Motorhead's onslaught and the official bill-toppers, came The Tourists.

A cluttered-looking outfit in post-mod pre-hippie '60s wear, they bounced with ragged enthusiasm through a very well-received display of clever, vintage pop. Led on vocals by Peet Coombes and vivacious Anne Lennox, their music seemed too full of ideas to possess sufficient direction. Opening with 'Blind Among The Flowers' they included the interesting 'Useless Duration Of Time' and the naggingly Beatle-ish 'Loneliest Man In The World' and enjoyed themselves a lot. Can't say I did.

Which leaves us with our headliners, The Police.

In his parka and Bob Marley badge, singer Sting immediately took control of the proceedings and duly led the band to their predictable triumph.

Live, The Police can harness their energy like a coiled spring. They run through songs of uninspired conception, but with brilliant execution, full of space and rebound.

Somehow they've contrived an immaculate blend of orthodox rock with reggae and boast, above all, one of the best new white voices I've heard in years.

And yet The Police's music doesn't move me. They could, on paper, be the perfect group but, for me, their sound doesn't live. It's hard to know why.

Taking in 'I'm So Lonely', 'Fall Out' and 'Message In A Bottle' the trio excelled without any noticeable difficulty — a clean commercial machine, a success.

'Roxanne' and 'Can't Stand Losing You' were duly brought in to begin wrapping up the set and, for that matter, the first day.

Can I go home now, please?

Scummy Saturday
by Ian Penman

The rows of temporary accommodation are a soggy watermark on something like a sheet of times gone by : the sorry spectacle of a repressed grand 'dream' turned sour — the last, soft spasms of a collective consciousness rooted in '60s liberal gobshite progressiveness.

It is a lumpen adventure constructed around frozen movement pretending to keep the 'youth culture' trek moving. The trick is to keep you eyes shut and try to igmore the sober 'one-mind' atmosphere of the numbed thousands, shrivelled up sleeping-bag moths spaced around a solitary Calor gas flame, burning up and going out onto a plain of cosmic slop.

Pond'ring the intricate mazes of mud, they obey, silently viewing in a polythene torment; buried there in deep Reading to redeem themselves and perish.

And keep a welcome in the bad trips tent!

The '60s' metaphysical liberals chant in unison: *They're (we're) just looking for some truths, man!*

There aren't any sillybugger 'truths' to be found, and the underlying assumptions in the (a) social organisation of something like the Reading Festival stink to high heaven, as well as riding opposite to what could possibly be considered at all healthy or radical in current beat music.

The form is decrepit, malignant, and designed around the cult of the performer in all its glorification of things mostly male: a time-wasting jigsaw puddle of hackneyed poses, hollow lyrics, pretty colours, jaundiced jams.

Who isn't sick to death with such morose complacency? Who finds the least bit of tolerance?

The dialectics of such festivity haven't shifted from a sickly regressive, spineless sediment of hippy lightheadedness (language constructed around too many tabs, *maaaaaan . . .*); this persons's Saturday view of it found a patch of dreary, scummy acts that didn't touch upon what we phenomenologists term 'reality' as it is socially lived.

The whole signified cultural stagnation: a scrap broth of oafish, forlorn, thoughtless entertainment; a childish exhibitionism which couldn't possibly help, heal, smash, or change a thing. It doesn't even begin to try. *How pathetic!*

The staggered running order was obviously planned to make personal or critical departures, omissions or misses literally irrelevant.

Who cares if Thin Lizzy were replaced by The Scorpions?

Is there any point in speculating on how relatively nauseating the respective HM fabrics might be?

Are tight leather trousers psychologically pseudo-relative?

Do you wanna boogie?? *Yeah???*

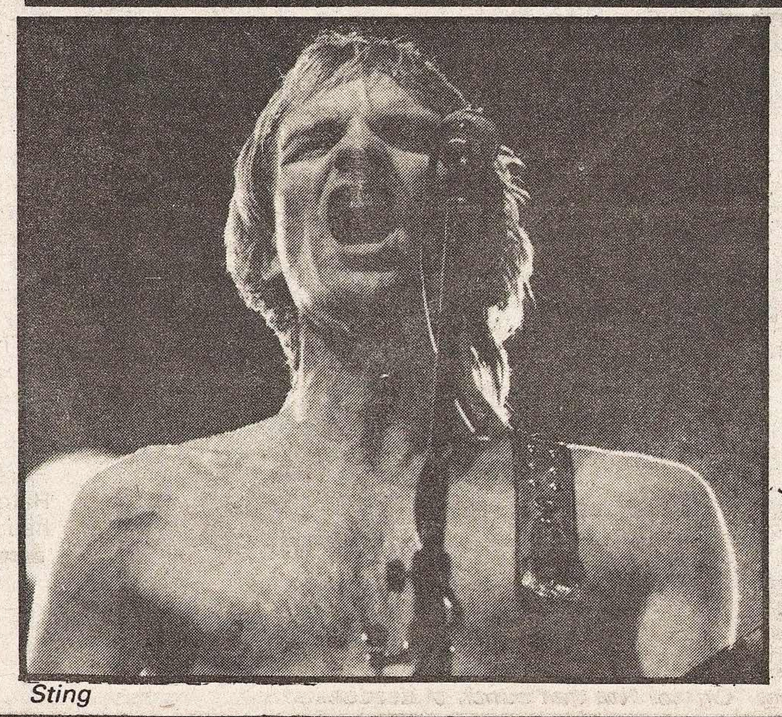
At the bottom of th bill lurk token 'quirky' starters, cruelly exposed to the light of the early afternoon — mouldy socks at the bottom of a laundry basket.

Acts like the poppy, silly Yachts and the sloppy, silly Root Boy Slim; neither of which seemed to have any reason to come to one end of a large field and make noises at an audience of one thousand and one raincheaters. In small clubs either could construct some manner of personal tableau — like it or loath it — whereas at Reading they just evaporated.

The Yachts were like apply scrumpers — frisky but harmless; and Root boy Slim a tedious Chamber Of Horrors gimmick. In common they have potential for Children's Hour pop shows.

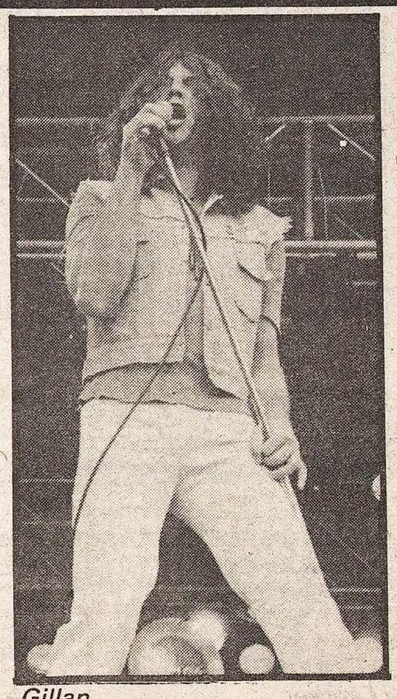
The Movies started off the day's buffalo hunt proper with a curt display of moderate stamping and hoofing, antiseptic constructions and shiny solos, enough rusty 'rock' obviousness to warm the cockles of an HM heart.

Fighting Friday
by Paul Du Noyer



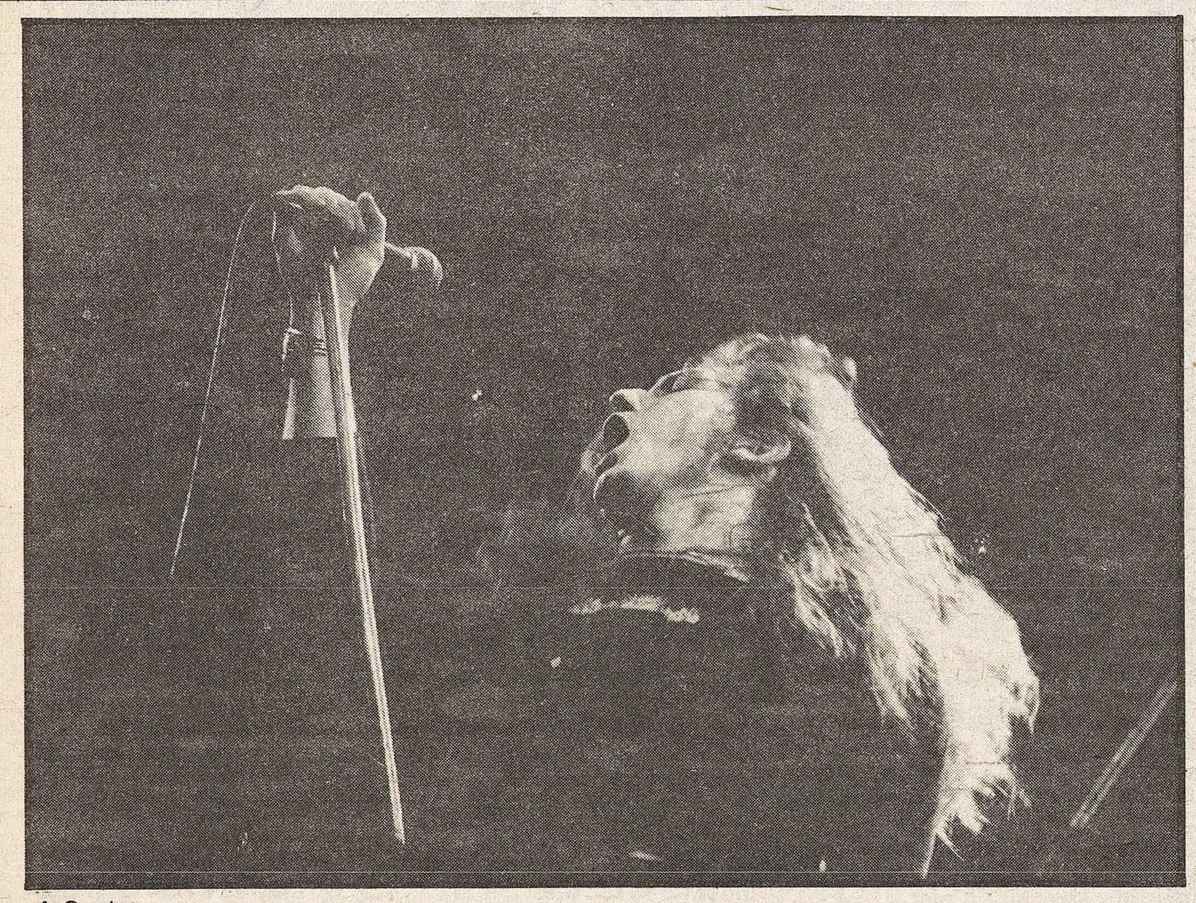
Sting

Wilko



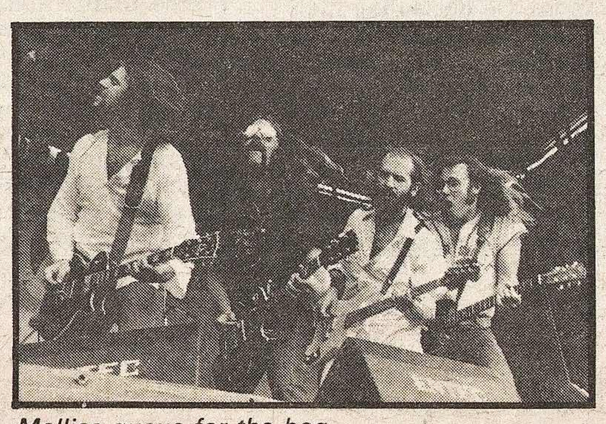
Gillan

Festival
Rock'n'Roll Tomb



A Snake

A Wild Horse forgets his strides



Mollies queue for the bog

They seemed completely pointless: why *are* they doing this grubby '74/'75 pastiche?

The gap bridged, on trundled the annoying might of the species Likely Lads, represented by Bram Tchaikovsky and Gillan.

Little to choose from, little to comment upon, such units fulfil the measly criteria they have set themselves: they function.

There is, to sum up the *oeuvre* in the words of Sam Beckett: "Nothing to express, nothing with which to express, nothing from which to express, no power to express, no desire to express, together with the obligation to express".

That's it exactly: it sounds like they feel they're *obliged* to play 'rock and roll'. Blamblamblam. Zero minus. Crotches thrust forward, amplification maximum, larynges stretched. The verb to boogie . . . infinitely . . .

Cheap trick play a professional, 'humorous' strain of Butlins boogie, manipulating their energies more craftily, but just as tediously as their British counterparts. Two of them are all cheek-bone and candy floss hair, the others goofy and slobbish; one axis is supposed to level out the ludicrous other — I'm not sure which yet.

Their 'witty' wisdom is just a perfected, packaged over-kill, the twee accentuation of their chosen profession. Famous boogie men Dave Edmunds and Mick Ralphs came on for an afternoon jam, and simply served to heighten the obvious obviousness of it all.

At least one *NME* critic dozed off (did he fall or was he spiked?).

Heavyweight skanking champs Inner Circle provided the only glimmer of *iry* feeling music throughout the whole wan, woolly affair. They looked as though they had a purpose beyond upping their bank balance, looked as though there were enjoying the audience/performer relation, clowned about and played spiky dance music.

Only during their brief set was it possible to see any potential in the open air event: the light fading, bonfires burning, illegal smells lingering, legs skanking, the police being insulted and the onstage sound considerate and multi-sided.

Inner Circle affect the weather by playing rather than working, and got possibly the best reception of the day.

Everything then jumped straight from Inner Circle's jolly, Jumblies' jump music straight into the Nitzsckean psycho-drama of foreign hobgoblins, The Scorpions.

They were the last act on.

Steve Hackett must have opted out or else the *NME* critic had been spiked — and the least tolerable of all, with their supremely distanced and contemptuous thunder'n'strutting. The only relation between such a group and its audience seems to be a sado-masochistic one; I'm not sure which way round yet.

Their language is formalised Heavy Metal, the bottom line, basic and bombastic, urged on by its own asinine fury, and little else.

Road construction crews are as equally noisy, but paid less.

'Festival' is nothing but an inflated reference to traditional rock perspectives, this year like any other yesteryear's box of ancient and conceited images and noises.

No conversation, no intimacy, no thrills.

Who says it's good to be alive (reviewer)???

All Photographs by George Bodnar

ARE YOU READY TO READ!!!

Are you ready to sleep and dream . . .

And it's another instalment in the long term Rimbaud-ish experiment to understand the attractions of the open air festival; to get to grips with that huge expanse of rock that has given up its fight and is content to soothe itself into the complacency of no return.

And it's another calm lifeless day at Reading; and it's another depressing day of mediocrity, smugness, vacuous solecism, dull submission, habitualness and punctuality. And 20,000 people flock back every year in some formal lemming gesture.

As somebody said: Reading is a roadies' reunion. Everything else is accidental, incidental . . . the crowd, the music, the posers, the critics.

The kind of thing that goes on at Reading actually died in 1975. Honestly.

Sunday had some bright moments. How could it not? Rock and roll is too great and potent not to be able to pierce the lingering misplaced murk now and again.

But mostly it was just stimulating, gratuitous and ersatz vitality; a flow of pseudo-rock energy that enhanced nothing but the stunted egos of the performers. It was the whimpering of the safe and stubborn, sadly uncurious slaves to the discarded ritual of domination, submission, good times, hard times, women, boogie and it's a long way to . . .

This isn't rock'n'roll. This is an epitaph.

The Molly Hatchet Band were, typically, the ashes of a music that burned itself out just as soon as it flared and grunted into existence.

Their comfortable macho-meanness, their affable mellow excess and their ability to rewrite Lynyrd Skynyrd's two songs into less than one, to play this remnant as many times as they were allowed , and simultaneously aclaim Reading as the centre of the rock'n'roll universe could well have made them . . . THE GREATEST GROUP THAT EVER PLAYED THE READING FESTIVAL!!!

Apart from the obvious headliner hits, The Molly Hatchet Band were the day's success.

Wild Horses, The Climax Blues Band, Terra Nova, Speedometers — these square people from the new straight society — were also safe, conditioned and vacant enough to suggest that any one of them could well be the greatest group that ever played etc. . .

David Coverdale's Whitesnake's joyless, fundamentally insouciant and desperately insipid heavy (that is: accurate, composed, and LOUD) rock is the archetype predictable and uninspired underground pop music that gives something like Reading its regressive durability.

Whitesnake are less about rock'n'roll than about the web of comradeship, the cult of familiarity. Whitesnake music is consoling and in a way superstitious. It is short-sighted, self-congratulatory and hackneyed.

But it is *not* rock'n'roll. It is MOR. It is not teenage music.

Sure, teenagers like it; but it is ignorant, naive and harmful music. It doesn't inspire, suggest or create. It confirms flawed notions.

This music stays put, and so do its followers. Music of apathy.

Like Reading is a celebration of apathy.

The Members burst into this depressing pool of unchallenged and unchallenging beliefs with a set of positive and revelational spirit. Along with the classicism of Nils Lofgren and the broad intention of Peter Gabriel, they were the only activity of the day that reflected NOW.

They were light, varied, mocking, fallible, ebullient and DIFFERENT. They moved different, looked different, were impolite, childish and genuinely progressive.

Faced with proper dance rhythms the majority of the audience stood still. The Members never stopped leaping and jumping; posing, not with sexually repressed narcissism, but for the sheer hell of it. Nicky Tesco sang songs of confusion, corruption and adolescents with anger and frustration; with the heart as much as the body.

Their songs may not be the most revolutionary nor sophisticated of the time, but they are sharp, tough and packed with ideas. They're distinctive and extrovert. And such things are acutely noticeable when a group like The Members play in such moribund company.

Two new songs — both amongst the best Members' pieces so far — indicate the versatility of the group. 'Romance' is specious and spritely pop-reggae; spaces in the right place, rhythm fluid, guitars crisp. 'Gangwarfare' is impassioned, subtly anthemic and a hell of a charge.

The Members seemed small and charming next to the gargantuan, immaculate, meticulously rehearsed Whitesnake/Wild Horse/Speedometer/Molly Hatchet beasts. But the group had individual, genuine dynamics, passion and desire.

Pop music is the music to be alive by; right now it is music to make the body and/or mind dance. The Members brought some flashes of this to Reading. It was, significantly, well out of place. But I, and one or two others, were glad of it.

Peter Gabriel's apparently unsettling decision to appear at Reading was admirably honest and to the point. He simply wanted to shout to the world that PETER GABRIEL IS STILL ALIVE!

Gabriel shrewdly surrounded himself with skilful and careful musicians, including Genesis' Phil Collins (who received the equivalent of a John Wayne Oscar standing ovation) and the old Van Der Graff well-hung sax man, Dave Jackson.

Gabriel's satisfaction is problematical. The Reading congregation undoubtedly look to him as the God of progressive rock, and this, with the 'skeleton in the cupboard' presence of the adored Collins, meant every little twitch, flick, raise of the eyebrows and cuddle with Collins was reverently cheered.

Peter Gabriel's transformation over the years has been an admirable systematic move away from sophisticated banality to music that is searching and special.

He is a rare example of an artist from the smug, deluding early '70s who has achieved contemporary vitality.

He is a man of change — which is why he will always be worth looking towards. Who knows how many of his audience have stayed with him, appreciating the changes for the better in his personality and perspective. The cheers for Collins suggest very few.

Peter Gabriel is quite an important link though.

His set was a slick showing of the cosmopolitan penetration, extravagance and introspection of late '70s Gabriel, offering few glimpses as to where he is sliding next. It wasn't a show to analyse, and it degenerated into a pointless celebration of Genesis ghosts: Collins and Gabriel duetting on 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway', and doing everything but holding hands.

The crowd were in heaven. I was in the photographers' pit.

I can think of few entertainers who could replace The Ramones as the saviour / reason for my visit to final day Reading, except The Undertones, The Distractions, Joy Division . . .

And Nils Lofgren!

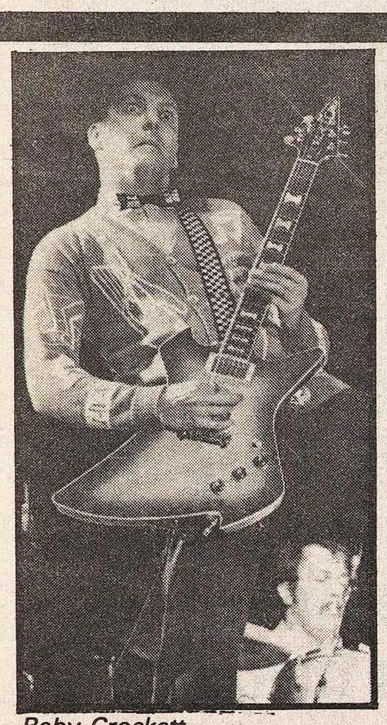
Last thing replacement for the naughty Ramones, Lofgren played a set as short, sweet and intimate as the Wembley triumph.

It was much the same selection of beautifully structured, discreetly entwining modern masterpieces that he touched at Wembley. 'Keith Don't Go', 'Steal Away', 'Rock'n'Roll Crook', 'Going Back', Heart Of Fire', 'Came To Dance', 'Incidentally (It's Over)', and the classic, 'Back It Up'. Seductive, sensitive and poetic, even in the freezing open air.

That I forgot where I was is a testament to Lofgren's genius. He can overcome any obstacle and pull the listener in. The word is soul. The word is greatness.

Soul and Greatness at Reading is not common. The 19th Reading Festival ended with the passion emotion and individuality of great rock'n'roll. A suggestive, distinctive contrast to the redundancy and reactionary neutrality that Reading symbolises and revels in.

Smug Sunday by Paul Morley



Baby Crockett

A daft Policeman

Tesco: "Oh no! Not that bunch of deadbeats!"

SPECIALS

"The most enjoyable British band since The Members"

The Specials
Linton Kwesi Johnson
The Selector
The Mo-dettes
Hammersmith Palais

Don't argue!

It's a teenage crack, a bit of nostalgia, a revelation, a crush at the bar.

Look! There's John Lydon over the bar and you can't even get yourself a bloody drink for all the people crowding up to him so that they can be ignored by a star. Excellent!

The hell with drinking. Who needs beer when the Mo-dettes are opening?

Here's how it works. The billing for the One Parent Families benefit originally went so: The Specials/Linton Kwesi Johnson/John Cooper Clarke/Selector (Roots/Poet/Poet/Roots?). However, JCC went over to the States. Selector moved up the bill and The Mo-dettes came in to take up the slack.

Which brings us back to where we started: standing under the U/V light blanching at the extent of one's own dandruff problem watching the different strands of modern youth culture interact and trying to find some space from which one can revel in the full visual impact of the Mo-dettes Experience.

Four girls doing the dirty boogie '79-style: The Mo-dettes are revving up for a giant leap across the yawning void between theory and practice. The obstacles: guitarist Kate's occasionally sluggish chording and singer Ramona's ditto audience rapport. Bassist Jane smiles nastily, addresses the audience with wicked glee and thumps out nonchalently on target solos on a splendidly ethnic Hofner Beatle bass as the maelstrom howls around them.

Like many another fledgling bands, the strength of their material outpunches their ability to perform it adequately, but time and experience have a charming manner of curing such ills.

Pause. Ian Dury album played over P.A. U/V light, dandruff — oh shit! — bar, no drinks.

Whammo! The Selector are on stage, having graduated from being the B-Side of The Specials' single to being the A-side of themselves.

Seven of the buggers: organ, drums, bass (a rudie with locks: awoah!), guitars (black geezer with black Strat, white geezer with white Strat, the latter fearsomely beshaded and looking like he's never ever dropped any pills) and two singers: a rude boy and what at first appeared to be a mini-rude boy or some sort of ska-oriented Michael Jackson, but turns out to be a real live Rude Girl, immaculately trilbied, beshaded and suited-and-tied.

They rock and bounce and explode all over the place, make dancing absolutely mandatory and fire off a whole bunch of tightly constructed Proper Songs. Selector have a repertoire that will grow ever more impressive with repeating samplings, and could well be giving The Specials a taste of serious competition in time to come.

Pause. Drink. Dandruff. Linton Kwesi Johnson!

It's probably just as well that John Cooper Clarke was in the States. Not that his work would suffer from a direct comparison with Johnson's (their work is as dissimilar as any two rock bands' could be), but the combined verbiage of the two Mighty Mouths might have overbalanced the gig somewhat.

As it was, Johnson's backing tapes were out to lunch and therefore LKJ laid a severely truncated set on the audience, who could cheerfully have stood a lot more. He declaimed the incendiary verse to a spontaneous riddim supplied by massed handclaps and a touch of drums from (I think) Mo-dettes' drummer June, and could easily have done more.

The Specials' rapid ascent to bill-topping status is a viable demonstration of the UK's musical good health. Equally effective, they demonstrate the irrelevance and injustice of the 'revivalist' tag: their music may be based in an older form, but their presentation and content are utterly modern and contemporary.

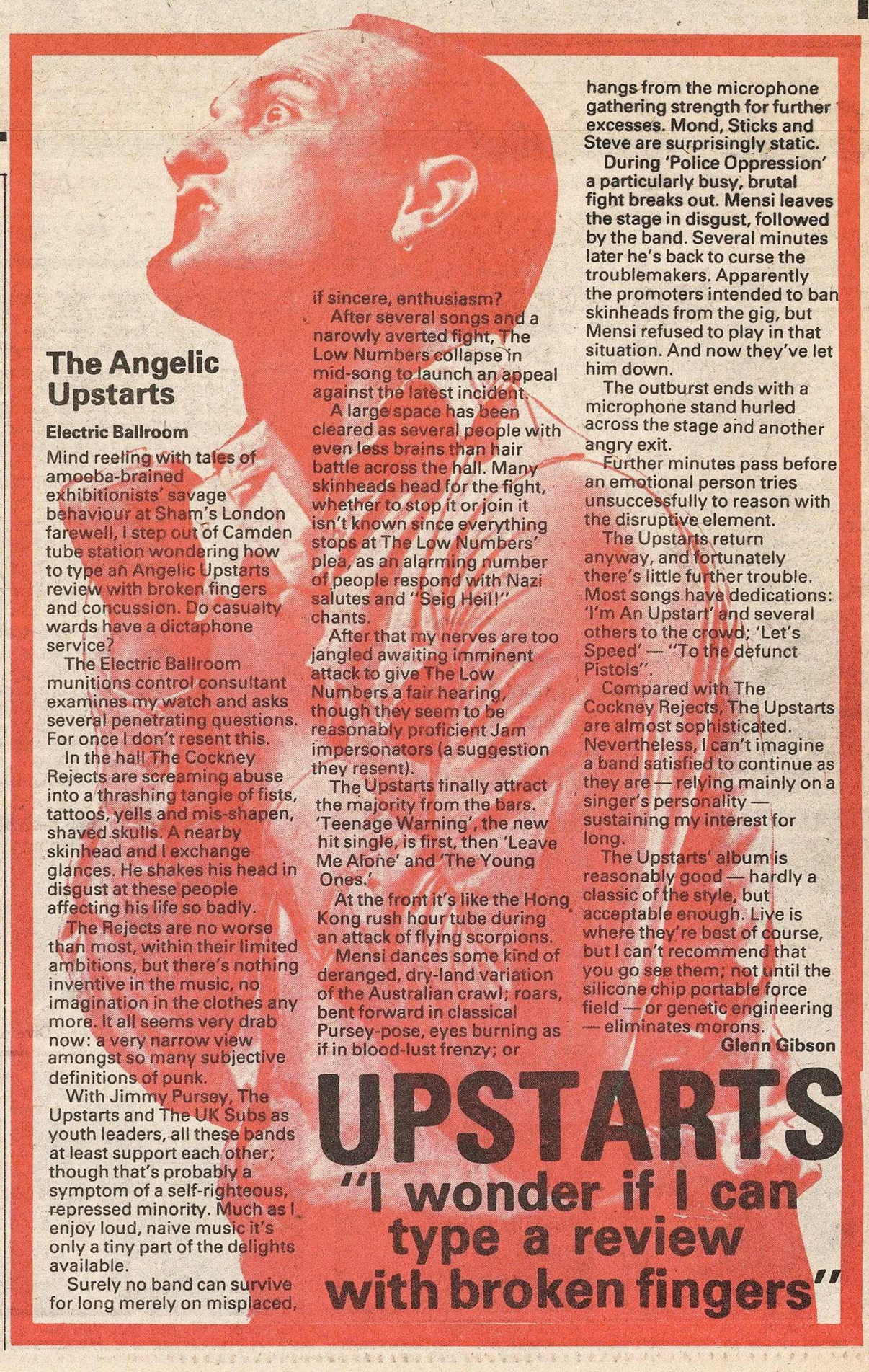
Despite the occasional incongruity of Roddy Boyers' rock-orientated guitar solos and singer Terry Hall's total lack of presence (because he has to stand next to Neville Staples, who could probably upstage anybody this side of Marlon Brando), the resulting package is as sharp, entertaining and soulful a revue as any currently treading the boards.

How far they'll be able to carry it is almost entirely down to how the songwriting progresses, but for now The Specials are the most wholeheartedly enjoyable British band since The Members, and that's enough to be going on with.

Don't argue!

Charles Shaar Murray

Pic Jill Furmanovsky



The Angelic Upstarts

Electric Ballroom

Mind reeling with tales of amoeba-brained exhibitionists' savage behaviour at Sham's London farewell, I step out of Camden tube station wondering how to type an Angelic Upstarts review with broken fingers and concussion. Do casualty wards have a dictaphone service?

The Electric Ballroom munitions control consultant examines my watch and asks several penetrating questions. For once I don't resent this.

In the hall The Cockney Rejects are screaming abuse into a thrashing tangle of fists, tattoos, yells and mis-shapen, shaved skulls. A nearby skinhead and I exchange glances. He shakes his head in disgust at these people affecting his life so badly.

The Rejects are no worse than most, within their limited ambitions, but there's nothing inventive in the music, no imagination in the clothes any more. It all seems very drab now: a very narrow view amongst so many subjective definitions of punk.

With Jimmy Pursey, The Upstarts and The UK Subs as youth leaders, all these bands at least support each other; though that's probably a symptom of a self-righteous, repressed minority. Much as I enjoy loud, naive music it's only a tiny part of the delights available.

Surely no band can survive for long merely on misplaced, if sincere, enthusiasm?

After several songs and a narowly averted fight, The Low Numbers collapse in mid-song to launch an appeal against the latest incident.

A large space has been cleared as several people with even less brains than hair battle across the hall. Many skinheads head for the fight, whether to stop it or join it isn't known since everything stops at The Low Numbers' plea, as an alarming number of people respond with Nazi salutes and "Seig Heil!" chants.

After that my nerves are too jangled awaiting imminent attack to give The Low Numbers a fair hearing, though they seem to be reasonably proficient Jam impersonators (a suggestion they resent).

The Upstarts finally attract the majority from the bars. 'Teenage Warning', the new hit single, is first, then 'Leave Me Alone' and 'The Young Ones.'

At the front it's like the Hong Kong rush hour tube during an attack of flying scorpions.

Mensi dances some kind of deranged, dry-land variation of the Australian crawl; roars, bent forward in classical Pursey-pose, eyes burning as if in blood-lust frenzy; or hangs from the microphone gathering strength for further excesses. Mond, Sticks and Steve are surprisingly static.

During 'Police Oppression' a particularly busy, brutal fight breaks out. Mensi leaves the stage in disgust, followed by the band. Several minutes later he's back to curse the troublemakers. Apparently the promoters intended to ban skinheads from the gig, but Mensi refused to play in that situation. And now they've let him down.

The outburst ends with a microphone stand hurled across the stage and another angry exit.

Further minutes pass before an emotional person tries unsuccessfully to reason with the disruptive element.

The Upstarts return anyway, and fortunately there's little further trouble. Most songs have dedications: 'I'm An Upstart' and several others to the crowd; 'Let's Speed' — "To the defunct Pistols".

Compared with The Cockney Rejects, The Upstarts are almost sophisticated. Nevertheless, I can't imagine a band satisfied to continue as they are — relying mainly on a singer's personality — sustaining my interest for long.

The Upstarts' album is reasonably good — hardly a classic of the style, but acceptable enough. Live is where they're best of course, but I can't recommend that you go see them; not until the silicone chip portable force field — or genetic engineering — eliminates morons.

Glenn Gibson

UPSTARTS

"I wonder if I can type a review with broken fingers"

Pic Kel Edge

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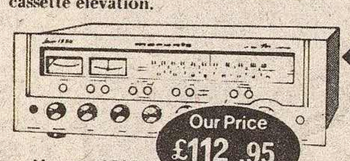

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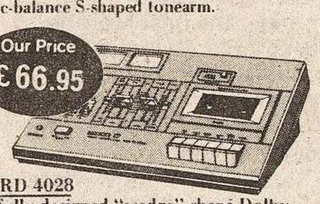

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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

NEXT Autumn, the Social Committee of my college intend promoting a few concerts featuring name bands. The only thing is — none of us have any experience in this sort of thing. And because it's a new venture for the college as a whole, none of the previous committee has a clue either. Obviously we have to get in touch with agencies etc. — so is there any information outlet you can perhaps put me on to?
MIKE GALLACHER, Dundee College Of Education.

● **You best move is to get yourself onto the mailing list of *College And Club Circuit*, a magazine which is sent to college social secretaries free of charge by Hilary Hayward and Megan Green, Circuit Magazine, 44 Rothschild Road, London W.4. The mag is published about eight times a year and lists up and coming tours, while recently issued was the *Circuit Directory*, which the editors claim, provides more info on bands and how to book 'em, than even their own agent know! They add that the directory's function is no longer just to provide prices — it seems the flexibility of the touring business makes nonsense of the firm quote — but also to give details of each band's agency, management, record company and potential touring status. Many different types of act are included — clowns, folkies, new wavers, headbanging heroes, dance troupes, DJs etc. — though some bands, such as Wings, prefer to be left out simply because they don't intend to tour the college circuit in the immediate future. Any further advice on band booking, legal matters connected with such activities etc., can be obtained by either dropping a line to Hilary Hayward at Circuit of by phoning 01-995-3029, between 11 am and 6 pm. But make sure you're a genuine Social Sec., stoned nuts who just want to know where their favourite gang of guitar thrashers are playing next will be severely dealt with!**

OKAY, now X-Ray Spex have gone the way of all flesh, can we have the discography?
SPEX FREEX, Garston, Watford, Herts

● **The first Spex single was 'Oh Bondage Up Yours' / 'I Am A Cliche' (Virgin VS 189) which emerged in October, 1977. Then came a label switch to EMI, which resulted in the release of 'Day The World Turned Day-Glo' / 'Iama Poseur' (INT 553, April 1978), 'Identity' / 'Let's Submerge' (INT 563, July 1978), 'Germ Free Adolescence' / 'Age' (INT 573, October 1978) and 'Highly Inflammable' / 'Warrior In Woolworth's (INT 583 March 1979). The band produced one album, namely 'Germ Free Adolescents' (EMI INS 3023, November 1978) during their brief lifetime, though they can be heard rendering 'Oh Bondage Up Yours' on EMI's Roxy WC2' (SHSP 4069) live album and Virgin 10" 'Guillotine' LP (VCL 5001).**

Pic: Dennis O'Regan

X-Ray Spex: In Memoriam

I'VE GOT a 1967 mono, psychedelic rock (at its best) album by a band called Tangerine Dream, whom I believe are English. It's on Fontana TL 5448 and is called 'Kaleidescope' — but who was in the group and did they make any more albums?
MICK TONLINSON, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

● **Still trippin' after all these years, Mick? Y'see, the albums actually called 'Tangerine Dream' and is by one of the two late-'60s outfits known as Kaleidescope — the other being the David Lindley band that played the Newport, Rhode Island, folk festival in 1968. After all, who in their right mind would call a band Tangerine Dream? I haven't got the album so I'm not absolutely certain who played on it — but my 1969 edition of *'Alphabeat'* lists the band's line-up as Pete Daltrey (lead singer and songwriter — from Harrow), Eddie Pumer (guitarist and Daltrey's co-writer — from Action), Danny Bridgman (drummer — from White City) and Steve Clark (bass — from Southall). They made a second album in 'Faintly Blowing' (Fontana STL 5491), and then, trying to confuse punters even further, re-emerged as Fairfield Parlour — but that's another story!**

A TWO-PART question for you regarding the sadly defunct Pretty Things. Firstly, did the Pretties ever get any singles into the U.S. Hot 100? If so, can you list dates, positions and so forth? Secondly, I believe the band made a film with Norman Wisdom in the '60s. Who else was in the film and was it any good?
JAMES CAGNEY, Smethwick, Warley, W. Midlands.

● **Sad to say, the Pretties never made it in the States and didn't tour there until 1973, one reason why none of their records even got into that top 100. However, they did provide part of the soundtrack for 'What's Good For The Goose' (1969), a film which starred Wisdom, along with Sally Geeson, Sally Bazeley, Derek Francis and Terence Alexander — a truly dreadful affair about an assistant bank manager who does his nut over an attractive female hitch-hiker. Also, between 1967-70, the Pretties recorded a series of four, mood-music soundtracks which the De Wolfe film company placed upon albums. But none of these were generally available to the public.**

CAN YOU please list all available-in-Britain Muddy Waters LPs? My local shop will only order them for me if I provide the catalogue numbers etc.
A. HALL, Haltwhistle, Northumberland.

● **As you are obviously a man of impeccable taste, I was delighted to check through my dog-eared *Music Master* on your behalf, its 735 pages revealing that the said Mr Morganfield currently has five albums available here, these being: 'I Can't Get No Grinding' (Chess 6310 129), 'Hard Again' (Blue Sky 81853), 'I'm Ready' (Blue Sky 82235), 'Muddy "Mississippi" Waters Live' (Blue Sky 83422) and 'Back In The Early Days Vols 1 & 2' (Syndicate SC001).**

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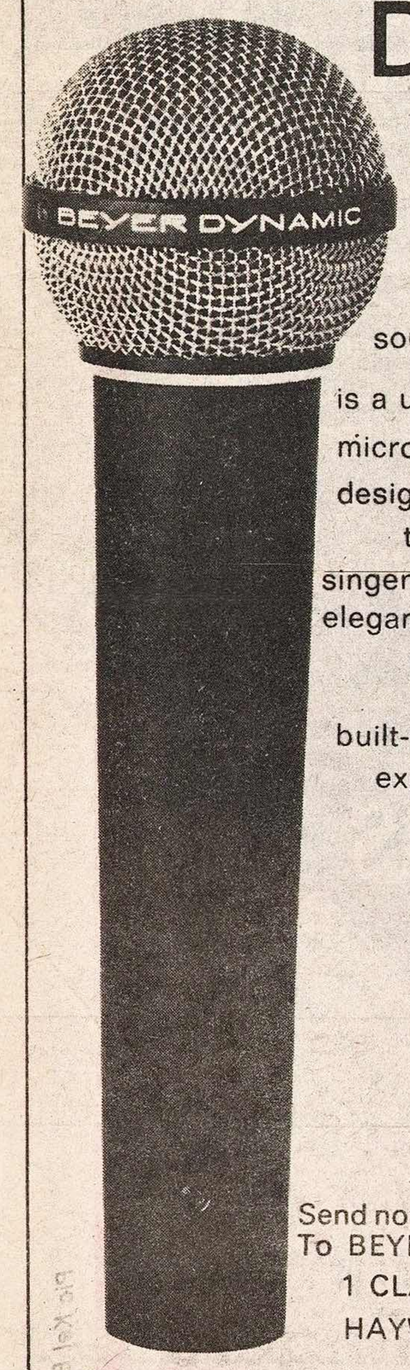

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DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

Bernard Futter and Jeff Hill suss out the price of clean records

IT'S ARGUABLE that more damage is inflicted on records by well intentioned cleaning routines than from any other single reason. There's a plethora of record care products on the market ranging from the simple to the pseudo-scientific. Using nothing at all will probably be preferable to investing in a good chunk of these. With in excess of £5 now being asked for the average album it certainly makes sense to keep your records in good condition. The more sophisticated your system the truer this is.

New addition to the Hifi team Jeff Hill has been looking at some of the record care products on the market.

First up is the **Record Dust Lifter** from **Zeepa Intruments Ltd** who produce a wide range of quality accessories starting with an anti-static record cloth at about £1. The Record Dust Lifter sells for about a fiver and is designed to actually lift dust, grit and other detritus from the record surface. This instead of leaving the usual line of guff across the disc.

It is a simple but effective design consisting of an aluminium cover and wooden holder with a double row of fine conductive carbon fibre bristles.

I tried the Dust Lifter on a number of my LPs scattering them fairly liberally with an array of undesirable matter, far more than one would normally expect to see on your average vinyl. After three or four good wipes each, the records were left pretty well clear of debris. A slightly unfair test, perhaps, but with the normal amount of dust one wipe was enough for each playing. Another useful aspect of the brush is its limited anti-static capabilities.

I found the Zeepa brush a useful aid to record care, reasonably priced and simple to use.

Next we come to a rather unique way of cleaning your records from **Disctracked Audio Ltd.** It's a 'gel' which you spread over the record, wait for it to dry, peel off and magic — the dust and grit comes off stuck to the coating. This is for use when your records have really got grubby and no amount of brushing will rid the disc of its unwanted visitors.

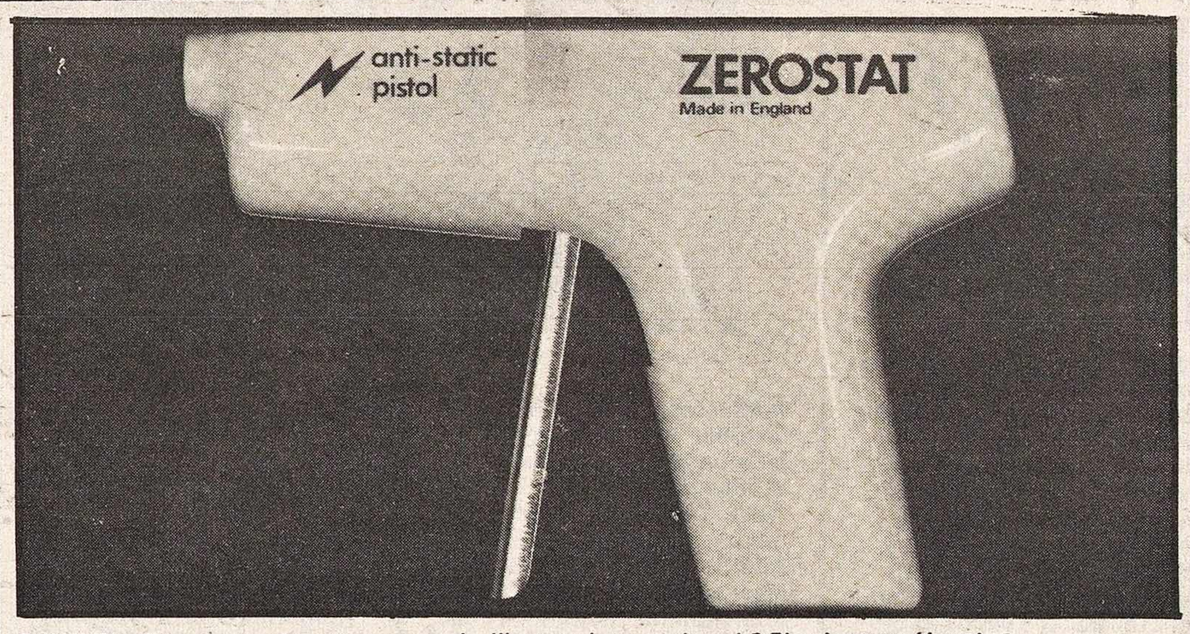
The prescribed operation is relatively simple: Just lay the record on the outer lid, pour a quantity of the fluid onto the record surface, avoiding the label, spread evenly with the sponge applicator supplied, await the said 60 minutes or so for the coating to dry, then peel off with the aid of a strip of Sellotape or similar and there you are, clean and shiny vinyl.

I followed the instructions to the letter on the first side and behold there was my record minus ash, crumbs, etc. Immediately playing the record I noticed a few pops and bangs which were not there before. On closer inspection I noticed that a few tiny shreds of the dried coating had been left on the vinyl — not easily seen at first. Also there was a small build up of 'gunk' on my stylus. However, these few offending pieces of coating were easily removed by dabbing them with a strip of the Sellotape. So check carefully before playing your records.

The gel also took a good 1½ hours to dry, a mite longer than stated, which means a three hour wait to clean one record. I tried reducing the amount of gel used by about one capful on the next side and this time it dried in about half the time and worked just as well.

So, if you want to bring your dirty, gritty records back to their one time pristine state, then the Disctracked works quite well. A little messy and you do have a longish wait, though.

One of the most annoying and sometimes frustrating problems for the audiophile is static, which brings me to the third contender — the **Zerostat** anti-static pistol, which has been available now for a number of years.



POW! The Zerostat anti-static gun works like magic — or does it? Pic: Andrew Houston.

Briefly, to quote the manufacturers, the Zerostat pistol is used to neutralise static charge of either polarity on any insulating surface (e.g. gramophone records). Surfaces within a radius of abour 20 inches will be neutralised, whilst heavily charged areas may require several operations. In plain terms this means that it should get rid of those annoying 'crackles and pops', especially those you experience with new records.

The operation is simple in itself. After removing the LP from its sleeve, hold the record approximately 12 inches away from the gun and squeeze the trigger slowly, hold in for about 2 seconds, then release slowly — Voila!

The new records I used the gun on — giving them a 'squirt' straight from the sleeve when the static charge was at its maximum — needed two or three applications to obtain any appreciable reduction in static discharge. I also tried using the gun whilst the record was on the turntable and found its effectiveness deteriorated, probably due to the earthing properties of the surface beneath the disc. Trying the same records about an hour later, I found I had to use the gun once again.

You can also give the perspex dust-covers a squirt after cleaning. It prevents the dust you've just cleaned off being attracted straight back again.

The Zerostat certainly gets rid of static discharge, but I feel that if you have a serious static problem the Zerostat is not enough on its own. You will have to use the gun in conjunction with other anti-static aids such as conductive tracking record brushes.

Garrard kindly provided the subject of the final test in the shape of their **Dust Master** tracking-arm type record cleaner, similar to the Cecil Watts 'Dust Bug' and Bib 'Groov Kleen'. Garrard did stress that the sample submitted for review is a prototype and has not yet reached the production stage.

The design is functional yet fairly pleasing to the eye. The tracking arm is made of black metal with an offset plastic brush holder. The bristles are of carbon fibre construction and easily cleaned off with a piece of Velcro. The black plastic carrying pillar has a freely revolving top part with a groove to take the arm and a fixed arm rest.

The counter-balance is not adjustable, nor is the arm length. The playing height is also fixed which I found particularly annoying as very few turntables are the same height from the motor board. In use the arm insisted on skidding past the first half-inch or so of the record, no matter where I placed the unit in relation to the turntable. The same was true of the final inch of track.

The arm did, however, pick up the dust quite well on the part of the record it tracked over. We will have to see whether the final production model available shortly will have ironed out these teething problems. Price expected to be about £5.

Further information from:
DISC TRACKER
Zeepa Instruments Ltd.,
15, Richmond Grove,
Surbiton, Surrey (01 399 0966)
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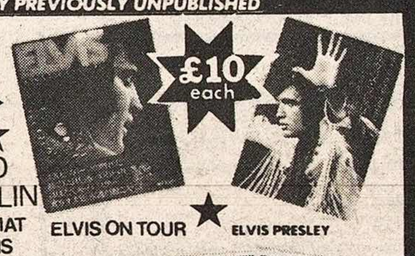

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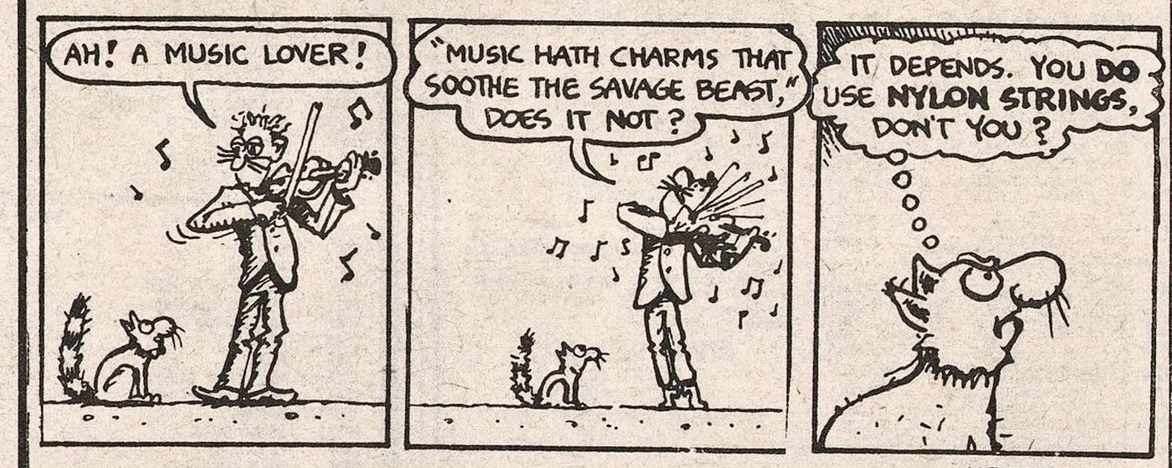
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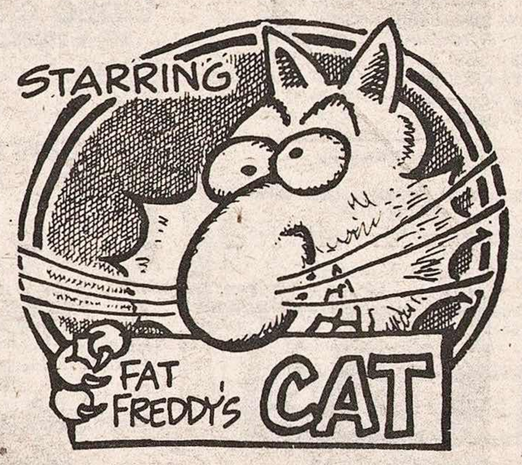

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The Piranhas

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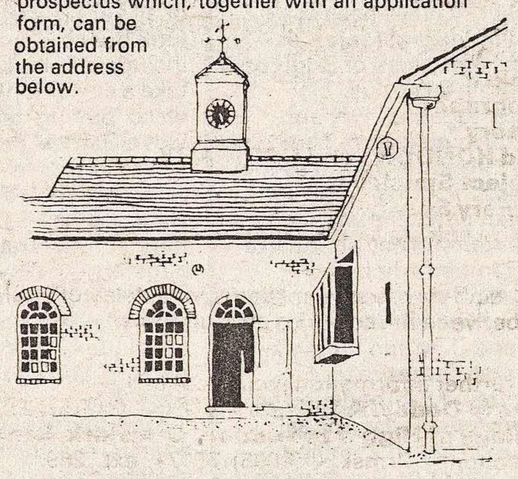

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JOHN FAHEY

■ *From page 19*

whole song, an archetypal verse, and it's dull.

"I went through all this stuff and gave it up, I didn't have the talent.

"See the idea of a guy sitting down in 1929, in America — your writers on blues never write about this — the basic idea of a guy or a band in the country sitting down or standing up on a stage in front of a concert audience just never happened. They were playing *dance* music and they were working for barrelhouse owners who were trying to sell booze! And the idea was to stimulate everybody into a frantic dance and get drunk; almost all of them did that, except say Blind Willie Johnson who played religious music, or John Hurt who just mainly played around the house.

"The really heavy guys who had this rhythm were these dance guys. 'Let's dance!' — you had to say that with the guitar. The idea of the guitar solo back then was not non-existent, but was pretty rare.

"Now we get young white boys playing *concerts* of blues. I used to do it myself until I noticed . . . there's something wrong with this. Leo Kottke can pull it off, and Ry Cooder: great dance music!"

IN THE CHARLEY Patton book Fahey expands quite a bit on the ideas outlined above, especially on the structuralisation of twelve bar blues. One other reason, he says, for the advent of the twelve-bar was that the city *groups,* as opposed to the crazy country individuals, needed a much tighter basis to play together.

The other interesting aspect raised around the country bluesmen is that of religion and how the majority of them suffered from Kierkegaardian fatality of the metaphysic — for to defy the stifling weight of Christian repression and sing the blues was to go directly against the heavy religious upbringing most of them had laboured under. To sing the blues properly — or rather improperly — in all their sectional, sexual glory was to risk missing out on a Heavenly afterlife.

A good many of them ended up like Western civilisation's favourite anti-christ, Nietzsche: insane, decadent, dead.

John Fahey is still going strong.

His new album, he remembers, is called 'Melody McBad; Or John Fahey Visits Washington D.C.'. It'll be his 19th, he later decides.

He comes from Maryland; he now lives in Los Angeles, but has "never consented to its reality".

John Fahey, perhaps the best rhythm guitarist in the world, played at The Venue and nobody noticed; maybe they were too busy getting tailored out for Keith Richards to play the 1,000th anniversary of 'Honky Tonk Women' at Knebworth. Maybe they weren't.

His concert was an uncontrollable rush of tunings, noises, lost chords, yells, slides, yodels, scales, bells, emptiness, deafness, religion, and jokes.

As someone once said of Tim Buckley's 'Starsailor' — the kind of music "you'd play to clear the air".

John Fahey is a rock and roll guitarist, that's what; he plays dance music, drinking music, vicious music, dub music. He's the murkiest and clearest, the cleverest and daftest — unconcerned and unaligned.

He's still composing death-defying noise, and not compromising.

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'RUSSIANS' INFORMATION service, 38 Dulverton Road, Favell Green, Northampton.

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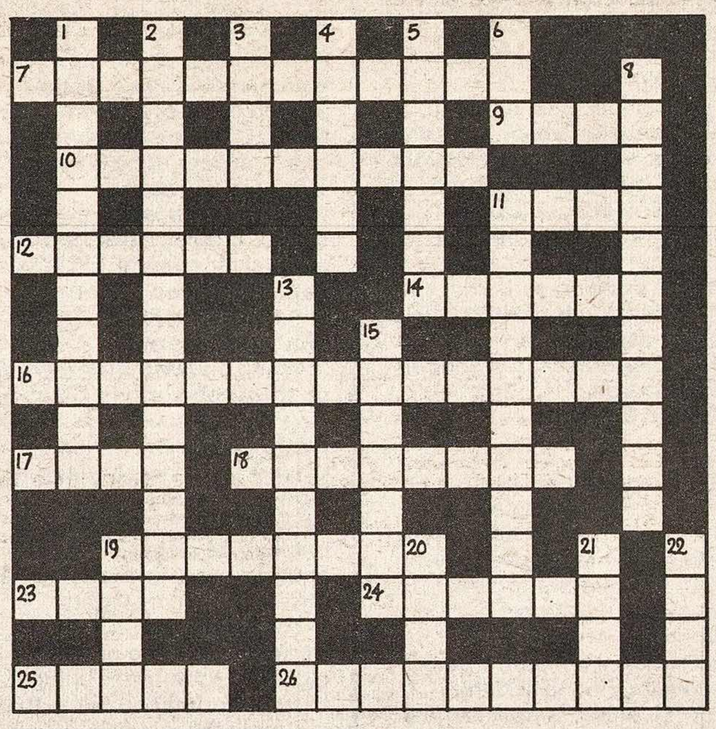


N M EXPRESS WORD

ACROSS

7 Johnny Mathis!! *Johnny Mathis!!!* How did *he* get in here? Nó it's alright, he's left (4,4,4)

9 Like Motorhead, The Police, The Beverly Sisters . . . *The Beverly Sisters!!!*

10 Former Face now in gainful employment (5,5)

11 Stiff lady who sounds like she's wasting away!

12 Long player seeking B&B accommodation. Good references, etc.

14 Colorado township irredeemably linked with bozo singer/songwriter!

16 Jam producing element of Beatles' most experimental 45 (10,6)

17 Nils Lofgren's old outfit

18 Golden oldie, a 1965 hit for Fontella Bass (6,2)

19 See 5

23 Carole, Albert or Jonathan

24 See 19 down

25 & 21 'Morning Dance' outfit

26 Perm us, prat! (anag. band, 1 word)

DOWN

1 A Bouffant Tune — good enough to eat (4,7)

2 Awright Mensi, we got the message (7,7)

3 Kryptic Quikkie: Prefix music from a safer oxygen supply?!

4 Do vote for Howie!

5 & 19 across North London rock hostelry celebrated on a pub rock compilation LP (4,3,6)

6 Freddie Laker's favourite Wings cut?

8 As in carri on milking Joe Public? (4,7)

11 American guitarist who had '60s hits with a rockabilly styling of 'Memphis' and his own 'Wham' (6,4)

13 Joe Stevens joins the Pistols! (5,5)

15 Label which released most of the early '70s Who records — they also signed Johnny Thunders

19 & 24 Can we yet forgive him for scoring Rock Follies? *Rock Follies!!!* (obviously not)

20 A Clue From More Innocent Times: Motown hitmaker who sounds a happy chap!

21 See 25

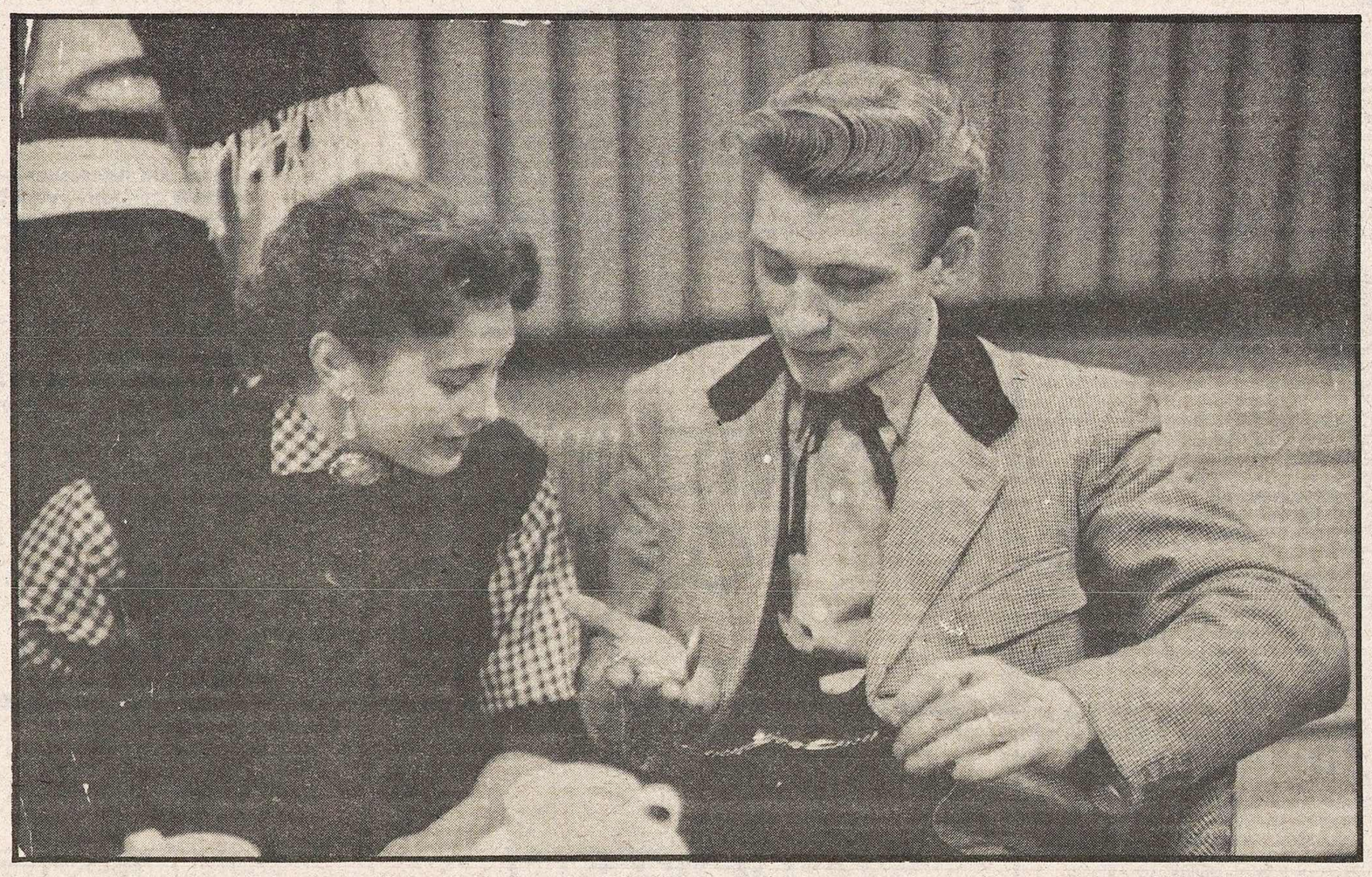
22 Not this side!

Answers
ACROSS: 5 Merton Parkas; 7 Isley Brothers; 9 'Surf's Up'; 12 Otis Redding; 15 'Ram'; 16 'Bang Bang'; 18 Clive James; 19 ELP: 21 'Heroes'; 22 'Money'; 25 Funkadelic; 27 'Lady (Writer)'.
DOWN: 1 'Reasons To Be Cheerful'; 2 Sparks; 3 '(Lady) Writer'; 4 (Roger) Waters; 6 'The Boss'; 8 Supremes; 10 Fan; 11 Herbie (Hancock); 13 Donna Summer; 14 'Grease'; 17 Neil Young; 20 Island; 23 Neil; 24 Roy C; 26 Can.

GASBAG

Scribble your dribble to Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

If this is Thursday, and it's ten o'clock, it must be time for ...



GASBAG!

Thursday morning — 11.30 am in the stumbling, screaming suffragette sensibility of post-punk, post first affair, pre-A Level Long Eatonian nearly 18'ism and something's missing.

I've just read Paul Morley's review of The Who occasion at Wembley. He's depressed. I was ecstatic, despite being virtually reduced to a de-oxygenated bone-bag on Gate B. What happened to the great organisation there, you bastards? And spending Saturday night in foetoid, passionless, solo, self-ostracised, self-love by the approaches to the M1. Here's two fingers to all the drivers that passed indifferently four freezing figures between the man-forsaken hours of 12.30 and 4.14. Saturday, August 18 was one of the greatest experiences of my 17 years on this bloody planet.

Ostensibly the most important feature of your eight quid's worth was the music. I always though Paul and I looked for the same qualities in contemporary aural culture. Perhaps these qualities are realism / passion / compassion, perhaps they're not. But as far as I'm concerned Mr Trampoline Man lacked all of these. The trampoline summed it all up — a BOF desperately in need of anything to give his corpulent, self-indulgent set some lift. Is this clinched and naive? The man can play guitar and possibly write very pertinent lyrics but *live* I caught none of his words and his music lacked excitement.

And this brings me to AC/DC. Crass maxims scream at me. I know AC/DC think guitars and microphone are just toys, I do believe in anarchy in the UK (or responsible freedom anyway) but at nearly/merely 18 I also believe in er . .um . . err . . fun, and this AC/DC most definitely were. Other groups find, define or refine your thoughts, AC/DC smash and smother them. Inevitable before and afterwards perhaps Paul, but a spot of self sacrifice to the chanting, dancing mass is just what the doctor ordered for a broken heart.

Oh well. scrap comments on the music of The Stranglers and The Who. How the hell can words do justice to some of the greatest and most vital rock 'n' roll I've ever experienced. Throughout The Stranglers set I experienced a growing empathy with the music, a sense of being completely filled by the emotions of the instruments and lyrics, a feeling that peaked in the blissful ignorance of 'Toiler On The Sea', where I was carried, in the eye of the raven and with dancing feet of the voyage of the woman-ship.

From the first chord The Who became the sole reason for my existence, a fulfilment of very tear I've ever cried, of every dream I've ever had, of every feeling of anger or injustice, or every smile and every kiss. By the 'Tommy' excerpt 'See Me, Feel Me' I was stranded on the farthest reaches of emotion, crying at the sheer intangible beauty of this thing called rock 'n' roll, then vibrant to its simple yet total life. When the music stopped so did I, stretched out, stoned in a puddle of water.

Yet this was only half of the magic of the occasion, the other half was the people. In a song called 'Non-Stop Dancing' by The Jam there's a line something like 'when you're dancin' all nite long / it gives you the feeling that you belong! If you wanted to dance Paul you would have been down at the front. The prat in the big black coat and white arm-band would like to say thanks to everyone who danced with him for being the best people in the world, especially the youth with the cider (who for some reason hated mods), all the punks at the front for The Stranglers, and above all the wench who stumbled into my arms during The Who. You were beautiful darling, just holding you and bawling 'Behind Blue Eyes' into your ear recaptured the passion of my first kiss.

And me? I saw man. He was playing a guitar, and the children danced at his feet, forever free, forever young.
C Extance, Long Eaton, Notts.
£7.50 to be stranded on the farthest reaches of emotion, somewhere near the M1. I call that a bargain. But wait, are you sure it was man you saw and not Meher Baba? — PR

Never mind what happened to hungry journalism, what happened to hungry *Gasbags?* Are people so overfed with product that they have to turn to slagging off their fave weekly news rag?

I don't get it either.
Chris, Plymouth, Devon.
They aren't overfed with product exactly. It's just that at current rates they can't afford to relate to it anymore. — PR.

I have a problem. In the past I have tried so very, very hard and spent vast sums of money to keep up with the current trends. I have been a Mod and a Rocker, a Ted, a Hippy and a Skinhead. My current scene is punk rock, maaan, heavily into everything and everyone with street credibility (i.e. people no-one else has ever heard of). I'm also into bondage, depilation and Hemmeling.

Anyhow I'm confused, cos all me mates, see, are havin' their hair cut silly, donnin' these parka things and callin' themselves Mods again. Well I don't know what to do see, cos I like to be original and this mod thing has already been done.

Now I feel alienated and have become uncontrollably violent, wakin' up in the night, havin' this urge to kick the dog. Nowadays I just hit people an sometimes I get me head bent in. Give us some advice or I'll do ya.

Soddit! I was gonna write a smart-ass one line.
Albert Afterbirth, Hartlepool, Scunthorpe.
Soddit! So was I. — PR.

Dear Bag of Gas,

You are tedious and tiresome. You are absolutely juvenile (with a small j) with your artificial set-to: '60s music vs. new wave or whatever. Music (popular or not) is not a contest, a battle between the old and the young. Music simply is music.

You set The Undertones up to be the goodies and Led Zep up to be the wanked-out baddies. This can only be the result of too many young whipper-snapper hacks on your paper.

The Undertones/Sham '69 music is produced by a completely different youth and social culture climate than that of Led Zep, Quo, Cream etc. (cont. p.94).

In the end, any of these bands' music can only be judged by its own terms. The sound of a guitar or the speed of a beat cannot be right or wrong in any sense whatsoever. It is merely culture critics/hacks who apply their own boring little definitions, and set (or try to set) trends, fashions, 'in', 'out', hit, miss etc.

When an *NME* writer writes up the Knebworth Festival, he isn't writing a critique of the thing, or how the bands played, he is simply slagging it off from a new wave perspective. The latter will one day be slagged off from another perspective by these farts I have in my sights.

The bands also will go through the same process, e.g. The Undertones will get bigger, boring and die — that is simply the way it is. Music doesn't date in itself. It is the music press which dates it.

I agree that some ageing, rattling bands (not always the bands one would think) should call it a day when it is. But we're basically selfish, so we go on going on.

Please try to show a more mature attitude in future. If you don't, your cynicism (now almost total) will get the better of you and will eventually devour you. And I bet sone of you are even older than me.
Webby The Gricer (aged 28), Stevenage, Herts.
Yes, but only nominally. — PR.

Hi gang, geuss whosr havnig ytpnig lissins then?
Miss B. Gotten, Shofopdhire.
Very good. Keep it up, Nick. — PR.

Your letters delivered by PAUL RAMBALI

I used to listen to the Pistols, the Clash, the Damned and even Sham 69 and I thought to myself, 'This is great.' I no longer take that view.

I now like Crass, or rather I pretend to do 'cos I have to like something. To listen to Jimmy Pursey is to insult your own existence. To listen to TRB is to insult the existence of thought. But nothing is so futile and pointless as to read the music press.

You may not understand my words but at least the feeling will be mutual.
A Person Unknown, Worthing.
You are suffering from an acute case of boredom. This is complicated by a sense of alienation from what is happening around you. Writing to *Gasbag* brings only temporary relief. Next time try suicide. — PR.

We think popular music doesn't matter and you are wasting your time. You simply get euphoric and make it what it isn't.

We should try to come out of the cul-de-sac white rock 'n' roll has got into, for ethnic music provides everything r'n'r does, and much more. There should be more purpose to life than living for the weekend, and then wasting it at Knebworth.

They way "Hope to die before I get old" has been adopted as an official r'n'r attitude is false, phoney and merely manipulating words.

Education cuts on the scale intended by the government will mean that your correspondents will be even more illiterate. Health cuts might mean there'll be not more correspondents.

Makes you think, dunnit?
Bob, Dave, Dinc.
It certainly does. Or rather it would if I hadn't given up when I started listening to popular music. — PR.

How is it that John Peel, CSM and others find the new wave / post new wave / whatever, so alive and good and fresh and exciting and yet find Bob Dylan's new album 'depressing', 'unpleasant' and 'hate filled'?

I have frequent orgasms over Fingers, Clash (early), The Jam, Siouxsie, etc. *but* generally the sentiments and attitudes of the new wave are equally hate filled and unpleasant and depressing, merely channeling frustrations and anger into looking after number one. Let's not kid ourselves that the new wave has ever been anything to do with joining forces to make things better for us all (fighting unemployment, prejudice, police abuse, exploitation, etc.) Mr. Dylan (or Zimmie), arrogantly speaking from what he feels is a position of salvation, is directing condemnation at the 'unbelievers' (which amounts to most of us). Unless we feel this stand to be justified, unless we feel threatened by what he is saying, there is no reason to feel anything but compassionate sympathy for him. That's not to say we are any better than him. Established new wave acts speak from a position of material security rather than supposed spiritual security. I don't see them sharing that wealth (with a few noble exceptions). The attitude of the new wave is that we should help ourselves and, under capitalism, that attitude inevitably condemns all but the elite to material poverty (rather than spiritual poverty). Consequently Bob Dylan's emphasis on hell fire, and the new wave's selfishness, are equally negative.

Dylan's Christianity is at present very naive and he seems to be so totally indoctrinated that he is at the moment blind to the failings of the doctrine he has swallowed (though I shouldn't really judge him). When the man gets his hands on religion, his desire to organise and form rigid beliefs (in an effort to attain security) make him bigotted and unquestioning. Dylan has swallowed the whole chicken (or should it be pig) without first removing the guts, head, feathers, bones, etc.

He's therefore liable to throw the whole lot up again unless he has a very good digestive system (God this metaphor's getting out of hand). What I like about his new album is that it's so human (the best kind of music). To me it seems like the most naked he's ever been on record.
Mike Simpson (a believer of sorts), Sidmouth, Devon.
Fine. Feel as free to judge Bob Dylan as he feels to judge you. — PR.

Dear Mr. Dylan
"Oh you can read out your Bible,
You can fall down on your knees . . . . .
And pray to the Lord
But it ain't gonna do no good".
Please, please "Quit your Low Down ways".
Andrew Miller, Arlington, SX.
Chorus: "Oh you'll never get to heaven on roller skates. 'Cause you'll roll right past those pearly gates . . ." — PR.

T-ZERS

SIXTY-FIVE hot dogs and 42 cans of warm carbonated beer later, *T-zers* is beginning to feel just a teensy-weensy bit queasy. A little too queasy, in fact, to don its best tribal regalia and join the hordes of mods, skins and Teds rampaging around Southend in a final desperate effort to relive the '60s before the '80s get going and it becomes time to start reliving the '70s.

But not too queasy to report that the annual Reading three day picnic was the very model of a dullsville bank-holiday weekend. Why, so unremarkable was it that **Dave Edmunds** felt compelled to get on stage with **Mick Ralphs** during **Cheap Trick's** set, and some inebriated ligger (that's a hanger-on to you) felt the urge to flatten **Sting's** toddling offspring as a way of saying thank you to **The Police** for being such a dazzling success. The biggest casualty of the whole affair was **Speedometer's** bassist **Robbie,** who accidently stepped on a firework that was to provide the climax of their set, igniting the thing, and going up in flames for his sins. He was out of hospital 24 hours later with his hopes of making it big in the **Kiss** Spectaculerama stakes somewhat badly dashed . . .

Spare a thought for Australian showbiz figure **Robert Stigwood.** All that lolly and he still can't get his million pound yacht with a crew of 18 'sailors' accepted to the posh Royal Bermuda Yacht Club. But then who would want to be a member of a club that had the man behind the **Bee Gees** as a member? . . .

The recipient of this week's Journalist Of The Week award is **Robin Denselow,** whose extra-terrestrial powers enabled him to review in the *Grauniad,* a **John Cooper** (no hyphen) **Clark** totally invisible to everybody else who attended last Tuesday's faberoonie **Specials** Soiree at the flyblown Hammersmith Palais. Also caught squinting at the absent apparition were **John Rotten, Chrissie Hynde, Elvis Costello** and **Iggy Pop.** Elvis Costello disguised himself as Elvis Costello so as to observe un-noticed The Specials a/k/a his first production charge, while Ms. Hynde, reportedly in a state of newt-like sobriety and stare-inviting dress, spent her evening evading fans. Rotten treated admirers to his famous scowl and all five foot one of the mighty Pop positively bristled with enthusiasm for his latest recording ventures with producer **James Williamson** and a band featuring **Glen Matlock, Stevie Nee,** ex-TCer **Barry Andrews,** and **Klaus Kruger** . . .

Only last week the Ig's new band were rehearsing in Camden when things got so hot that firemen burst in through the window, hoses at the ready. All involved were a mite taken aback to discover the blaze was elsewhere at the time. You think we're making this up, don't you? There really is an Iggy Pop and he really did stroll into the Rough Trade record shop where **Nik** and **Epic** of the **Swell Maps** were filling in behind the counter and demand of them as follows: "Hey! Can you guys recommend some good English groups?" Like any self-respecting Map would, they sold him a copy of their album. . .

And keeping astride of things punky *T-zers* is relieved to hear the **John Lydon** (the same) is once again enjoying

Heavy Metal fans at Reading: Lunchie Bunsworth (above, right) balances the nose from Woody Allen's Sleeper on his bonce and, yes, the hook is phoney too.
Well-known HM connoisseur Nick Kent (below, left) digs deep before retiring to the bar while (below, right) a less staunch journalist retires hurt. Full Reading report on pages 34-35.
All pics: George Bodnar.

the fate of any self-respecting iconoclast: getting his record banned. A court in Malta ruled that **Pil's** 'Religion' offended public morals and decency. Various sources describe PiL as "Art" and "a joke." Malta is a tiny island in the Mediterranean. This is only the second time in Malta's history that it has happened. In 1960 an Italian record titled 'Nude' was also banned. Undeterred, PiL have a new album up their sleeve called 'The Metal Box' and are currently trying to think up some sort of packaging concept for it . . .

We don't believe it either but it can't just be co-incidence: **Generation X** are working on a third album, reportedly orientated towards "rock," and **Mark Perry,** recently on the verge of quitting rock for a career in primal therapy, is now back with former **ATV** cohort **Alex Ferguson.** There is talk of "mod" music . . .

Don Letts' half hour Super 8 special on **The Slits,** apart from being the source of the gurls' album cover shot — frolics in a mud bath — also features scenes of them looting supermarkets and one episode in which they walk into a *Bureau De Change* and, surprisingly, change their clothes. You wouldn't think that was so smart if we told you **Blonde On Blonde** had done it, would you? But then they wouldn't walk un-announced into the real location and start dis-robing . . .

Axe-wielding, dandruff-shedding **Francis Rossi** is the proud owner of a school of Japanese Koi Carp fish. They live in the pond at the bottom of his garden and they're specially trained to kiss his plectrum finger at the sound of an E major chord repeated 34 times in succession . . .

Poor EMI — so broke they had to flog half their shares to Gulf And Western — can't even spend it when they have it. After leasing all Phonogram's old Fontana **Manfred Mann** tracks for 'semi-Detached Suburban,' the definitive Mann's Greatest Hits album, they set aside a mere £300,000 to ensure enough TV ad saturation to actually shift the product in quantitites large enough to recoup the £300,000. But now ITV has decided to go on strike, leaving all those wonderful Manfred compilations languishing in the racks. If *T-zers* had a crocodile it would shed tears . . .

Monty Python's *Life Of Brian* and **Neil Young's** *Rust Never Sleeps* both opened in the same American city last week. The Python team and film censor **James Ferman** had to seek legal advice before granting a double A certificate in Britain after complaints about the film, originally titled *Brian Of Nazareth,* from the Festival Of Plight. The law was consulted in the aftermath of **Mary Whitewash's** successful — it was finally upheld by the House Of Lords — bid to prosecute *Gay News* for blasphemy . . .

Whilst at work spreading the message of reverse evolution in Japan recently, the infamous **Devo** signed a number of clothes merchandising agreements with manufacturers in the land of money-spinning fads who were smitten by the spuds' kooky dress sense. Any devotees who feel too old or too sensible to be seen in boiler-suit, diapers and thermal shades can console themselves with the news that amongst the first spate of videotapes to be marketed by Time-Life Inc in America will be a half hour collection of **Chuck Statler's** Devodeos. *Devodeos?* Whatever they're called they'll be out in time for Xmas and won't feature a version of 'I Saw Booji Boy Kissing Santa Claus'. . .

A nationwide outbreak of sponteneous snoring reported when *T-zers'* fave newscaster **Alan Freeman** began his special personal choice Bank Holiday extravaganza with the deathless words: "Hi, music lovers! They've asked me to play four hours of my favourite records! We've got **Maggie Bell! Argent! Emerson, Lake and Pa-"** Click. . .

Yes! **Carlene Carter** finally decided to make an honest man of **Nick Lowe.** And no, you didn't read it here first. . .

But contrary to what you may have read elsewhere, **Van Morrison** is still signed to Warner Brothers in North America. His current deal with Mercury is just for the rest of the planet. On the subject of Warner Brothers it was only when *NME's* resident collector of worthless status items **Roy Carr** brought up the subject that Morrison became aware that one of his recent LA Roxy gigs had been recorded for a live radio promo album. On the subject of Van Morrison — this is positively the last Morrison *T-zer* you will be able to read before the Belfast Cowboy plays Edinburgh this weekend — we learn that the city has decided to fete his visit by re naming a street after Morrison's 'Cypress Avenue'. . .

The new **Clash** album, currently underway at a top secret location somewhere in the British Isles, features the first song written and sung by teen heart-throb **Paul Simonon.** . .

The much touted Woodstock II turned out to be a damp squib, a tempest in a teapot, a fart in a blanket, a pig in *(Get on with it — Ed).* Festival producer **John Morris** comprehensively failed to find a location for his brainchild. Fifteen townships turned down the idea, and only Tioga County agreed, that is if Morris deposited a ten thousand dollar bond on everyone who turned up to cover possible damages, rape, arson etc. that rampaging longhairs might commit. Morris reckons he'd have had to raise three billion dollars to meet this requirement. He's already wasted three hundred thousand dollars just looking for the site, but even if he missed the actual Woodstock anniversary he may still be in time to catch the forthcoming hippy revival. . .

The Ruskies are getting awful uptight over the proliferation of Western styled tee shirts being sported by young Soviet comrades. These shirts are either bought on the black market or bootlegged often with Western flags and symbols and group names like **The Rolling Stones** and **Led Zeppelin** spelt wrongly. To counter this tool of capitalist imperialism the authorities are offering prize money to any enterprising Russian designers who can invent a suitably chic homegrown equivalent. Two things spring to *T-zers* mind. One: Zep and the Stones are marginally cooler than the Bolshoi Ballet. Two: The hippest thing on Western tee shirts these days in Soviet style grafitti. . .

At the annual CBS convention at London's Grosvenor Hotel there was precious little sign of the back-slapping that has characterised these bashes in the record industry's recent boom years. Instead a CBS majordomo got up in front of his A&R men and brandished a fistful of Factory Records. "Where's this coming from? Why haven't we got it?" he enquired of his cowering staff, who responded by parading their bright new hopes **After The Fire** and **Bruce Wolley,** who might just catch on if **Elvis Costello, Joe Jackson** and **John Hiatt** all died tomorrow . . .

Homicide, the group who were supposed to have played the Rock Against Communism tea party the other weekend, would like it to be known that they didn't actually play, and had absolutely no intentions of doing so anyway. They were asked to play by NF organisor **Joe Pearce,** but refused when they discovered what the gig was promoting, though their names nonetheless appeared on the bill. "None of our lyrics have anything to do with right wing politics," complained guitarist **Ian Marchant,** to *T-zers,* "and we certainly didn't play that gig." Our reporter, unable to gain access, was led to assume they had played by various witnesses, who obviously haven't learned to identify one white supremacist band from another yet. . .

And so without further ado, we turned to punky tykes **The Dickies,** variously described as "a joke" and "a bad joke", who are at this very second hard at work in an LA studio trying to think up a title for their next album. So far they've come up with 'Nightmare Alley' and in a moment of pure perspiration, 'Dawn Of The Dickies'. The boys however say they're open to suggestions. If you have any suggestion to make to The Dickies feel free to write to The Dickies, A&M Records, 1416 North La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, CA 90028, USA. . .

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